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ROBERT FULTON,

An Historical Novel,



BY

JOHN CARSTEN HAUCH, DR. PH.

PROFESSOR OF ÆSTHETICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN,
DENMARK.

TRANSLATED BY

PAUL C. SINDING,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND FELLOW
OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OF QUEBEC, CANADA.

"The liberty of the seas will be the happiness of the world.—*Fulton's Motto.*

"A falcon towering in his pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawked at
and killed."—*The life of Robert Fulton, by his friend C. D. Colden, pp. 250.*

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PREFACE.

It is a maxim often expressed, and so obvious as to need no comment, that a novelist ought, as far as possible, to represent that which he best knows, and most thoroughly understands. But although this maxim seems to be indisputable, I think, however, that it requires some limitation, lest the result be a one-sided view. My meaning is, that this maxim must be especially applied to the spiritual and inward world, and not so much to the corporeal and external. The novelist must not only have a correct idea, but at the same time a clear and comprehensive view of the spiritual life he intends to depict, and this life he must, at least to a certain extent, have experienced in himself; he must consider right and wrong in the abstract, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which are ever the same; he must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind. But it is, in my opinion, only of secondary importance, whether or not he himself has been in that country, or that city or town, where the events described took place, and it would be quite as unreasonable to claim that he should, with his bodily eyes, have seen the places where his heroes or persons had their scene of action, as it would be to claim that he should have lived in those times of whose spirit and

character his poetical production treats. Into all this he must be able to obtain a spiritual insight, even if he has never beheld it with his bodily eyes.

The idea which is the basis of this work, is mainly the same as that of my drama. "The Youth of Tycho Brahe," which is to be considered an offspring of this production;—this being, as well in its plan as in its execution, older than that. Nevertheless, I believe, that the difference between these two works is so great, that they have nothing in common but the principal features of the leading idea. But this is just the peculiarity of an idea that it comprehends in itself an infinitude to be unfolded in different shapes, like the type which constitutes the basis of diverse natural processes. Any idea, for instance that of liberty, love, etc., can, therefore, be represented in very different artistical productions. This can also be done in representing the struggles, which a mind and genius of peculiar structure encounters in paving for itself a new career, which is the case in this work, and I believe, I may even add, that the narrative form is here more suitable than the dramatic, as being in closer correspondence with the development of the mental process.

As to the historical facts, I have, where I considered it necessary, and not averse to my chief design, followed them closely. In other places, especially as regards Fulton's private life, I have not hesitated to pass them unnoticed. And in this I think myself fully justified, as my plan was, not to give a history, but a free, poetical production, in which no external accidents, but the inner and leading idea should be my supreme legislator. For the rest, I share the opinion of *Fielding*: "that the great art of all poetry is

to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the credible with the surprising." Quoted by *Fielding* from an unknown author.

While striving to describe the struggle which great minds and geniuses have to undergo, and the sacrifices they have to make, which, as *Arago* says, causes their history often to resemble a martyrology, I had also, to render the whole complete, to represent the contrast, that is to say, the false virtuosoship, the perverse and stubborn frame of mind, which forbids selfish talent to make any sacrifice at all, but on the contrary urges it to claim, that the mind itself must be sacrificed and debased for the purpose of gratifying the low desires of ambitious display and vanity.

The representation of the life of a virtuoso is, however, only the subordinate object of this novel, the hero of my work being, properly speaking, no artist. Thus I hoped, by selecting a person, whose principal activity was in the sphere of practical life, not only to avoid any collision with other novelists, but I believed, I might even conduct my readers to a path, heretofore but little trodden, from which I might show them views, which, although belonging to the poetic world, yet are little known.

J. C. HAUCH.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE name of the Danish poet and novelist, Hans Christian Andersen, has long been a household word in the United States. The refined affection of his characters, the delicacy of his speech, and the grace of his style have endeared him to all intelligent and tasteful people, both in the old and new world. The author of this present work, Prof. J. C. Hauch, is his intimate friend, but none of his numerous works have yet, as far as I know, found their way either to the United States or to Great Britain, while, on account of the brilliancy of his talents, the profoundness of his learning, and the descriptive power of his fertile and gigantic mind, he has won for himself an illustrious name in most countries of the old world, as a poet and writer. I, therefore, willingly complied with the request made to me, both by the author himself and by several other literary men from Copenhagen, my native place, to dress in an English garment this American subject, which Hauch has described with vivid colors, making at the same time every idea and allusion useful for the enforcement of moral and religious truth. Indeed, I shall feel happy, if my translation may contribute to making another highly gifted poet on the distant shores of the Baltic known to this Western Hemi-

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

sphere and to Great Britain, and to giving his name a share of that fame, which has already long invested that of his friend, Andersen.

In translating this interesting and instructive work, I have transferred to myself the direction, which the immortal Shakespeare gives to actors. "As the actor is not," he says, "to overstep the modesty of nature," so a translator is not to overstep the simplicity of the text. "As an actor is not to speak more than is set down for him," so a translator is not to exercise his own fancy, and let it loose into empty phrases and expressions, which are totally foreign from those of the author. I have, therefore, sacrificed vanity to usefulness, and foregone the praise of elegant writing for the utility of faithful translation.

With these few prefatory remarks, and with feelings of profound deference, I submit my translation of Robert Fulton to the tribunal of public opinion.

PAUL C. SINDING.

ROBERT FULTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a serene afternoon toward the close of the month of August in the year 1776, when an unusual bustle was perceived in the city of Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, about sixty-eight miles from Philadelphia. Soon after the bustle ceased in the city, whilst on the road leading to the Conestoga creek, numerous groups of men and women were seen hurrying down to the landing-place. This creek is navigable for small boats some distance down, till at length it empties into the Susquehanna.

The road leading from the city down to the creek is only half a mile, on both sides lined with hills, which were partly covered with wood, partly changed into arable land thickly planted with Indian corn, amongst which some withered trunks could here and there be seen. In some places the huts of a few colonists were visible, generally poorly built, and in size very inferior to the lofty barns towering around them. The rooms of most of these dwellings were covered with square shingles, some of the oldest even with bark; others, however, had a better appearance, being built of

bricks and surrounded with acacia, apple, and peach trees. At the banks of the creek were fertile hills with trees and tillable land, behind which, far off, some mountains could be seen entirely covered with a forest.

Hardly twenty-five years had then elapsed, since the very first houses in the city of Lancaster were built, the construction of which clearly evinced that their architects did not possess much more mechanical skill than the new comers to the American forests generally show in erecting their plain dwellings. Most of the new houses, however, were like the better colonist dwellings in the surrounding country, built of boards and bricks, and in front of them were trees. The streets were broad and straight, but not yet paved, and the population which, in these regions, increases much more rapidly than in Europe, amounted already, at that time, to more than two thousand.

More than half of these hastened down to the creek, where they remained as if expecting something extraordinary to take place. Many of the new comers from the immediate vicinity joined the inhabitants of the city, the crowd thus continually increasing. From the assembled multitude arose an incessant murmur which, when heard at some distance, resembled the sound of a far-off waterfall. Soon after, several boats suddenly appeared in the river, some of them larger, others smaller. Some moved downward with the stream, whilst others, using oars, tried to keep near to the landing-place.

Amongst these boats was one which, though the smallest and plainest, nevertheless, because of the peculiar means by which it was put in motion, attracted the special attention of

the multitude. A set of paddle-wheels was made to work, one on each side of the boat. All these paddles were fitted into a cylindrical axis, from which they projected perpendicularly, like radii. This cylinder or roller extended across the boat, supported by two pivots, one on each side the gunwale, in which the roller could freely revolve. In the middle of the roller a toothed wheel was fastened, into which fitted another toothed wheel, provided with a handle, easily turned by a single man, and by which the paddles moved and propelled the boat. In this little boat were only two persons, one turning the handle, and thus working the whole machinery, and the other, a handsome little yellow-haired boy sitting at the rudder, which, however, he seemed to steer only according to the instructions his comrade gave him.

Whether it arose from the fact that the little boat was built with peculiar skill, or from the mechanism by which it was put in motion, it is certain that none of the other boats could be compared with it for speed; indeed, it was not only propelled with unusual swiftness, but could also without turning, when the handle only was moved in an opposite direction, with great facility be worked back against the conflicting waves.

It is, however, a rare occurrence in this world, that one, who distinguishes himself by something heretofore unknown, can avoid stirring up some jealousy or envy. This was not wanting here. "Who ever saw such a toy!" was heard from different quarters; "indeed, it is but a frying-pan, and no boat." "It is David Baxter who turns the wheel," cried one; "he is undoubtedly master of the whole concern." "Who is David Baxter?" asked another. "He is a crack-

brained fellow, who was a soldier in the war against England, and is now working with a millwright. He has most likely done the whole to hoax us; but I wish I could catch him alone, I should certainly give him so sound a drubbing as to make the twelve ribs on each side of his body a little sorer than they have ever been before." "It is mere foolishness," cried a third; "such a boat ought not to be tolerated in the Conestoga, especially on such a day as this; indeed, it may bring the whole surrounding country into discredit." "Away with that paltry frying-pan," cried a rower of one of the largest boats, in which several of the lower class were seated, "sink it, and let us see whether it can navigate down there."

These words having been received with audible and encouraging laughter, the noisy rower addressed his comrades thus: "What do you think? Shall we try to capsize it?" "Yes, if we could do it without drowning them," answered another, "for that would involve us in a good deal of trouble." "No fear of that," answered the first, "no doubt David Baxter can swim, and the boy we can easily save, for we can pull him up by his hair." The larger boat now actually rowed toward the smaller, trying to dash against it and run it down; but although the cry was repeatedly heard: "That nutshell we shall easily dispatch," yet, all efforts to that effect were entirely in vain, for the little boat so adroitly avoided its antagonist, that it almost reminded the spectators of the swift swallow, which with its great ease of flight, gliding without visible effort through the air, and whirling in a circle, often seems to turn to ridicule the persecuting birds of prey.

Shortly after, shouts of joy were heard far off, when at the same time a rather large sail-boat became visible, which partly by a gentle breeze, partly by the aid of oars, moved smoothly along towards the landing-place, whither it was followed by all the boats that had recently sailed down the stream. Most of the smaller boats now tried to reach the sail-boat, towards which all faces were turned. Although the play of the features in these faces was not so expressive of feeling, as is usually the case in Europe, particularly in Southern Europe, when something excites the soul, there was, however, an expression betokening an unusual and elevated emotion of mind. The small boat pushed forward by the above mentioned wheel-work, was still the one which put forth the greatest speed. When near to the sail-boat, it turned aside, moving around in a semi-circle, after which it fell in amongst those following nearest after. The whole expedition now drew nearer, and it was evident that the small boat had greatly attracted the attention of a man sitting near the stern of the sail-boat; for he frequently turned to speak both with the little boy and with David Baxter, who was turning the wheel of the small boat.

This man was of middle size, and although his countenance was still full of vigor, his grey hair, however, which became visible as the sail-boat drew nearer to the landing-place, and when he took off his hat to salute the assembly, testified to his being far beyond the meridian of life. The spectators also uncovered their heads, when he came near; for it was only to greet him that they had come together, and it was *his* face they had long been eagerly desirous of seeing. This man was no less a personage than the illustrious states-

man and natural philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, *qui fulmen coelo eripuit sceptrumque tyrannis*, whose name was then on the lips of all his countrymen, and whose merits will not be forgotten as long as esteem for intellectual eminence still lingers in the human mind. Although the war with England had already commenced, and Franklin was placed at the head of those who were to form a new scheme for the government of Pennsylvania, he had, however, taken time for some days to inquire into quite a different subject, which had already long occupied his reflective mind. He wished to examine the shelves in the river Schuylkill, by Philadelphia, and in the Conestoga creek by Lancaster, both of which he hoped by the aid of mechanical science to make navigable for larger vessels.

No sooner had the sail-boat reached the shore, than the assembled spectators greeted him with acclamations of joy, at the same time swinging their hats and caps. "Long live Benjamin Franklin! Long live the greatest and wisest man of the New World! Long live the pride and the glory of our country!" resounded throughout the promiscuous multitude. Amidst these acclamations Franklin again uncovered his head, bowing on all sides to the people. His plain, unassuming, yet dignified manner, and his venerable look gave him an august appearance, and the eager spectators who thronged the shore and pressed on to gain a sight of him, continued rending the air with their shouts of joy. Franklin now went ashore, where the multitude crowded so closely around him, that for a little while he had to stand still. This inconveniency he patiently endured, shaking hands with every one who approached him, without any respect of per-

sons, and from the modest smile which lighted up his features, it was evident that he felt that nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inspired by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved it, than were these testimonials of admiration and gratitude. At length sufficient opening was made to enable him to wend his way to the city, where he intended to pass the ensuing night.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE the great throng of people were thus drawn to the creek, all was quiet in the city. Only in the tavern, "the Golden Eagle," some bustle was still perceptible. This inn, above the gate of which a large gilded eagle, surrounded by white stars, was painted on blue ground, was then considered the very best in Lancaster. It was therefore agreed upon that Franklin should pass the night there. Meanwhile, it having been learned that he unwillingly showed himself in large evening parties, it was arranged that he should take supper in company with a few of the most prominent citizens, and then be left to that rest which his advanced age needed.

The Golden Eagle was located in the large square, where shade trees protected it from the burning sunbeams. The house itself was neat and well built, the rooms airy, and the furniture, though not in modern style, had a decent and respectable appearance. From the western windows an extensive view presented itself to the eye. Close by was a large garden, which, though better calculated for use than beauty, by its fertility and neatness made an agreeable impression. This inn was then kept by a young man by the name of John Bridle, to whose industry and activity its flourishing condition and good name were due.

When all had been prepared for the reception of the company, John Bridle went into the parlor, where he already found one of his guests. This gentleman, named Robert Van Gehlmuyden, was born in the vicinity of Alkmaar, in Holland. He had been more than thirty years in America, where by marriage and successful mercantile speculations he had accumulated a handsome fortune. Not long before, he had retired to private life, and bought an estate in the neighborhood of Lancaster; besides that, he owned a house in the city, where his great wealth made him a very influential man.

"You must have had quite a toilsome task to-day, John," said Van Gehlmuyden, after responding to John Bridle's greeting by a short nod, and without rising from his chair; "especially since you have no wife to help you."

"What task is toilsome that is cheerfully performed!" answered John; "It is indeed no every day occurrence that our city has such a visitor, and it seems, therefore, a little strange to me, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, that you did not go down to the Conestoga with the others to receive him. Had I had time, I should certainly not have failed to be there."

"The sun burns too strongly, John; the heat here in summer is excessive, even worse than in the West Indies."

"You are always displeased, Van Gehlmuyden; you are always finding fault."

"Well, it is no wonder," answered the stout Dutchman, "in the morning I am troubled with croaking frogs, crickets, and locusts; in the day with the scorching sun, and at night with the vexatious mosquitoes, from whose stings I am every day swelling like a turkey-cock."

*

"Well, well, but the rest of us are pleased with our country as it is, and I know people who have traversed the whole habitable globe, who say that no country in the world can be compared with America."

"Yes, yes, when one can agree to rise from bed, when decent people in Holland retire; for everything is here head down and legs up. Here it is day when it ought to be night, and night when it ought to be day; here are trees where there ought to be arable land and meadows, and mountains where there ought to be flat land. And in men we see the same to be the case. I know lawyers who have led troops to battle; colonels who have been ale brewers; I have seen ministers of the Gospel hammering on the anvil, and Brigadier-Generals who have patched my pantaloons and blacked my boots. Everything is upset, I tell you, and nowhere is order to be found."

"You ought not to speak in so low terms of America, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden; you have at least become rich here."

"Properly speaking, there is nobody in this country, Mr. Bridle, who can be called rich."

"Well, you have at least much more than you need for your daily support, and the fact that you do not return to Holland, seems clearly enough to show, that our country, after all, suits you pretty well."

"No, to cross the ocean at my age would not do me much good, Mr. Bridle; but by the way, I should like to know what has become of that frantic fellow, Robert."

"He has hardly stayed at home like you for fear of the sun, if I know him right."

"No, he and David Baxter have put their heads together,

and brought about a singular concern of a boat. Yesterday David tried it, and when he told me that it was safe, and promised to be responsible for the boy, I permitted him to take him along."

"I am indeed glad to learn that you have taken such a fancy to that boy, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden."

"I don't know how it is, but I really believe he has bewitched me, Mr. Bridle. Generally, I care very little for children, and thank God that I have none myself; but his father is poor, and his mother distantly related to my deceased wife, and as they have named the boy after me, I could not but take a little care of him. But you may believe that in the couple of months he has been here, he has given me a good deal of trouble."

At this very moment the rumbling noise of a carriage was heard. About the same time a man stepped in, dressed in a shabby, gray frock coat, and with an old-fashioned triangular hat on his head. He saluted only by a nod, but did not take off his hat, neither did he advance far into the room, but remained near the door.

"I only come to tell you that I cannot accept your invitation," said he. "And why not?" asked John Bridle. "Because I will have nothing to do with the idols which the world worships," he answered, after which he re-opened the door and went away.

"Was that not Jonathan Kemp, the Methodist clergyman?" asked Van Gehlmuyden.

"Yes," answered Bridle, "but I must go out to ascertain who is sitting in the carriage."

With these words he left the room. Soon after he

returned, accompanied by an old man, very meagre and of low stature, who had one of those singular countenances in which the cheeks occupy so small a place, and the forehead is so narrow, that the sharp profile is about the only thing of the whole face which the eye can take in.

After him a little girl stepped in, whose look was very different from his. In her hand she held a cage in which was a little bird with shining wings. She walked very cautiously, most likely fearing to frighten the inmate by shaking the cage. She had dark eyes and hair, and was about seven years old. But although her features were very beautiful and regular, they had, however, already a peculiar cast, strikingly distinguishing her from those beauties that mature under the influence of a Northern sun.

"Welcome, Mr. Greenwood," said John Bridle; "the little girl is your step-daughter, I suppose, little Laura Lacour? She was hardly three years old when she last passed through Lancaster with her mother. She has, I presume, paid her relatives in Charleston a visit?"

"It is difficult to visit Charleston now, Mr. Bridle," answered Greenwood; "for the English vessels cruise round the coast. However, I should hardly have been here, had I not had some business transactions to attend to in this vicinity."

"How is it in the South now, Mr. Greenwood? I am told that there are many there who side with England."

"Nobody knows how matters stand either in the South or in the North. Everywhere hard times and no credit, Mr. Bridle."

"But the South has, I understand, been a very good

country for you, Mr. Greenwood ; A rumor is afloat that an action for the recovery of a claim has lately been settled in your favor, and that you have become very rich."

"There are many who have gained a cause in law, and grown rich in the South, Mr. Bridle ; but I pray, don't rely on rumors."

"Well, you have at least procured a handsome wife for yourself from the South," continued Bridle ; "youth and beauty are something, I think."

"Yes, it is something that fades every day, Mr. Bridle, till at last it comes to nothing."

At this moment a little negro boy stepped in, carrying under his arms some cloaks, frock-coats, and other baggage, which Mr. Greenwood received himself, counting it piece by piece, after which the boy left.

"Have you heard that a townsman of yours is to be here to-night ?" asked John Bridle, "for Benjamin Franklin was, as far as I know, born in Boston as well as yourself."

"I know he is coming, Mr. Bridle, it is easy to know that ; people talk of nothing else in the whole neighborhood, and they flock together to see him as if he were something extra, and as if we others were not quite as much as he."

"Yes, yes, *he* is something extra, Mr. Greenwood ; he is to take his lodging with me ; you may see him here, if you feel like it."

"No, I don't care ; I have seen him often enough in time past, Mr. Bridle ; at that time he was only a poor printer ; and in those days a printer was of no consequence, for there were only very few reading people. But to speak of something more important, I wish a room to myself, Mr. Bridle."

"Well, your wish shall be gratified; but if you remain here in the North a couple of days, we have various things worth seeing; picturesque views, splendid waterfalls and so forth. Formerly when we had peace, strangers from distant regions came to see them."

"You talk like an Englishman, Mr. Bridle; of what use is a wild waterfall, when we cannot employ it to establish manufactories and saw-mills?"

"A wild waterfall is not to be sneered at, Mr. Greenwood; how many foreigners does not our celebrated Niagara bring to America! And their money is quite as good as ours, I think."

"Niagara is but a wild beast, Mr. Bridle, and it will be a long time before we can master and subdue it, and use all its water for grist-mills and saw-mills."

The door was now re-opened, and the little negro boy stepped in with a heavy trunk, which he dragged along the floor.

"Stop, boy!" cried Mr. Greenwood, "you will ruin the trunk by dragging it in that way."

"Don't touch the trunk any more," said Bridle to the boy, "I will take care of that myself, and see it directly carried to Mr. Greenwood's room."

"No such thing, we can easily carry it ourselves," said Greenwood, thinking perhaps thereby to save some money to the porter. He now beckoned to the negro boy, and they both took hold of the trunk.

"Please now only show me my room," said Greenwood.

"But do you not wish to be present when your illustrious countryman arrives?" asked Bridle once more.

"No, I do not," answered Greenwood; "we are a free people, Mr. Bridle, and here one is no better than the other; we are all here on a footing of equality. The subject under consideration here, Mr. Bridle, is my comfort; only bring a few slices of bacon and a little bread up to my room. Come Laura!"

John Bridle now opened a door through which Greenwood and the negro boy carried the turnk. After them went the little girl with her bird, together with Bridle himself, none remaining except Van Gehlmuyden, who continued sitting quietly in his arm-chair, and who, although his cigar was burnt out, did not seem desirous of leaving his comfortable attitude to light a fresh one.

CHAPTER III.

Soon after, Franklin arrived in the city, accompanied by a numberless throng of people. Before entering the tavern he turned to the vast concourse of the populace that followed him, took off his hat and briefly addressed them, begging them to appreciate the full extent of his gratitude for their friendly reception, and admonishing them to keep faithfully together in the great danger now impending over their beloved country, "for," thus he concluded his speech "only in union is strength, and I will once more here repeat what I have said before: Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." There was a sublimity in these words that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. When he had finished, the multitude dispersed, those only remaining who, according to previous arrangement, were to pass the evening in the company of the illustrious Franklin.

At the entrance of the house, John Bridle went to meet his famous guest, saluting him with great respect. Franklin cordially taking him by the hand, said that he had long ago heard of him as an honest and industrious man, "and he who unites honesty with activity," he continued, "is an honor to his country, and he who thoroughly understands his business, possesses immense wealth, because he is rich in that knowledge of which he stands most in need."

When Bridle had conducted Franklin up stairs, and shown him the upper rooms, and the view of the large garden, and of the surrounding country, over which the setting sun was just sending forth his last beams, Franklin became still more free and familiar than before.

"You are an excellent man, John Bridle," he said, "as all agree, but you still lack one thing, which grieves me very much."

"What do you mean?" asked Bridle.

"You are in want of a faithful helpmate, Mr. Bridle; I do not see a wife under your roof, and I am told you are a single man, and I look on celibacy as an accursed state."

"As to that I don't think I need to be in a hurry," answered Bridle; "plenty of time for that."

"Time and the hours of time pass away before us more rapidly than people of your age often think, Bridle; marry early, it is a maxim of wisdom; then your children can advance to full stature and be provided for, even before your own sun is much past the meridian; and the evening of life you may have undisturbed and serene to yourself. Children born, when we are stricken in years, become early fatherless. Nevertheless, it is better to marry late than never, for an old bachelor may fitly be compared to an odd glove, which is good for nothing, and if we cannot find its mate, it only vexes us to see it."

"In the countries beyond the ocean," continued Franklin, "people often dispute about the narrow spot where they shall live, like the ship-wrecked about the life-preserver. Here the very opposite is the case; here is ample space, if we only have hands to cultivate it. Here every one is

welcome; here every new-born child is gratefully received; here is no room for idle spectators, nor for any long tape-worm of unnecessary officers, to which sluggish fellows may cleave like a leech, in order secretly to suck out the most nutritious juices of the country; here every new hand gives an increase of strength which facilitates the labor, and is not, as in Europe, considered a vexatious burden."

"Yes, yes, that's all well enough," said Bridle, "but we must first have accumulated a fortune ourselves, before we can share it with others."

"My dear sir," answered Franklin, "of what use is it to you to have chests and drawers full, and at the same time to have grown old, without seeing anybody around you who can enjoy it? Believe me, for I am now a man of considerable experience, I have always seen that early marriages are the happiest; and if I should state the starting point of my own happiness, I should have to name that day and hour when a faithful wife gave me her hand."

In all that Franklin said, there was an evident desire to dwell upon what he considered useful and good, and it was this that communicated life and color to his remarks, made them insensibly bear upon the proper subject, and formed the secret and beautiful unity in his representations. Now and then his conversation, especially the rules of life, and the warnings suggested by him, assumed a certain resemblance to those old proverbial sayings, which are tenaciously preserved through centuries, and in which the experiences of a life-time are often condensed in a single brief and striking sentence, easily understood, and long remembered by all who hear it.

At the table Franklin did not eat much, but kept up a lively conversation. "I met near the landing place," he said among other things, "a boat which greatly attracted my attention. It was not propelled by oars, but by wheels, which—although perhaps they may have been tried in other countries—have hardly ever been tried here before. In this boat there was only one full-grown man with a little boy. But that which deserves particular notice is, that it was the boy who had planned the whole; the other had only executed it according to the boy's instruction. We conversed about it for some time, but parted soon; if not, I should have brought both of them along with me, and troubled you with a couple of guests more, Mr. Bridle."

"I would indeed have bidden them welcome," answered Bridle. "The little boy's name is Robert Fulton, and he is a kinsman of Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, who is sitting there, and who is one of the wealthiest men in our city."

"He is, indeed, a promising boy," said Franklin to Van Gehlmuyden, "however, it is not enough that he has gifts and talents; these must be nurtured and developed. People of peculiar endowments have also received a peculiar province for their activity here on earth, and if they are trained for something different from this province, their superior talents will be more of an impediment to them than an advantage."

"Yes, yes, rest assured, I shall know how to take care of his proper training," said Van Gehlmuyden; no "fear of that."

"That may be," said Franklin, "but allow me to tell you that the very best education is to follow such hints as

children, unconsciously to themselves, suggest in their happiest hours ; but this essential point is seldom taken into due consideration. There are many educators who treat their pupils as boys do when patting a cat in a dark room, they rub it chiefly against the hairs to strike out sparks, that the bystanders may laugh."

"Yes, a wild cat he is, there is no mistake about that ; there you are right," answered Van Gehlmuyden ; "but I hope to be able to tame him, so that in after life he will be grateful to me for it."

Soon after the conversation turned upon those researches which Franklin was about to make, and upon the influence it would exert on the wealth and advancement of the city of Lancaster, if the Conestoga could be made navigable for large vessels.

"Not only for this city, is it important," said Franklin, "but also for the whole surrounding country ; yes, even for the intellectual development and improvement of generations to come."

As his hearers did not seem fully to comprehend this proposition, Franklin tried to explain his sentiments more distinctly. "In my travels in the old world," he said, "I have often had occasion to observe how provinces and regions, which from time out of memory were separated, even sometimes in mutual enmity, became more neighborly, when highways were laid out, or canals dug. The easier exchange of one commodity for another, stimulated people to greater exertions, and before one generation had passed, not only wealth, but humanity and refined manners paved their way to the remotest quarters ; the old hatred and the

old prejudices vanished, and the loftiest inventions which the human mind has ever made, spread their light over regions where ignorance and darkness formerly prevailed. My advice is, therefore, lay out good roads, and establish a quicker and easier inland navigation; then you have not only promoted the intermediate commerce between the cities, and facilitated the exchange of merchandise, but you have, besides that, done more for mental improvement, than if you had erected a university, and appointed fifty dusty professors."

"Yes, that may all be right," answered Van Gehlmuyden, "but whence shall we get the money for such expensive operations, particularly now, when we have to furnish money for the war?"

"It can be done, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, even without incurring much heavier expenses than we had before," answered Franklin.

"How? I should like to know that," said Van Gehlmuyden.

"There is no tax, no customs assessed on us by Government," answered Franklin, "that can equal such expenses as we impose upon ourselves by our own vanity and folly. Let us only curtail such expenses as those vices daily occasion, and it will not be difficult to pay the taxes which the war and useful establishments require."

The party had not been seated very long at the table when a waiter, stepping in, whispered a few words to John Bridle, that seemed to make a strong impression upon him. Nevertheless, he did not utter a syllable, but arose immediately, and went out of the door, followed by the waiter.

When Bridle left, the door to the entry remained ajar,

and several promiscuous voices were heard. Soon after, all was again quiet, when suddenly a woman's voice became audible. "He was the most beautiful boy," said this voice, "that ever sailed on the waters of the Conestoga. What a pity it is that he should come to such an end!" These words were spoken so loudly that, at least, those who were sitting nearest the door could hear them distinctly, wherefore several of them rose, and went out to ascertain the details. Soon after two of them returned and told Franklin that the little boy, of whose invention he had recently spoken in so high terms, shortly after his departure, if any confidence could be placed in the report, had fallen overboard and was drowned in the Conestoga.

"God forbid!" said Franklin, "I hope to God that it is a false rumor."

The other guests now rose from their seats, and great excitement prevailed. Soon after a man came and said that after Franklin's departure a regatta had been gotten up, and that one of the larger boats had capsized the little boat, and that both the boy who steered, and the man who turned the wheel, had found their death in the waves.

Amidst the confusion that prevailed, Van Gehlmuyden was the only one who remained sitting at the table, by no means, however, without some emotion of mind. "O, yes, I certainly thought that something bad would happen," he muttered, taking quite mechanically a fresh cigar, which, however, he did not attempt to light; "indeed, it could not be otherwise; some unfortunate accident must necessarily result from such wild work. Poor little fellow! Would he had never set his foot in my house!"

Now one of Bridle's domestics came in, reporting that it was not Robert Fulton, but David Baxter, who had fallen overboard, and lost his life; the boy was in perfect safety at home in Mr. Van Gehlmuyden's house.

"Praise be to God," said Van Gehlmuyden, "it is but David, and it serves him right, for a man, arrived at manhood, ought, at least, to be so practically wise as not to be tempted by the freaks of a wild boy; but this I promise, and I will keep my promise, that the boy, if his father will follow my advice, shall never more have anything to do with such buffoon's pranks." After these words Mr. Van Gehlmuyden lighted his cigar, and commenced to smoke it at perfect ease.

Some time after a confused bustle was again heard. "Alas! it was, nevertheless, poor little Robert," a voice was heard saying. At length the door was opened as wide as possible, and a bier was slowly borne in by four men. On it lay the little boy, from whose clothes water was dripping, and on whose pale face no flush of life was to be seen.

After the bier the aged Franklin followed, together with John Bridle, and a great throng of people. Amongst these was also poor David Baxter, whose clothes were quite as wet as those of the boy, and from whose sunburnt cheeks tears were streaming down, while he despairingly wrung his hands. "Had I known this," said he, "had I thought that this would have been the end of it, I would rather have thrown myself down into the wildest stream below the largest mill-wheel, than have lent my hands to such work."

The fact was now fully established, that after Franklin's departure a regatta had been gotten up, and, although the little boat long escaped any injury, a larger boat had, how-

ever, at last, when the dusk was setting in, run so violently against it as to cause the water to pour in by streams, and both the boy and Baxter had fallen into the flood. The boy was immediately washed away by the tide, and, although Baxter swam after him at full speed, it was, nevertheless, some time before he could overtake him. After the boy had been brought ashore no sign of life could be seen, and as the only physician of the city was amongst the guests in "the Golden Eagle," it was resolved to consult him without any delay.

"I fear that all medical assistance is too late," said the physician, after closely examining the boy.

"That may be," said Franklin, "but here we must not lose a single moment; it becomes no man to nurse despair, and I myself am not altogether ignorant of that which, on such occasions, ought to be done. Bring us a warm bath, John Bridle! Yet, no! it would, perhaps, take too long. Bring us only some flannel, some bedding and blankets, and take care that they are well heated. No, doctor, you must by no means press him on the pit of the stomach, it is wrong. Let us undress him, it is the very first thing to be done."

As the physician, who did not seem to be a great master of his profession, made no objections, all was, of course, executed in complete accordance with Franklin's instructions. The boy was undressed, and then wrapped up in well-heated blankets. A sofa was pulled out to the centre of the room, the back piece taken off, and the sofa was changed to a kind of bed. The boy was now laid down there, yet, in such a manner, that his head was given a higher position than the rest of the body. At length, Franklin and Bridle began to

rub his body with flannel, while the physician bent himself down at the pillow, trying by some spirits of wine, which Baxter had given him, to act upon the olfactory organs. Shortly after he took a feather, and held it toward the boy's mouth. "It is of no avail," he said at last, "do you see, not the smallest down of the feather is moving."

"The respiration may long be imperceptible," answered Franklin, "and life, nevertheless, return; the like I have seen before. By all means, let us not lose the precious time. Give me some of that spirits of wine you have there, Baxter," taking at once the bottle, and pouring some of it over the boy's breast and abdomen, which he recommenced rubbing with flannel. David Baxter gave Franklin his most faithful assistance; indeed, he seemed to display even a greater energy than Franklin himself. Meanwhile, Bridle tried, according to Franklin's previous instruction, to blow air into the lungs of the boy; but quite a long time elapsed before the least effect, from all the remedies applied, could be discovered.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at, that that despondency which had prevailed from the beginning amongst the spectators, was continually increasing; even Franklin himself seemed, at length, to feel weary, and to fail in spirits. "I really fear, that it is of no avail, whatever we may do," he said, pausing awhile, and looking steadfastly on the boy. At the same time some tears came into his eyes, which, however, he instantly wiped away. Bridle also commenced now to be dejected in mind. The only one who was indefatigable was Baxter, whose energy seemed rather to increase than diminish.

Amongst the many whose craving curiosity made them crowd together in the large dining-room, was little Laura, Mr. Greenwood's step-daughter, who had already obtained her step-father's permission to run about a little in the house. Accompanied by him, she went down stairs, reaching the entry at the very moment when little Robert was carried through, and she followed now with the crowd into the dining-room.

The majority of the spectators, however, according to the direction of Franklin, kept back near the door. Here also Laura stood for awhile, but gradually she pushed herself a little forward into the room, looking intently on the little boy, whose features were handsome even at this very moment, when death already seemed to have impressed its stamp upon him, and when most of the surrounding multitude had abandoned all hope, that he could ever here on earth be awakened from the sleep of death. A convulsive shuddering seized the frames of all.

Laura had, without being noticed, seated herself on the opposite side of the sofa, where she could yet more distinctly see the features of the boy. But as she was thus looking very intently upon him, she seemed suddenly to discover a slight motion about his lips. Then she felt moved by an irresistible power. She stepped a few paces nearer, and before she could be prevented, she laid her little hand upon his heart, as she had observed Franklin do several times. Scarcely, however, had she touched him, before she turned her face and sparkling eyes toward Franklin, exclaiming, "His heart moves!"

At these words all fixed their eyes on her, and from the

lips of many an exclamation of surprise was heard ; and as she so little resembled other children they were accustomed to see, it seemed to them as if a miracle had been wrought, and an angel had descended from heaven to bring consolation just at the very moment when all earthly hope seemed to have disappeared. Even Franklin himself hesitated for a moment whether to believe it or not, but after he had laid his hand upon the boy's breast, he cried out, "She is right ; his heart moves. Glory to God in the highest, there is no longer any doubt that life is returning."

"It will now be best, I think, to bleed him," said the physician.

"I hardly deem it necessary," answered Franklin. "Stop now, Bridle, he breathes already ; it is evident that his breast both heaves and sinks. Providence favoring, all danger is over."

The rosy blush of Robert's cheek now returned gradually ; he opened his eyes, and rose half up, looking around with astonishment. But little Laura, who seemed frightened at her own boldness, hastened back again to the door, where the negro boy still stood, and where she concealed herself behind the crowd.

No one in the whole assembly gave stronger utterance to his sincere joy than David Baxter ; for, as if overwhelmed by that which had occurred, he fell on his knees at the couch, and loaded the boy's hand with kisses and tears ; and it was even difficult to prevent him from kissing Franklin's hands also ; "for," said Baxter, "he is the man who, next to the Lord of hosts, has saved the poor little boy, who otherwise never would have seen the light of day."

What a contrast between Baxter and Van Gehlmuyden, who, although his face had become pale, on seeing his little relative stretched like a corpse on the bier, had not, as long as the preceding awful scene lasted, spoken a single word, or moved a single limb. First, when Franklin, after the boy was sitting raised up in his bed, gently touched his shoulder, telling him that all danger was over, Van Gehlmuyden sighed deeply, and pronounced a few words seemingly indicative of his gratitude, but any emotion of deep feeling was hardly perceptible. "It shall, however," he muttered, "be a warning to me, and if I shall have any control over him, he will never more be permitted to set his foot in a boat."

At the request of Franklin, the assembly now separated, but he promised them to stay the next morning a few hours longer than he had first intended, partly because he wished once more to meet with the inhabitants of this city, who had shown him so much kindness, partly also to see how little Robert would be getting along.

It was agreed upon that Robert should spend the night in John Bridle's house, where Baxter, who could in no wise be persuaded to take off his clothes, would sit up with him. Van Gehlmuyden went home, as well as the rest. Laura returned to her room, where she had a great deal of trouble in appeasing her step-father, who was very much displeased at her long absence. Soon after she went to bed, while Gill, the little negro boy, slept on the floor, like a watch-dog outside of her door.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE proceeding farther, it will, perhaps, not be out of place to tell my readers that Robert Fulton, though he was then in the city of Lancaster, had not his home there. He was born in 1765, in the township of Little Britain, now called Fulton Township, County of Lancaster. His father who emigrated from Ireland when young, had followed the tailoring business, but as it did not yield him much profit, he afterwards turned his attention to farming, and purchased a farm in Little Britain Township, twenty miles from the city of Lancaster, and removed to it. Here he traded in grain and flour, which he carried to Philadelphia, and it was here that Robert first saw the light. He was born of his father's first wife; his father was now married again, and had five children by his second wife. Although he was an industrious and active man, prosperity had never smiled upon his efforts, and he was, therefore, very glad that the wealthy Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, after whom his little Robert was named, had taken a fancy to the boy, and allowed him to spend some months at his house, and at the same time had promised to take care of his education.

After these introductory remarks we return to the "Golden Eagle," where little Robert, as soon as the party had left, and he was alone with David Baxter, sunk into a

deep sleep, from which he awoke rather late the next morning. He was now perfectly well, only complained of being hungry. This remedied, it seemed obvious that both his mind and body had regained their former health and strength.

Soon after, several of the most prominent citizens came in to meet once more with Franklin. At their request John Bridle had prepared a sumptuous breakfast, at which, not only Van Gehlmuyden and Robert Fulton but Mr. Greenwood also was present. According to the express wish of Franklin, David Baxter was also invited. This honor done him, although he was only a plain mechanic-apprentice, did not seem to strike the minds of the others with any particular surprise, for in America the distinction between the different grades of society is not so wide as in Europe, and in those free colonies it was very frequently the case, that even domestics took their meals at the same table with their masters and mistresses.

There were, nevertheless, some present, especially Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, who were opposed to the invitation being extended to David Baxter, as they believed that the disaster of the preceding night was mainly to be attributed to his want of prudence. However, as long as Franklin was present, they concealed their dissatisfaction.

Little Robert was seated at the right hand of Franklin; at his left sat Bridle, over against, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, and a little farther down Mr. Greenwood. Laura was not present, for Mr. Greenwood, still angry with her on account of her long absence on the preceding evening, had positively forbidden her to appear.

No sooner was the party seated, and a short blessing asked, than Franklin again rose and took his glass, which Bridle already had filled. "Before commencing to partake of these gifts here before us," he said, addressing himself to Van Gehlmuyden, "let us all thank Almighty God that he has mercifully protected your little kinsman, and shielded him from death, and let us drink to his future health and prosperity." After these words he touched his glass with Van Gehlmuyden and little Robert, most of the others following his example.

The social harmony was, this time, not interrupted by any dissonance; only a few remarks were made, which, however, might easily have occasioned a dispute between Franklin and Greenwood on the lawfulness of slavery.

It was always Greenwood's habit when dining out, to let the little negro boy wait upon him. On seeing this, Franklin could not help asking him whether the negro boy was his slave.

"Nobody knows," answered Greenwood, "who in time to come will be free, and who will be a slave."

"If I may be allowed to tell you my opinion," said Franklin, "and if you will not take it too unkindly, my advice is, that since we now battle so strongly for our own liberty, we should also regard that of our fellow-beings, irrespective of color."

"Yes, yes," said Greenwood, "both I and everybody know that you are very fond of giving advice, Benjamin Franklin, and whether you are right or wrong in doing so, I do not feel competent to decide; but let it, however, be perfectly understood, that in relation to my own affairs I wish to be my own counselor."

To this remark Franklin gave no response, but only shook his head. "I do not comprehend," he shortly afterwards said, with a lower voice, to John Bridle. ("No, I thank you, put no more on my plate! people of my age seldom regret having eaten too little.)—I do not comprehend what right we have to complain that our Christian captives are kept in slavery in Algeria and Morocco, so long as we ourselves treat the unfortunate negroes in the same way."

Both David Baxter and Robert Fulton now had to give a more detailed account of the construction of that machinery by which their boat had been put in motion the day before, and it was now fully ascertained that the little boy was the inventor of the whole. When his father made his purchases in the grist mills in the vicinity of Lancaster, Robert had often been with him, and seen how one wheel fitted into another, and while observing the boats plying up and down the Conestoga, it occurred to him that even boats might, perhaps, be propelled by a similar wheel system. This he communicated to Baxter, who was an expert millwright and a quick workman, with whom, immediately after his arrival at the city, he had contracted an intimate friendship. Although now hardly ten years of age, he showed unusual talent as an artist with the pencil, particularly in making drawings of machinery, and in this way he tried also to make clear his plan to Baxter, who, in his leisure hours, put the whole in order.

Little Robert was very much noticed by Franklin, and the answers he gave him seemed highly to satisfy the philosopher. At length, when the breakfast was over, Franklin again took his glass, and once more addressed Van

Gehlmuyden, and it then seemed as if a prophetic spirit impelled him to utter what in the presence of the boy he would else probably have buried in silence.

"I beg you," he said, "to notice my word, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden: If this boy lives, and is allowed to develop his talents in the direction of his vocation, not only his parents and relatives will reap great joy from him, but his exertions will also, Providence granting its blessing, be of immense benefit and honor to the whole country; rest assured that these my words will be fulfilled."

After this he again touched his glass with little Robert's, begging him to remember, if he should come to Philadelphia, that he had a friend there who would be glad to see him again. Franklin now rose from the table, and the rest followed his example.

He now took a friendly leave of every one, of Mr. Greenwood last. "Forgive me," he said, "if I have availed myself a little too freely of the privilege of an old man to give counsels and rules to younger people, which these in most cases neither mind nor intend to follow. But my good will may here be my best apology; I pray you therefore not to nurse any ill feeling towards me, Mr. Greenwood."

"To nurse ill feeling towards you, would not be worth while," answered Greenwood. "You rule almost the whole country, and transact negotiations with foreign potentates, both concerning war and peace. Your standing in society is, therefore, so high, that a plain man like me can scarcely do you any harm; for those who before stood lowest, now stand highest, Mr. Franklin; so goes the world."

Soon after Franklin repaired to the landing-place,

whither John Bridle, David Baxter, Robert Fulton and most of the other guests followed him.

As soon as Franklin had gone on board, Robert Fulton left his friends and hastened to the top of a hill, whence he could see the river's course to a greater distance. Here he remained until the sail-boat was lost behind the far-off hills through which the Conestoga meanders. Finally, when he had lost sight of it, he seated himself on a large stone, gazed at the river, and shed the bitterest tears he had ever shed; for it seemed to him as if a friendly, tutelar angel, at whose side he had recently beheld a higher and freer world, had parted from him; and a feeling of loneliness and abandonment, never experienced before, took possession of him.

Soon afterwards David Baxter caught sight of him, and hurried up to the place where he sat. "Why do you weep, my boy?" asked David; "I think we should rather leap for joy that nothing worse happened and that you had so miraculous an escape." "Yes, yes, you are right," said Robert, "God bless old Franklin! look here!" He now showed David a little roll of silver money. "This," said he, "he laid in my hand, when I parted with him; but, properly speaking, it belongs to you, David, for without your assistance I should never have been able to complete that frying-pan, as the others are pleased to call it."

Robert now took the shining money in his hand, and looked upon it. "It is, indeed, a large sum," he said, "but please keep it, David; I will not use a cent of it."

"No such thing," answered David; "I will gladly preserve it for you; but the money belongs to you, and money

is not to be despised, Robert. But let me tell you, I now believe it best for us to part; otherwise, people will certainly think that we have some more odd tricks on the carpet."

When Robert had again returned to the city, and gone across the large centre-square, and passed by "the Golden Eagle," he observed a stage coach in which Greenwood was sitting, together with little Laura. Gill sat on the coach box with the driver. When Robert passed by, the little girl nodded friendly to him, and as the stage coach was rolling away, she turned herself once more to see him, after which the stage soon disappeared, and the sound of the wheels died away.

The night following little Robert had quite a singular dream. It seemed to him, as if he and Baxter were again sailing on the Conestoga, while Franklin was standing on the bank smiling at him. Finally, he was borne far away, but did not sail any longer, and it seemed to him as if he were sitting on the grass in a beautiful spot where he was very happily situated. Then little Laura came to meet him, telling him that he was now in that country where the goddess Aurora dwells. Then he seemed again to discover Franklin's face far off. After this the dream became more vague and indefinite, and when he awoke, he had only a glimmering recollection of it.

On the next morning Van Gehlmuyden sent for him, and commanded him never again, under any pretence whatever, to venture on the Conestoga, neither alone nor in company. "In the first place," he added, "you must by no means leave the house without my express permission, and secondly, do

not, I tell you, presume to speak a single word with that mischief-maker, David Baxter."

Nevertheless, a couple of days after, Mr. Van Gehl-muyden, who after all was quite a good-natured man, gave Robert permission to go wherever he pleased, except to the banks of the Conestoga. When Robert, availing himself of this permission, had been roaming about a few hours in the neighborhood, he returned to the city, where he met David Baxter. "Don't be frightened, my boy," said David, "I know that you must not have anything to do with me; yet I could not leave the city without seeing you once more."

"Do you leave, David?" asked Robert.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to go to the West, because the people here seem to have taken a dislike to me, and my master has told me that he did not care any more for my services. But never mind, as long as I can swing my axe I shall know how to pave my way through the world. I have neither wife nor children to provide for; the only thing that grieves me is to part with you, Robert. Farewell! Your money I hope at some other time to be able to repay you with interest." He then pressed Robert's hand heartily, and left.

CHAPTER V.

Soon after his excursion up the Conestoga, Franklin was commissioned to Europe to carry out the negotiations which had already been commenced with France,—a mission of which he most likely had no thought when at Lancaster.

The dangerous time, the important position he occupied in regard to his country, the numerous occupations which daily claimed his attention, all these things necessarily turned his thoughts from the individual to the general. Add to this that weakness of memory, which old age brings, even when the other mental faculties are still in full vigor, and it is perhaps not so much to be wondered at that at the expiration of nine years, when he returned to America, he had entirely lost sight of little Robert Fulton, and had, as it seemed, forgotten the great expectations which, when in Lancaster, he had formed concerning him.

After Franklin's departure, the war which had commenced between England and her seceded colonies in America, still continued. And notwithstanding her extensive resources, and the mighty military power she could bring to bear upon the conflict, the colonies had at last, after several times experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, come triumphantly out of the contest, and the great words: "Independence and Liberty," resounded throughout the nation.

Though this liberty was born in weakness, yet, in all human probability it was destined to sway the world. The new States were to be organized by laws, and the whole people were summoned to select their representatives to provide for this organization, and for the form of the new government. It was most probably this, in combination with the practical skill peculiar to the inhabitants of those colonies, which gave the political system of America such an ascendancy, that all the more tranquil emotions of the soul were suppressed. Indeed, not only theoretical science and the arts, but even the more practical talent had then to endure a severe conflict, if selecting a course different from the usual one, before the result had proved its practicability.

It is, however, a well established fact, that there are people whose exertions of mind and creative power cannot be checked by any storm of life; but it is quite as certain that there are others whose mental powers cannot be brought out by any physical compulsion, but only in the midst of peace, when all obstructions to improvement are removed.

Of this last disposition Robert Fulton seems to have been, and it will scarcely be necessary, after the statement before made, to prove that Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, to whom it was entirely left to direct Robert's future course of life, was by no means equal to this task, which, however, without the least idea of what was necessary for the discharge of this important duty, he had with great self-confidence assumed.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that the condition in which Robert, at the expiration of some years, was found, was not so happy as for his sake we should have wished; at

least the prospect that Franklin's prophecy in regard to him would ever be verified was at that time very feeble.

Shortly after Franklin had left for Europe, Robert had been sent to a goldsmith in Philadelphia to learn his trade, because Mr. Van Gehlmuyden believed that such a confined life would be the very best means to subdue his wild and inordinate disposition. However, to do justice to Van Gehlmuyden, we must not fail to remark, that he very conscientiously provided for all Robert's necessities, for in his way he really cherished a kind feeling towards the boy, and was desirous of procuring him a good education, as far as he understood it, and as far as his own convenience did not suffer thereby. In his agreement, therefore, with the goldsmith, he added this proviso, "that the boy, until his sixteenth year, should attend the very best schools of the city, to learn, besides his trade, what might be deemed essential and proper.

Little Fulton made good progress in his studies at school, but to the goldsmith trade his mind was not favorably disposed. At first all went on tolerably well, his master only complaining that in his leisure hours he was roaming about in different places without asking any permission. But as no master in the United States can, according to law, exercise much authority over his apprentices, it was, of course, very difficult to control him, more especially as Van Gehlmuyden, in accordance with his usual indifference, though by no means satisfied with his foster-son's behaviour, did not care to reprimand him, and very seldom made any reply to the letters of complaint which the goldsmith sent him.

But when Fulton grew older, was taken out of school, and had more time at his disposal, he assumed a different manner, and often asserted positively to his comrades that he was absolutely disinclined to learn the goldsmith trade, adding that it was his intention, as soon as he was able to do so, to select another.

Moreover, he had lately discovered that he was possessed of a talent not at all pleasing to his master. He had an uncommon natural genius for drawing the lineaments of the human face; indeed, his master once surprised him in the very act of sketching the other apprentices, and found at the same time a drawing of his own face. This being very much caricatured (for Robert exhibited a rare talent in this line) afforded all the apprentices infinite amusement, while it seemed to be very far from amusing the master himself, who called him to account for neglecting his duties, and struck Robert over his knuckles with a ruler, at the same time remarking, that he would make him attend to his business. Robert, quietly, we are told, set his arms a-kimbo, and looking his master sternly in the face, replied: "Sir, I came here to have something beaten into my brains, and not into my knuckles."

At other times Robert remained away whole days from the workshop; and roved about in the outskirts of the city, making sketches of various landscapes, which, according to the assurance of competent judges, bore testimony to a talent, which, under favorable circumstances, might have secured him a name amongst classical painters.

The facility in sketching the human features, which he possessed, could not remain unknown in a city where at that

time only a few gave themselves to such employment, and he therefore accumulated in a very short time, even without that training which the best talents require, so much money as to make him, at least to a certain extent, independent both of the goldsmith trade, and of Van Gehlmuyden's assistance.

Fulton is also said to have offered for sale his drawings and portraits in the streets of Philadelphia. This was, according to the custom of those times, not considered below the dignity of an artist; nevertheless it caused him still more frequently than before to neglect his work, wherefore his master several times called him to account, threatening to discharge him. But as Fulton's talent for drawing was of advantage to his master in the trade, and as he, when applying himself to his business, displayed a more refined taste, than the other apprentices, his master did not carry his threat into effect, only giving vent to his anger in letters to Van Gehlmuyden, in which, with continually increasing exasperation, he complained of the neglects of which his foster-son was guilty.

This vexed Gehlmuyden a good deal, but Fulton's father became still more angry, wherefore, as often as he came to Philadelphia and visited his son, he availed himself of the opportunity to vent his indignation. But after Fulton had grown up to youth, these visits became rarer, and at length ceased altogether.

When Fulton had reached his twenty-first year, a young man, who was, however, somewhat older than himself, came to Philadelphia, and afterwards acquired an enviable fame both as a poet and a statesman. His name was Joel

Barlow. He was born in Connecticut, New England. He had spent his earlier youth in Yale College at New Haven, where he had already distinguished himself by his poetical genius. He had at the death of his father inherited a fortune, which made him perfectly independent. His mother was descended from a German family ; and this was perhaps the reason why something idealistic characterized his mind, for which the Americans generally, and the population of New England particularly, have little inclination. He evinced also an extraordinary fondness for the art of painting, and had used a considerable portion of his fortune to buy a collection of paintings second to none which then existed even in the largest cities of America. He was, however, no stranger to practical undertakings, but had through a series of years been assistant editor of a political newspaper, in which he showed himself an ardent Republican, ridiculing all toryism ; besides, he had fought bravely in the revolutionary war. That experience which thus in the prime of life he had already acquired, and with which the poetical enthusiasm that sometimes seized him formed a striking contrast, did often exercise a vast influence, especially over young people with whom he came in contact, and who shared his fire and enthusiasm without possessing his many-sided attainments.

Before coming to Philadelphia he had already resolved to travel about in the countries of the old world ; yet not before having seen this city and other large cities in his native country.

It was a Sunday morning in the beginning of the month of September, when Robert Fulton, without noticing the

solemn tolling of the bells summoning, from all the steeples of the city, the different congregations to divine service, walked out of the city on the road leading along the river Schuylkill to the borough of Norristown. Various ruins and half-burnt houses reminded even then of the invasion of the Englishmen, and of the havoc of the war. The Schuylkill, formerly called by the Indians, "Ganshovehanne," or the noisy stream, in allusion to its falls and ripples, is in the vicinity of Philadelphia, surrounded by mountains, and diversified by far-stretching and cultivated fields, behind which one can catch a glimpse of the large city. In one of the places, where a view of the river could be had, and where wild scenery and cultivation were peculiarly blended, Fulton remained standing, and at length, as this place was very little visited, and the religious services absorbed the attention of the inhabitants within the circuit of the city, he threw himself down upon the grass, took his pencil, and tried to make a drawing representing the region now displayed before his eye.

Having been thus engaged about an hour, and entirely absorbed in his work, which to-day seemed to succeed unusually well, he suddenly heard a voice exclaiming: "It will be quite a snug little thing."

Turning his head, he saw a slender, handsomely dressed man standing behind him, with a face of so lively and animated an expression, that it might be called handsome, although the features were by no means regular, and the chin was more pointed and the lips smaller than consists with real beauty.

"I am sorry that I have disturbed you," the stranger

said, saluting Fulton in a friendly manner. "I ought perhaps rather to have left you to that solitude of which you so well understand how to avail yourself."

"Never mind, the chief part is already performed," answered Fulton, who at the same time jumping up and gathering his implements, exclaimed, "what remains to be done, I can easily do at home."

"Who has been your teacher?" asked Barlow; for I hardly need tell my readers that it was he who had surprised Fulton at his work.

"A painter in Lancaster taught me only half a year. He was a painter not above mediocrity, and the lessons he gave me were given secretly so that my father should not know it."

"Only half a year!" said Barlow; "it was indeed a short time. Permit me once more to glance at your drawing."

When Fulton had granted his request, and Barlow had attentively re-examined the drawing, he said: "It is almost incredible that you, with so little instruction, have arrived at such perfection; nevertheless, beware of believing that the golden fleece of art is gained because your mental sight in a happy moment seems to catch a glimpse of it from afar."

"I am told," answered Fulton, "that the treasures of art are only imaginary, and that they are but little more to be valued than a dream."

"And are the best things that men possess, if viewed from the stand-point of every-day life, worth much more?" asked Barlow. "As for me I have had many a moment in which it seemed that the whole life most men live was scarcely worth as much as such a beautiful dream."

Fulton looked upon him with surprise, for he had never before heard such remarks.

Barlow now invited Fulton to go with him to a coffee-house located in a garden outside of the city. Here they went in, and seated themselves in a bower, where Fulton, at Barlow's request, told him the most important events of his earlier life.

Barlow listened all the time very attentively, but when Fulton had finished his narrative of his misfortune on the Conestoga, and of his interview with Franklin, Barlow suddenly interrupted him and asked whether he had never received any intelligence of Franklin since.

"None," answered Fulton; "he left soon after for Europe, and had, I am told, so important things to attend to there that he scarcely had time to think of me."

"But don't you know that Franklin has returned and has been already a long time in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Fulton.

"And why then have you not called on him and paid him your respects?" asked Barlow.

"He shall never see me again," answered Fulton, dropping his eyes to the ground; "I will never again meet him. The expectations which he had entertained of my future career have been so painfully disappointed that I should die of shame if he should meet and recognize me."

"Well, well, there is not so much time lost yet," said Barlow, "in the spring time we cannot expect the ripe fruit; nevertheless, you are right; Franklin is hardly the proper person to appreciate you; he has no taste for the elegant arts. He would perhaps assist you, if you would carry on

some trade, but surely never if you would devote your life to real art."

Fulton now proceeded to tell how his father had confided his whole welfare to the care of Mr. Van Gelhmuyden, and how this man had forced a trade upon him for which he had no inclination whatever. "Mr. Van Gehlmuyden means well enough," he added, "but I must, nevertheless, consider it a real calamity that my whole welfare should be intrusted to a man who least of all understands or concerns himself about my inclination and disposition."

"Don't wonder," said Barlow, "such a Dutchman must of course feel a particular desire to clip the wings of all the birds he finds outside of the hen-roost; but your father—what does he say? Can you not expect any support from him?"

"My father! don't mention him; he long ago turned me out of his house," said Fulton, again sinking his eyes to the ground. "From my early infancy I have been a stranger in his dwelling. When six years of age, I lost my mother, and she was the only one who loved me. Since her death a friendly word has very seldom been spoken to me in my paternal home. My step-mother scarcely knows me, and my father has transferred all his affection to his younger children. Ever since I can remember, I have almost heard nothing from his lips but rebukes and reproofs. For the last two years I have not seen him, and now, should I knock at his door, which it is far from my intention to do, it would hardly be opened to me."

CHAPTER VI.

THE conversation with Barlow narrated in the previous chapter, was so agreeable to Fulton that the hours passed away before he was aware of their flight. But when the sun, sinking beneath the horizon, admonished the two new friends to part, Barlow pointed out to him his residence, kindly inviting him to call on the following day. This Fulton did, and that interest which Barlow had already taken in him, soon became so strong, that he, being not only very wealthy, but also, in a high degree, disinterested, resolved to place Fulton in such a condition as, in his opinion, would best correspond with his nature and constitution of mind.

It was, of course, not very difficult to persuade Fulton to quit the goldsmith trade; nevertheless, he was not fully determined what business he had better follow. At last, however, he made up his mind, in compliance with the wishes of his new friend, to devote his life exclusively to the art of painting, Barlow, on the other hand, promising, as long as it was necessary, to give him an annual support of three hundred dollars. Thereby not only his independence seemed to be secured, but it enabled him also to pay a teacher for some instruction, which, in the beginning, was absolutely necessary.

No sooner was his living for some time thus secured, than he explicitly told his master that he would leave his house and his trade, which, in spite of the most serious objections of the goldsmith, he instantly carried into effect. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton now moved to his spacious residence in Market Street, where he immediately commenced taking lessons from a painter, to whom Barlow had recommended him, and who, though mainly occupied in painting landscapes, was not without some talent for historical representations.

On the same day Fulton moved to Barlow's house he wrote a letter to Van Gehlmuyden, informing him of the plan which he had formed for his life, and thanking him for all his kindness. "That I shall never forget," he wrote, "although I can easily comprehend that I cannot expect any future favors from you." He also sent a few lines to his father, in which he told him that he had left his former trade, and, assisted by a faithful friend, intended to devote himself to the art of painting, from which he hoped to make as much as he needed for his own support, without being troublesome to his relatives by any demands for assistance.

Soon after old Robert Fulton had received this letter, the Methodist clergyman, Jonathan Kemp, told him that on the next day he intended to leave for Philadelphia. According to the custom of the Methodist clergymen at that time, Mr. Kemp carried on a little trading business, which made it necessary for him several times annually to visit the nearest cities. The Rev. Mr. Kemp, being an intimate friend of old Fulton, and his spiritual adviser, promised him that while in Philadelphia he would take pains to get an interview with his son, in order, if possible, to dissuade him

from his plan recently adopted. His father, upon whom his son's letter had made a deeper impression than the writer had supposed it would 'do, was very glad of Mr. Kemp's willingness to do so.

Some time after, when Jonathan Kemp had returned to Lancaster, he mailed a letter to old Robert Fulton, telling him that his words had been unavailing, like the seeds that fell upon stony places, and that he had found his son in company with a man infatuated with worldly science and various worldly contrivances, and that he had hardened his heart against every admonition.

No sooner was old Fulton in receipt of this letter than, without delay, he went to Lancaster, that he might more fully ascertain the details from Mr. Kemp, and at the same time consult Van Gehlmuyden, and we find him now again in Van Gehlmuyden's house at a dinner, at which, besides himself, not only our earlier acquaintance, John Bridle, but also Jonathan Kemp, was present; the reverend gentleman, however, remarking that he would have it perfectly understood that he would eat and drink at his own pleasure, and that nobody should press him in this respect, otherwise, he would have to decline participating in the dinner.

Van Gehlmuyden's house was an old-fashioned one, the gable-ends admitting the day-light, while the longest part of the building received no light from without, the rooms consequently being deep and rather dark. This darkness was augmented by several trees standing outside, interrupting the rays of light. Candles were, therefore, lighted in the dining-room before the repast was finished.

The dining-room was rather narrow in proportion to its length. Its walls were covered with a kind of variegated tapestry-paper, in which a number of speckled tulips constituted the chief decoration. The dinner-table was in the centre of the room. Van Gehlmuyden's own chair was stuffed very well, had a high back, and was somewhat larger than those upon which his guests were seated. On the left side of Van Gehlmuyden was a smaller table, upon which were two Indian figures or Pagoda, each holding in its hand a lighted wax candle. Over against the dinner-table was a marble mantle-piece, beneath which was the large fire-place. On the mantle-piece a large, singular figure was set up, representing a mermaid, whose whole surface was formed of muscle-shells, arranged in layers. Around the head of this figure a wreath was encircled, in which life-like lilies and other ornamental flowers were formed of radiant sea-shells, and a like-shaped larger wreath wound itself around her waist. The whole figure rested in a sort of basin, so that the lower part of the body was invisible. At each side of this mermaid small lamps were hung, diffusing their light over the various shells, which then emitted a lustre like that which the ice gives in winter when gently shone upon by the moon.

As long as the dinner was going on, Van Gehlmuyden would not listen to the reason why old Fulton had come to Lancaster, but when it was about finished, and only some small baskets with peaches, and other fruits circulated, he introduced the subject himself.

"Yes, let us now talk a little of that boy," he said.—Please, Mr. Bridle, fill your neighbor's glass ;—no, I do not mean that of Mr. Kemp, for he, I see, will neither eat nor

drink;—but that must be his own business. As to this Robert," he added, "I certainly thought to bring him to reason by employing him in the goldsmith trade, because it is a profession that does not admit of many summersets, and in it he could make his living in a quiet way. Please, at least, to take a peach, Mr. Kemp! although, it is true enough, the peaches we have in this country are not very palatable; a single cabbage-head in Alkmaar in Holland contains more strength and juice than all the fruits that grow here."

"Alas, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden," said old Fulton, "people without children, as you, are happy, for when a child will not behave, it is the greatest affliction a man can have; but you are fortunate in this respect as well as in all others."

"Yes, you are right," answered Van Gehlmuyden, "to have children does not correspond with my hasty temper; I thank God that I have been exempted from that infliction, especially in this country, where a father cannot make his own son obey."

"Though you do not understand how to do this, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden," answered John Bridle, "yet, do not bar him entirely from your aid; there are many who have sown their wild oats in their youth, and at last have turned out respectable men."

"Alas, he will never be a respectable man," said old Fulton, "he has, I see, made up his mind to be a vagrant beggar. You should only hear how he has behaved to the venerable Jonathan Kemp, who recently went to see him."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Kemp, who was one of those fanatics, who, in a peculiar way, mingle their own opinions and ideas with the holiest truths, so that one sometimes has to

approve, sometimes to disapprove of their talk. "We are," he said, "surrounded with profligacy and corruption, and people everywhere worship idols instead of the true God. If a man comes, like this Franklin, who knows how to prate a little to them about science and philosophy, as they call it, then they idolize him; if a general makes his appearance, who has gained a battle and stained himself with the blood of thousands, then they prostrate themselves and adore him; yea, if only a vagabond fiddler, an organ-grinder, a juggler, or a rope-walker, pass through the city, then the people are ready to carry them in triumph through the streets, and to erect altars in their honor. And so it is the whole world over; there is almost no one who has not one or another idol in his heart, which he loves more than the true God."

"That may be," remarked John Bridle, "but it seems to me that this talk has nothing to do with the subject in question."

"But it is, nevertheless, clear enough," Kemp continued, without noticing Bridle's remark, "it is clear enough, that an idol is nothing in the world; for whom the people worship to-day, him they scoff and trample upon to-morrow; all of which proves that they have not the true God, and cannot find him, and that they will supply the empty place now with one idol, now with another."

"Indeed, I did believe," said old Fulton, "that Robert's fortune was made, for you have acted to him like a father, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, and you would certainly not have forsaken him, had he not foolishly discarded his own interests. I was in hopes that he would be a support to his younger

brothers and sisters, after I had left this vale of tears, but, alas! now all is lost and frustrated."

"I went to see him," said Jonathan Kemp, "and found not only him, but also his companion, who is said to be a man of letters, and what is more, a newspaper writer and versifier, and he spoke to me of a God who was to be found in art, and of another God who was to be found in mountains and forests; but I told him that there is no other God than he who is found in the Church, the Bible, and in the Methodist interpretation of it. Then he made, in my opinion, a very silly remark, saying that he who was a member of that Church, which I, and those like me, had built, was often afar from God and Christ. When I had heard that, I had enough, and wiped off even the very dust of my feet for a testimony against him, and left."

"Properly speaking, the whole calamity is to be ascribed to this Franklin," said old Fulton, "for had he not, as you have told me yourself, instilled that fanciful notion into my son's mind, that he was born for something extraordinary, it would certainly not have been so difficult to manage him."

"Yes, you are not very wrong there," answered Van Gehlmuyden, "but why do you turn your face away, Mr. Bridle? O! yes, now I know, it is my mermaid you are setting your eyes on. All right, she certainly deserves to be looked upon; she came from Holland, and, of course, such a one is nowhere else to be found; but the costly shells were brought home from Benguela, and from the Indian and Red Seas. I bought her from Captain Brouwer, of Vlissingen, in Holland, and she cost more than one dollar, be sure of that—and the Captain lost his life on the Spanish coast; and I

really believe that it was a punishment to him, because he made me pay so high a price for her; however, I do not regret it at all, for such a wonder is not to be seen in the whole new world, and although my two Pagods are by no means to be despised, they cannot come up to her."

"There we have another idol," muttered the Rev. Mr. Kemp; "yes, yes, it is from Franklin that the whole calamity rises, there is no mistake about it, you are perfectly correct. It is the same Franklin who believes that he has snatched the lightning from the hand of the Lord of hosts, although the Lord says that He Himself has made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder. But now this Franklin really believes that he can pave another way for the lightning than that which God has ordained. What shall an orthodox Christian say to such things? Is it not impiety; is it not spiritual haughtiness; is it not to place our own wisdom above His, who is the very fountain of all wisdom?"

"Don't give it such an interpretation," answered John Bridle; "nobody is able to snatch the lightning from the hand of God, but He has given us understanding to guard our life against many dangers, and I think He has given it to us to be used. I am told that there is no country on the face of the globe, where thunder is wilder, more frequent, and does more injury, than with us. I think myself competent to speak of it, for I have very often been out in the field in the most boisterous weather, without roof over my head, and have heard it whistle through the air like many birds, and have seen beams of lightning resembling burning trees, and the whole firmament like a sea of fire. Indeed

we have had years in which more than eighty persons have been killed by lightning here in Pennsylvania. Ought we not then to thank God that He has enabled us to find a protection against it? And that man who discovered such a protection, has he not used his talent in just such a manner as God wished him to do, to save the lives of many? And is not his great discovery the work of the original and gifted mind which God Himself has given him? For without the will of God such a discovery could not have been made, and it is, consequently, no impiety any more than it is an impiety to dam up the violent waves; for, I think, God has also made a way for the waters as well as for the lightning."

"Yes, that is the talk of subtile heads," answered Mr. Kemp, "who fancy themselves able with their intellects to dive into God's wise and secret counsels, and overthrow what he from the beginning ordained. But I know that I am very much to be blamed for having associated with such people as you are. I am very sorry for it." He then rose, took his hat, and left.

"What! has Kemp left?" said Van Gehlmuyden, looking after him with surprise. "Well," he added, "let a fool sail his own ship," and with great composure he took a couple of cigars from his pocket.

Meanwhile, old Fulton also rose, took his hat, and asked Van Gehlmuyden to excuse him, as he did not feel very well. "I prefer to come another time," he said, "when you are alone, then we can better discuss the matter thoroughly." Thereupon he also left in a hurry, probably to find Jonathan Kemp, whose whims he was always accustomed to humor.

"O strange! now he is off too!" said Van Gehlmuyden. "Nevertheless, it makes no difference, if only you, Mr. Bridle, will stay a little while, and smoke a cigar, and drink a cup of coffee, and I hope you will do that, for you are a sensible man, and not so foolish as to get angry and leave, because a word may be dropped now and then which you do not like."

"Yes, but hear!" said Bridle, "neither must you get angry, if I should mention something which you do not like; for I will not hide it from you, that I really think you are sometimes too severe to young Robert Fulton."

"But don't you understand that he has got that singular notion into his head, never again to undertake anything substantial?"

"Never mind," said Bridle, "let the young stag run off his antlers, for Franklin's prophecy concerning that boy I can never beat out of my thoughts, and had I not believed that you would take care of him, and, perhaps, at last, make him your heir, I should have written to old Franklin immediately on his return home, and revived young Robert in his memory; but I did not do so, because I would not injure the boy, as I knew that you would get angry if Franklin intermeddled with his affairs."

"I am very much obliged to you," answered Van Gehlmuyden. "But please open the window. It is a weak point with me that I prefer sitting here with the perspiration trickling down upon me, than rising from my chair to open it myself. O, no! let it be as it is, else the abominable gnats and mosquitoes will pour in by millions; excuse me, I did not think of that when I asked you. But to return to

this Robert; I might, perhaps, still overlook some of his faults, if he would only apply himself to useful undertakings; if, for instance, he would try to make such curious pieces as my two Pagods, although I hardly think they would sell here in this country; or if he would paint walls, windows, and doors; but to paint landscapes, forests, and mountains, there is no sense in it, Mr. Bridle, and, besides, this business yields no bread here in America."

"To a certain extent you are right there," answered Bridle, "although I am told that even in your native country there are people who practice such arts. Nevertheless, you are, perhaps, right; such things do not suit us, and even old Franklin agrees with you there, for none more strongly than he has cautioned painters and other such artists against establishing themselves here."

"Has he?" said Van Gehlmuyden, "then I have, perhaps, acted wrongly in withholding the books which he sent the boy."

Mr. Bridle inquiring more minutely into this matter, learned that Franklin before leaving for Europe, had sent little Robert a selection of his writings, accompanied by some kind words, in which he asked him to make application to him if he needed anything. But Van Gehlmuyden had not mentioned a single syllable of this to his foster son, fearing that it would put some whimsical notions into his head, and he had, therefore, laid the books aside, and never since taken them in his hands.

"You ought not to have done that," said Bridle, "for there is a great blessing in Franklin's words; that I have experienced myself."

"Yes, I understand you very well," answered Van Gehlmuyden, "for it was by his advice that you took a wife and got the whole house full of children. I know that ; but of such blessings I do not approve, as far as I am concerned."

Nevertheless, influenced by Bridle, Van Gehlmuyden at length promised, if Robert would repent of his disobedience and recommence his trade, not only to forgive him, but even to remember him richly in his last will. "However, he shall not know anything about it," Van Gehlmuyden added, "until he has given up his idleness and complied with the rules I dictate to him."

CHAPTER VII.

JOEL BARLOW had not been long in Philadelphia before he felt tired of the monotonous city life, and wished to make an excursion into the forests and the less known regions toward the west of Pennsylvania. As Fulton now, from his daily intercourse with him had already taken hold of his affections, and as Barlow was very reluctant to dispense with his company, he proposed to Fulton to accompany him on this journey, which, as he said, would not be of long duration, for he intended to return to Philadelphia before the beginning of November.

It may, however, seem a little strange that Barlow should thus in the very first weeks draw off Fulton's mind from the lessons in painting, which upon Barlow's own advice he had commenced taking. But as Fulton had concluded to quit the painting of portraits and to paint landscapes, Barlow probably meant to benefit his young friend by offering him an opportunity to see the rich and splendid scenery of America. And this was also the chief reason he adduced, when Fulton, although desirous of making this trip, hesitated whether to accept the offer or not, on account of the waste of time it would occasion.

It was towards the end of the month of September, when one of those violent showers had ceased, which cool the air,

and after which the autumnal season assumes that calm, steady character so exceedingly agreeable in these countries, that our two young friends commenced their excursion towards the west of the State.

It is more especially in this season that the forest scenery of Pennsylvania appears in its greatest splendor, and the air itself is then so clear and transparent, that travelers have not hesitated to compare its autumnal sky to that on the banks of the river Nile in Egypt.

When Barlow and Fulton left Philadelphia, the season had not yet advanced so far that the forest had adorned itself with its complete autumnal garment. The maple only, which of American trees earliest indicates that autumn is drawing nigh, gleamed already in its red leaves; the other trees were still green, and although the air was much cooler than before, it was, however, rather warm in the sun.

Barlow and his friend wishing to reach as soon as possible those regions where nature could still be seen in its wild and solitary grandeur, did not dwell long in the vicinity of Philadelphia, but passed speedily by the scattered country houses, the smiling and thrifty orchards, the long rows of uniform poplars, and the various small villages, which in a certain way formed connecting links between the cities and the remote solitary forest life, and they did not stop until they at length had reached the banks of the Susquehanna, where the colonist dwellings then were only few, and where one might wander many miles without hearing the strokes of the axe, the tinkling of bells, the baying of dogs, or seeing the rising of smoke, indicating that any human being lived there.

We now find again our two friends on a calm evening in the gleam of sunset, sitting on a hill surrounded by the Blue Mountains somewhat above the place where the Juniata empties into the Susquehanna, perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. Below the hill where they sat, a great deal of the forest was burnt down and the shrubs cleared away, so that a view was opened from the mountains down to the river. On the other sides the wild, impenetrable forest had not yet felt the strokes of the axe; there the acacia, the oak, the ash, the beech, and the wild chestnut waved their summer garments to and fro in the winds, though some single leaves bore testimony to the change of season soon to come. Close by their right a roaring was heard from a rushing stream, but it was impossible to see it, various bushes inclining almost perpendicularly over its waters. These bushes were densely intertwined with wild vines and a kind of mistletoe entirely covered with red berries, all of which formed a splendid but delusory carpet over the abyss, on which one could probably not set his foot without falling through.

Farther off in the valley below, the sound of tinkling cow bells was heard, mingled with the barking of dogs, indicative of some house in the vicinity, where our two wayfarers might possibly find a resting place, when tired of being in the open air.

"Praise be to God!" cried Barlow; "at length we stand at the entrance of that spacious palace for which I have so long been seeking. As long as we heard the pealing of bells in the villages, we were still far from it, but here it begins. Here are, properly speaking, as yet no bridges over

the rivers there is no other road than the narrow path winding down towards the river; here forest, valley and mountains have hardly a name, and the solitary colonists scarcely know their nearest neighbors; here nature is to be seen as it was before any man of our race had come into this land."

"Yes, but we may also easily here be lost in pathless places without any prospect of getting back again," said Fulton, opening a large pocket-book and commencing to make a rough sketch of the surrounding landscape.

"To be sure we may," answered Barlow, "and this would be quite an interesting circumstance in our adventure. Yet, there is no great danger, I hope, as I very soon become acquainted in unknown regions, and some guide, I think, may easily be hunted up in any place. But what do you think of the forest here, Fulton; of the mountains and of the view over the majestic river which presents itself to our eye? And yet, all this is nothing compared with the magnificent scenery soon to be revealed to us. Wait only eight or ten days more, and you will behold a lustre of scarlet, purple, and gold, compared with which all our flower-crowned gardens are nothing. If you can draw a correct and life-like copy of this unequaled scenery, you will hardly be second to the immortal painters, Raphael and Rubens, whose master pieces adorn the great galleries of Europe."

"All will be gained," said Fulton, "if these rivers can be made navigable, if the Juniata and the Susquehanna can be connected with the Schuylkill by a canal, and especially if some means can be found for a speedier and better navigation—which I hope will be the case."

"Ah! now I recognize the bent of mind of my countrymen," cried Barlow; "but you are here to enjoy the grand forest scenery, and not to indulge in speculations how it can profitably be destroyed."

"Yet, in process of time it must and will be destroyed," answered Fulton.

"When that time comes, we shall have to submit," said Barlow; "but let us now for a moment forget that this brilliant scenery is, as you think, doomed to destruction. God be thanked, it still exists in all its astonishing sublimity and splendor; and to enable you to see it as it is in all its grandeur, to embody a true image of it in your mind, and after a time perhaps exhibit its vivid brightness in your favorite art; this was my object in desiring that you should accompany me through these forests. Please now cease drawing! that you can do some other time."

"I will," said Fulton; "it is now too dark, it hurts my eyes," at the same time closing his book and wrapping up his pencils and paper.

"But to receive an impression of fresh nature it is still light enough," said Barlow, reclining his head on the soft moss with which the hill was covered.

The sun had set, and the stars soon became visible, gleaming with all that twinkling splendor peculiar to the nocturnal sky of America, and affording an optical exhibition upon a scale of grandeur which no other region in the world can probably excel.

"When thus gazing at the galaxy, seeming like a pure flake of light lying across the firmament," said Barlow, after silently beholding the sky awhile, "wonderful dreams come

over me ; indeed, it then often seems to me as if the ancients were mistaken in imagining Lethe, the river of oblivion, to be in the infernal regions ; on the contrary it rather gleams above our heads. But if so, then it is also the river of remembrance ; for the more we forget the material, the clearer the immaterial, the deepest and the highest, becomes to us, and only the present moment, and the dry every-day-life is hidden by a dark vail. And from those golden waters probably our dreams descend, which in a peculiar way blend oblivion with the oldest, the deepest, the holiest memories."

"I do not fully comprehend you," said Fulton.

"Neither is it necessary that you should," answered Barlow, "no one can fully comprehend the visions which emerge from the river of dreams ; for the very nature of the deepest dreams consists in this that they here on earth communicate to us a foreboding of something which we never can, nor shall comprehend on this side of the grave."

"If it should ever occur to you to embody your thoughts in a large poem, it will doubtless be a dream," said Fulton.

"If so, I should not very much dislike it," answered Barlow, whereupon he again rested himself for a while, without speaking.

"How do you think that the immortal Columbus felt," Barlow at length said, "and what dream do you think he dreamed, when sailing where none had before sailed, and when standing on the deck in the late autumnal nights, sweeping over the unknown ocean, his eye fixed on the very stars which we now behold, and doubtless on others which emerged from the Southern sea?"

"Who knows!" said Fulton.

"What dream do you think he had, when between night and morning he beheld the great Pegasus followed by the gleaming Aries sweeping before the ship towards the West, and when both constellations towards the end of the voyage sunk down over St. Salvador, and disappeared in the dawn-ing with glorified glances, and when at last the rising sun showed him that his heavenly guides had conducted him to the point he had in view? Don't you think he dreamed that he communicated with celestial delights?"

"I do not think he dreamed," answered Fulton, "on the contrary his soul was awake, and he saw more clearly and sharply, and thought more coherently than others."

"If he did not dream, properly speaking, he must at least, have had a spiritual sight, a vision, and that was also a sort of dream," answered Barlow.

"The dream itself is unstable and fluttering," continued Fulton; "but one single great idea constantly pervaded his mind; he never lost sight of it, he never lost his belief in its reality, although the evil world scorned him, he had but one thing before him, and he devoted his whole life to the successful execution of this main idea."

"He had but one thing before him," repeated Barlow, "one great idea constantly pervaded his mind!—Perfectly correct! Thus there are also men of great erudition, who have made only one great invention in the vast arena of literature and science; great heroes who have performed only one or two heroic deeds; great poets from whose hand we have only one soul-stirring production. And those searchers, those heroes and poets who so well understood how to concentrate their activity, perhaps often belonged to the very

greatest; but it is impossible for me, at least now, to follow their example; one idea puts another to flight."

"And yet, at last perhaps you will also be able to concentrate your activity, and your ideas," said Fulton.

"Well, I do not sail entirely without compass," answered Barlow, "perhaps towards the termination of my life I shall be able to do so, but as yet, it is not to be denied, I am for the most part sailing with the stream."

"Yet it seems to me, that I can easily understand how Columbus could be seized by one great idea," said Fulton.

"As those hosts of winged insects, the life of which hardly lasts till the end of a summer night, are in comparison with the eternal stars of the firmament, so all our various thoughts melt away like snow in our hands when compared to his one great thought," answered Barlow.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARLOW and Fulton now rose and went down to the colonist dwelling near by, where they intended to spend the night, and whither a little boy whom they had hired in Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, and who had carried their baggage through the forest, had already gone in advance. Although night had set in, it was not difficult for them to find the way, for Barlow carried with him a little lantern which he lighted, and besides, a fire flashed out from the dwelling, by which they could easily find their path.

On coming near the house, they saw that the reflexion of light came from a small window in which a thin piece of skin supplied the place of a pane. This, however, hardly covered more than half of the window; through the other half the light issued unobstructedly. The dog whose barking they had recently heard, was tied outside; yet, still within the house itself and farther off the baying of dogs was distinctly heard. Before reaching the house, the door was opened, probably because the inmates supposed that some strangers were coming, and they wished to show them the way; and as now also the fire could be seen through the open door, it was easy for them to reach it.

Our two friends now entered this dwelling, which was one of those at that time not at all unfrequent in America,

where culture and wildness were closely united. The walls were composed of irregular and uneven boards, between which the chinks were filled up with moss, clay, and stones. The roof consisted of bark. The floor had a better appearance, and was laid over with planed boards, which indeed was a rare luxury in those huts which the first colonists built, and which after some years they usually left, when they had found a purchaser for the half cultivated soil.

The room which they entered was both spacious and high, for it was the only one in the whole house, and it had no ceiling. The room received its light partly from a little iron lamp close by the window, partly from the hearth built of unhewn stones in a corner, upon which a couple of large logs were burning. Thence the smoke whirled up making its egress through several apertures in the wall, but especially through some holes in the roof, the largest of which could be closed, when necessary, by a peculiar construction.

In this room was no furniture, except two benches standing one on each side of an oblong table with whose rough boards the smoothing plane had had as little to do as with those of which the walls were formed. On one wall hung two axes, two powder-flasks, and two long fire-arms, from the polished barrels of which the light was reflected with much lustre, and the whole appearance of which testified that they were furbished with much more care than all the rest that the house contained.

There were only two persons in the house. The one was a middle-aged man, with a large black beard, and of a vigorous and intelligent look. He was wrapped in a brown mantle, beneath which a flannel-jacket now and then became

visible, seemingly not testifying to the highest degree of cleanliness. On his head he had a cap richly lined with beaver-skin, which he took off when the two strangers entered the house, and at the same time approaching them, he bade them welcome, and gave them his hand.

The other was young and very handsome. He was dressed in a shaggy furred coat; his head had no cover save his black, curly hair. When the two strangers stepped in, he rose, and remained standing at the table, where he tried to silence a couple of hounds, till their baying ended in a low growling.

"My name is William Harris," said the older, "and *his* name is George; he is my only living child. I had two other sons, younger than he, but them the Lord took long before I pitched my abode here."

At the beckoning of William Harris, his son fetched a piece of ham, together with some fragments of venison, after which he took the lamp down from the wall, and hastened to a little closet separated by a partition from the large room; then he returned with a large loaf of Indian bread, with milk, and some earthen jugs, into which he poured coffee. Finally, he placed a glass before Barlow, together with a large bottle, filled with a peculiar kind of brandy, made of malt, and, at that time, frequently drunk in these places, and, doubtless, a more inspiring beverage than ever old Odin quaffed in Valhalla. Upon the invitation of old Harris they all seated themselves on the long benches, and partook of the rural repast with hearty appetite, while, however, Barlow and Fulton positively declined tasting the strong beverage, at which old Harris and his son greatly wondered.

At the table, at which also the guide had a seat, old Harris was very cheerful. Finally, he addressed Barlow, asking him whether it was his intention to buy land in the vicinity.

"No," answered Barlow.

"My soul and body, why do you then travel?" said old Harris, "if you do not wish to buy land."

"We travel only to see the scenery and enjoy life," answered Barlow.

"Such travelers very seldom come here," said Harris.

A little after he told them that the deer they were eating, was killed in his own corn-field close to the house, and that two winters ago, standing at his house-door, he not only brought down deer, but also foxes, martens, weasels, and wolves, and that then by going only a few paces into the forest, he could kill as much game as he desired. "Then," he said, "the beaver still built its habitation on the banks of the Susquehanna, and I could often kill bears weighing three hundred pounds; but since Harrisburg was founded, and the large forests towards the southern part of Pennsylvania have been mostly cleared away, the game has considerably decreased, and if this continues at the same rate, it may easily happen, that after a few years no trace either of rabbits or deer will be seen even in a distance of many miles. And for that very reason both I and my son are tired of living here, for when the hunting has been destroyed, all our pleasure will be gone."

They had, therefore, concluded to sell their property as soon as possible, and go to the West, and pitch their abode there in the very midst of the wild forests, where no colonist had yet deposited his household gods.

William Harris partook freely of the strong beverage which Barlow and Fulton did not understand how to appreciate, and, at length, he again proposed that they should buy his property, assuring them that they could find no better soil on this side of the Susquehanna, and that they needed not manure it, for by merely digging a few inches deep, and hoeing in the seed, the soil would yield them more abundantly than even that about Lancaster, so much celebrated for its fertility and luxuriant harvests. "Indeed, if the navigation of the Susquehanna, now so often spoken of, is carried into effect," you may, perhaps, if you purchase this property, within less than half a score of years, become rich."

Barlow then asked him why he would not become rich himself, and why he wished to part with so lucrative a property.

"Neither my son nor myself care much for riches," he answered, "provided the soil yields us what is sufficient for our daily support, we are content, and we do not want your manufacturers and mechanics; for what we need, we can, in most cases, do for ourselves. But as to you, it is quite a different thing; you understand, probably better than we, how to make the soil still more productive, and since you have come from so great a distance, you must, doubtless, have some sensible object in view. But if it is your intention to look about in order to buy land on reasonable terms, you may just as well remain here, for better soil at a more reasonable price you can never purchase on this side of the river."

"But I assure you once more," answered Barlow, "however strange you may think it, it is not at all our intention to buy a single acre of land."

"Well, well, then I will believe you, and we will say no more on this subject," answered William Harris.

The rural meal finished, George Harris brought a great quantity of Indian corn-leaves, also several bundles of hay, which he spread on the floor. "We have no other kind of bedding," said he, "nevertheless, I can let you have a couple of blankets."

The rest were now provided for in the same way, and Barlow and Fulton, without undressing, threw themselves down on the straw, comforted by the few blankets which George had lent them, without noticing their great want of cleanliness, but fatigued and exhausted as they were from their long travel on foot, they soon fell into that half-sleeping and half-waking state, with which the fatigued and troubled are well acquainted, till finally Morpheus, the god of dreams, lulled them into a sound and sweet sleep. The moon, the modest lamp of heaven, shed down upon them a more sacred beam than that of day. Her light seemed to them, before falling asleep, like an emanation, a medium for holy thoughts. The gentle breeze, as it went up the mountain's side, and touched the forest boughs, seemed like a living spirit. The summit rising towards heaven, and resting in a solemn and serene light, appeared like a mount of holy meditation, where angels were ascending and descending.

On the next morning they were called from their sleep by a penetrating sound, partly resembling a shrill scream, partly a warbling of birds, which sound was not at all unmelodious. Both of them arose, and listened. "Good morning," said William Harris, who had already risen, and was busied with some snares for catching birds, "don't mind it, it is

nothing but some wild turkeys in the forest chattering at the rising of the sun. They were formerly more numerous, but have now flown somewhere else, for everything in these forests seemed to be doomed to destruction."

Barlow and Fulton now arose, and went out to inhale the fresh morning air. William Harris requested them to walk out with him in the field, where he showed them the extent of his estate, which reached down to the Susquehanna. On the other side it bordered on the forest, and was hedged in by fences. In the field amidst the stalks of maize, trunks of old trees could still be seen. At length he showed them a barn built with greater care than the house itself, and in which there was a stable. He had two horses and ten cows, and a great number of hogs, watched by dogs, which slept in the stable amongst them.

"All this," said William Harris, pointing to the barn and the house, "be it poorly or well done, we have built ourselves, for when we came hither, no assistance could be had within a distance of many miles. Only the boards, which cover the floor, we did not plane ourselves, but procured them in barter last year at a saw-mill, south of Harrisburg. Also in fixing the fences our neighbors assisted us somewhat. Nevertheless, we have, as you see, not yet finished the whole, for, to speak frankly, from the very moment we concluded to move and sell the estate, we have not troubled ourselves very much with it."

"But your house is quite open," said Barlow; "how can you protect yourselves against rain and snow, and keep out the frosty air."

"O! storm, rain, and snow, are our good friends,"

answered Harris; "they frighten us very little, for we need not economize in the use of fuel, and if even sun, moon, and stars shoot scattered rays of light down to us through the roof, we rather like it."

At last, William Harris, to whom Barlow's company seemed to afford great pleasure, proposed that he should stay over that day. "We will then go out gunning this forenoon," he said; "you can borrow my son's gun, and we will see how fortunate we may be."

Neither Barlow nor Fulton being opposed to it, they agreed to accept his proposal. While the two others were hunting, Fulton preferred to remain at home, to finish the sketch which he had commenced on the preceding evening.

Breakfast was now ready. It consisted again of ham, corn-bread, milk, and coffee, which drink is seldom wanting in this land, even in the remotest corners.

Fulton shared his breakfast with a little dog sitting at his feet.

"Are you fond of dogs?" asked William Harris. "Yes, yes, indeed, I am," he added, without waiting for Fulton's answer. "Here in these wild forests we know how to appreciate the value of such animals; if we had not them all our cattle would soon be destroyed, and not a single cow be left."

After breakfast William Harris took off his coat, and put on a kind of blowse, whereupon he took one gun himself, gave the other to Barlow, and called to his side a large hound. The little dog which hitherto had been sitting at Fulton's feet, jumped up, and would also go along; this his master would not permit, but tied him by a piece of rope to the table. He

seemed a little vexed at being thus tied up, but acquiesced, however, in his fate, and laid himself quietly down. The two hunters now took their powder-horns, and went into the forest, accompanied by the hound. George Harris had already gone out, for he would, as he said, fell trees for fuel, which should afterwards be brought home at the setting in of winter.

When the others had left, Fulton went up on the hill, and sat down to finish his sketch; but as it was not satisfactory, he soon ceased. He then rose, closed his pocket-case, and went down to the river, which here was very broad, and where several small islands, overgrown with wood, were visible. Here he seated himself, and surveyed the large stream, which, just here, where the fathom, doubtless, was very uneven, seemed to be waxing in wrath and power, and had something of that curling and angry aspect, which the ocean exhibits when swept by the first burst of a tempest.

A doubt had, in these days, arisen in Fulton's mind "Is it then so certain," he said to himself, "that my vocation is to be a painter, and have I acted considerably in giving up everything in order to apply myself to this art." This was a question which he could not yet answer in the affirmative, and of which he was unwilling to speak to Barlow.

But it was not long before this thought was put to flight, and he soon felt himself involved in those reveries which no language can define, and the frequent effect of which is, to give a mysterious and preternatural importance to everything that attracts the notice of the wandering senses. At length, when these reveries had passed away, he recalled to

mind his conversation with Barlow on the discoverer of America.

"Happy was this man," he sighed, "and happy is every one whose mind, like his, is pervaded by only one unshaken idea of the truth of which they feel convinced, and for the realization of which they are ready to sacrifice welfare, life, and all sublunary things, till they shall see as they are seen, and know even as they are known."

On returning, Fulton saw the little dog, which was still tied. He untied him, but took care that the door was shut, so that he should not get out. The little fellow approached him in a friendly manner, wagging his tail. Fulton bent down, and caressed him, whereupon the dog took a seat close by, looking upon him with his trustful eyes.

"To judge from his eyes he also seems to seek something, to which he may devote his life, and in the pursuit of which he may employ his faculties," said Fulton.

Barlow and William Harris did not return from their hunting excursion till late in the afternoon. They had shot several snipes and other stilt-birds, and besides a large sun-bronzed bird. "See, it is one of those that sung this morning at the rising of the sun," said Harris; "it is, I assure you, quite difficult to shoot them, for they soar very high."

Fulton now asked whether he would sell the little dog. But old Harris, shaking his head, said that such a dog was an invaluable treasure; "for his mother," he added, "can scent the wolves even from afar, and the same instinct is already observable in her whelp."

In the evening, while the fire was blazing on the hearth, old Harris gave a detailed description of his former hunting-

excursions, and of his hunting implements, which he had manufactured himself to kill his many lonesome hours. "I have not been here more than six years," he said. "Formerly I lived beyond the little borough of Middletown, below the mouth of the Swatara; but after the death of my wife and my two children, and when the game decreased in that region, I became tired of living there, sold my first property, came farther northward, and settled here."

"Have you never been on the other side of the Susquehanna?" asked Barlow.

"Yes, I have; last summer I took a trip to the Ohio river beyond the Alleghany mountains; there the spring opens earlier than here, there the forests are larger and full of the most excellent game, and there is much better chance for hunting than here."

To all this Fulton listened very attentively; his thoughts had again turned to the practical sphere, and he seemed entirely to have abandoned the visionary ideas and fancies in which he had been absorbed the previous evening.

At bed-time straw and maize leaves were again spread on the floor, and they all went to rest. Barlow and William Harris, fatigued and exhausted by their hunting-excursion, soon fell asleep, but Fulton lay awake for a long time, and beheld the dying flame on the hearth. Finally he fell asleep also, and he did not wake until the sun had risen, and the wild birds recommenced their morning warbling.

Afterwards, when Fulton and Barlow were ready to set out, George Harris stepped in with the little dog which he held by a long string. "He has," said William Harris to Fulton, "chosen you for his master; that I saw yesterday;

it is therefore best that you keep him; I will not charge you anything for him."

Fulton felt very much pleased and even surprised; but as old Harris decidedly refused to receive any compensation, he accepted the gift, begging him to rest assured of his sincere gratitude.

"We have named him Trusty," said William Harris, "and that name he must keep; else he would be confused; and for some days you must not let him slip out, afterwards I warrant that he will remain with you, and you may perhaps receive more benefit from him than you think."

Upon the advice of William Harris our two friends had, on the day previous, dismissed their guide, as he was not at all acquainted with the vast forests towards the North, which they intended to visit. But young Harris himself politely offered to conduct them to the nearest colonist-dwelling, only three miles off, where he said they could easily find a competent guide.

Shortly before they parted, William Harris offered them also the use of his horses, until they should reach his nearest neighbor. "You can thus," he said, "spare your legs a little at the start."

I thank you for your kind offer," said Barlow, "but we rather like to travel on foot."

You are two strange people," said old Harris; "I have, indeed, seldom met with one of our countrymen, who did not like better to ride than to walk, if left to his own choice."

Finally they took a friendly leave of their hospitable host, and left, accompanied by George Harris and the little Trusty, whom George led by a string.

CHAPTER IX.

More than eight days had already elapsed since Barlow and Fulton left the dwelling of William Harris; but they were still far from their destination. It was their intention to proceed directly to the Tioga river and to the borders of the State of New York, for there they hoped to have an opportunity to see the vast forests in all their autumnal splendor, and yet return to Philadelphia before winter should set in.

They had to walk continually through forests, where, as they proceeded northward, the colonist-dwellings were fewer and farther separated. The forests had no name and no owner; the few new comers hardly knew the nearest localities, and it became every day more difficult for our two friends to find guides in whom they could place confidence.

They kept, therefore, as near as possible to the Susquehanna, for here the river was the best guide. But as it streamed between mountains and declivities, often intercepting the road, it frequently became difficult to follow it. Their passage was also often obstructed by some streams, called brooks, but not narrower than many of the rivers of Europe. They had then to walk many miles, until they either found a bridge or other means of crossing over.

The bridges here were not of the usual kind, but con-

sisted mostly of squared sticks resting on large pieces of timber set upright, which had been felled near the banks of the river. In some places there were no bridges at all, and they had then to leap from stone to stone, or to ford, taking fast hold of some trees which inclined over the water. This was, however, during the autumn quite a dangerous undertaking, as the mass of water in these brooks was then very great.

Even through the forests it became difficult to advance, for the road was miry, so that they often suddenly sank down to the knees. In many places were large morasses full of worms, frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. Now and then the road was also obstructed by trees blown down, whose roots lay half torn up above the ground, and whose branches were twisted together in an inextricable net. * Still oftener they fell headlong over old trunks which had been severed from their roots by a tornado. At other times they were entangled in prickly shrubs, from which it was often difficult to extricate themselves, or they had to descend steep declivities, where the stones, when trodden on, rolled away from under their feet. All this often retarded their journey and forced them to take a circuitous course.

The colonist-dwellings where they had to pass the night, were seldom better, but often much poorer than that which William Harris and his son inhabited. And yet, they were once obliged to stay several days in such a hut; for they were suddenly surprised by one of those heavy rains which occasionally interrupts the harvest in America, and obscure the bright autumnal sky. They were, however, glad to have a roof over their heads, although the rain showered down

through it, and they could get nothing to eat here but a soft composition of Indian meal, which was boiled in milk and was the common dish in these regions. Modern refinement has now here, of course, as everywhere, worn down this manner of living into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface.

Nevertheless, they soon forgot the deprivations they had suffered, when they again saw the wild scenery which surrounded them, and which was attired in its full autumnal garment, in which the green color almost entirely had changed into the yellow, the brown, the red, the violet, and the splendid purple, which, especially when catching the clear sunbeams, produced a wonderful effect, and appeared as a new creation rising to sight. Only the loftier mountains stretching along the river and covered with firs and pines, formed a dusky and uniform foliage when compared with these variegated leaves.

Little Trusty was now so entirely accustomed to Fulton's company, that he followed him unreluctantly, and as he slept at Fulton's feet every night, and every day shared his meals, he soon became so attached to him that he almost never left him, but was continually at his heels.

Soon after the heavy rain had ceased, our two friends reached the hamlet of Northumberland, which twelve years before had been built near the place where the two branches of the Susquehanna unite.

In this place, which had been abandoned during the Revolutionary war, but to which the colonists had now again returned, they rested for a couple of days, after which they resumed their journey, accompanied by a young

mechanic who was born near the Tioga, and was recommended to them as a man well acquainted with the localities thereabout.

They were now above the confluence of the two branches of the Susquehanna, and had the largest arm of the river on their right toward the east.

The country here was rather flat. Only near the hamlet of Northumberland the region was cultivated, but farther North they found it almost entirely covered with impenetrable forests, the uniformity of which contrasted greatly with the striking splendor of the autumnal variety of colors.

The country here was at that time so little inhabited that one could often travel ten miles without seeing a single house. Here the tiger-cat, the cougar, the wild elk and the flying squirrel still had their dens. The number of wolves and bears was legion: they were, however, timid and seldom attacked men. But it was very difficult to keep sheep here, for the voracious cougar often seized them even in broad daylight from the stables, and carried off his booty to the forest without noticing the persecuting dogs.

There was, properly speaking, no road through the forest, but only some foot-paths in which they could seldom walk thirty paces without being stopped by trees blown down. They also often came to extensive morasses, over which hovered a dense fog. At times they saw bodies of water in which hundreds of trees were sunk down, which stretched their branches aloft and formed a sort of basin. During the day they heard only a few voices, but sometimes a rustling amongst the leaves; now and then they saw a majestic eagle soaring aloft and slowly over their heads, or a

flock of snipes which their hound hunted up from a fen, but having no fire-arms they could not bring them down.

They had now entirely left the river, and had walked several miles into the interior of the country toward the west ; for their guide believed that they would here find a more level surface, and fewer hindrances.

Nevertheless, even here they had to encounter many impediments. The foot-paths grew all the time narrower and more indistinct ; until at last they disappeared altogether. But their guide told them not to feel uneasy on that account, as the road was plainly marked ; and when they asked him what he meant, he pointed to a tree whereon a large white spot was visible. They soon discovered that a square piece had been cut out of the bark, by which a white mark was formed, discernible from a considerable distance. Somewhat farther off stood another tree on which a similar square mark was cut. This was, he assured them, the only way in which the new roads here were marked.

“It is, indeed, a kind of road,” said Barlow, “quite different from those to which we are accustomed ; here we cannot advance sleeping, while the driver and team are awake for us ; here we must be awake ourselves, and use our own eyes.”

“But do you really believe that we can place implicit confidence in our guide ?” asked Fulton.

“I think we can,” answered Barlow ; “but should his knowledge fail him, then I know other guides who never fail and never lead astray.”

It soon appeared, however, that Fulton’s fear was too

well founded. Their guide again led them into a foot-path by which, as he believed, they could make a shorter cut, but where they unfortunately soon lost sight of all the blazed trees. Here the passage was again obstructed by many large trees, which had probably blown down during the last hurricane, and at last the little foot-path disappeared beneath their feet, no more to be seen. From the uneasiness of the guide they now discovered that he was liable to erring, which he also willingly confessed; "for," said he, "too many tress lie round about so that the forest cannot be recognized, and I feel almost as if I were bewitched."

They now turned back immediately, but not being able to find again the foot-path which they had left, they went up on a little hill, from which, as their guide hoped, they could see some of the blazed tress by which they had before directed their course. But in this they were unsuccessful, for there were various hills, and one place in the forest so entirely resembled another, that it was almost impossible to regain the right way.

"Now we are lost in pathless places, there is no mistake about that," said Fulton.

"Calm yourself; all will be right again," answered Barlow, looking at his watch. "It is only a little after noon; the sun is still high; let us go on with a firm step and a cheerful brow, and let us at first keep the sun on our right side, and afterwards behind us; then we must at length reach the eastern branch of the Susquehanna in the vicinity of which are all the colonist-dwellings which are to be found in this forest."

This advice was followed, but they had not advanced very far, before Barlow plunged knee-deep in a fen covered with thick brushwood, where he became so entangled in briers, that it was half an hour before he could be helped out. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled like a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over their desolate situation. Soon after, their journey was again arrested by a large morass, so that they had to walk more than a mile in a northerly direction, before they could get around it, and they had here, as usual, to leap over heavy trunks, so that after several hours they did not know whether they were nearer the river or farther from it.

Still they pushed on till the sun had set ; then they came to a place in the forest where there were some indications that the field had been hedged in.

"Thanks be to God," cried Barlow, "for here a colonist has pitched his abode."

They soon discovered a hut half hidden behind a hill, but they heard neither the baying of dogs nor cow-bells, nor any other sound to indicate that the place was inhabited.

"Doubtless," said Barlow, "somebody must live here ;" but alas ! they soon saw that they were disappointed, for the hut was entirely destroyed, the roof half broken down, and no living being was present, with the exception of themselves, and a great number of bats.

"I believe that I have been here once before," said the guide ; "the owner left this place during the war for fear of the Indians who rent the air with their cries of rage and defiance."

"We must stay here to-night," said Barlow ; "for now

- the sun is setting, and I am so fatigued that I can walk no longer."

Having foreseen that it would be a long time before they could reach a colonist-dwelling, they had taken along with them a large loaf, some cold ham and smoked beef; and they now seated themselves at the hut-door to partake of their frugal meal. A rivulet was gurgling near by, from which they could quench their thirst. But when they had finished their meal and would kindle a fire, Barlow discovered that the tinder which he carried in his pocket had become moist, and that it was impossible for him to light it.

This vexed them very much, for the night was dark; nevertheless, as it could not be helped, they had to submit, wrapped themselves up in their traveling-coats and rested on the very spot where they were; for they would rather lie in the open air than remain inside of the filthy hut, where the floor almost seemed to be metamorphosed into a mire. But though they were very tired, they could not sleep, for the night was too cold. Besides, Barlow and Fulton did not consider it advisable to yield to sleep, as they knew that there were many wild beasts in the forest, which by night went out to prey on men and animals; and although the guide assured them that the beasts would do them no harm, they could not, however, entirely free themselves from their fear.

And indeed, when the night had set in, they heard howling of wolves and murmuring of bears and other yelling monsters.

"What noise was that?" asked Barlow suddenly. "It sounded like the cry of a man in great agony and danger."

"It is the scream of a cougar," answered the guide.

"And now I hear another sound resembling a kind of laughter," continued Barlow.

"It is the large screech owl which utters its harsh and ill-boding voice," answered the guide.

"It is, indeed, not the most melodious night-music," said Barlow, "and it is not quite so agreeable to me to have my sleeping-room in the forest, as I had thought, especially when the bed is wet and cold, and no fire can be had."

"No I cannot stand it," said he shortly after, "I shall die from chilliness if I remain here."

"I wish I knew where east is, then I could conduct you to the river," said the guide, "for that way I have been before, and we can make the distance in less than two hours, for the ground thither is level."

"If you believe so, then we will be gone immediately," said Barlow, "for I can show you where East is."

"But are you sure of it?" asked Fulton.

"As sure as anybody possibly can be," answered Barlow. "Astronomy must be called to aid. I will explain it. Charles's-Wain (the Dipper) now stands in the North turning his broken beam toward the North-West, which during this season occurs only after midnight. The Pleiades and Aldebaran are also high in the heavens, and Orion has moved somewhat towards the South. If we only take care to have Charles's-Wain on the left, and the Pleiades and Aldebaran on the right, and direct our course toward that region where Capella and Procyon shine, and where the Galaxy gleams more feebly, then we are necessarily going eastward, and be assured, there is no compass which can lead us with greater certainty.

"But is it then so certain that you can always see these stars in the forest?" asked Fulton.

"It is not necessary for me to see them all," answered Barlow, "when I can recognize only one or two, it is sufficient.

"But they move every moment," said Fulton.

"That I also take into consideration," answered Barlow.

This astronomical conversation finished, they resumed their journey, the little dog following them faithfully, and keeping as near to Fulton as possible.

CHAPTER X.

IN the beginning it seemed as if Barlow's plan would succeed, for they encountered neither moors, ponds, nor rocks, and as the forest here was not very dense, they could all the time see some of the celestial bodies, which they had selected for their guides. Only now and then their progress was retarded by trees blown down, but by prudence they succeeded in getting over them, and continuing their journey.

All the way long they heard howling of wolves and murmuring of bears, mingled with the mewing of the wild cat, the barking of the fox, and the ill-boding cries of the owls. Sometimes these cries became more piercing by the echo of the night and of the forest, which created a secret shivering in Barlow and Fulton, while little Trusty pressed closely to his master.

But after they had roamed about for some time, a sad accident occurred. The sky became cloudy, the galaxy dwindled into a slender streak, and the stars grew pale, at last hiding themselves behind a dense fog. The three wayfarers were compelled to pause, for without those celestial leaders it was impossible for them to reach their destination. However, as the stars occasionally gleamed through the fog, they came to an open space in the forest, where they had to remain until daybreak.

The beasts of prey did not become silent until it began to dawn. The day broke at length, but what a consternation to Barlow and Fulton! the face of the sun was entirely covered from their sight, and the whole forest was enveloped in a vail of mist, so that they could not see even the nearest trees.

"Let us go at random," said Barlow, "until we find a brook; for if we follow its course, it must, at last, lead us to the Susquehanna."

This proposal met the approbation of the others; but they had, nevertheless, to wait until the mist enveloping the nearest objects had somewhat dispersed.

After some hours had elapsed the mist vanished, but the sky continued cloudy, so that they could not catch a glimpse of the sun; indeed, now and then even some drizzling rain came down. Nevertheless, they resumed their journey. But, although, when walking among the mountains they had seen brooks enough, they now found themselves in a flatter region, where the gurgling springs had almost entirely given place to moors and stagnant ponds, and it was, therefore, a long time before their wish could be gratified.

Finally reaching some places, where the regions had a more hilly aspect, and where the horizon consequently was wider, they again discovered wooded mountains with declivities and gaping abysses, and, at length, a narrow valley, through which a purling brook made its way.

Here they seated themselves, and began to partake of the provisions which they had brought with them; and being in hopes that the clear water would be to them an Ariadne clue to extricate them from that Cretan labyrinth, in the intricacy

cies of which they had now been so long captives, their joy rose to ecstasy.

Their meal finished, they resumed their pedestrian journey with great confidence. However, it became difficult to follow the guide they had selected, because they here met the same impediment, which had so often interrupted their journey. Nevertheless they were fortunate enough, in spite of the many sinuosities of the spring, and all the rounds they had to make, always to re-find it.

But their provisions were about consumed, and they went to the trees in quest of eatable fruit. But nothing was there that could appease their hunger. Having thus roamed about the greater part of the day, and seen the spring which they followed change into a broad brook, they observed that the clouds gradually dispersed, and, at length, they caught a glimpse of the evening sun. But to their great astonishment they also discovered that the brook had not led them toward the East, as they had expected, but in a direction diametrically opposite.

"God send us good speed," exclaimed the guide; "we are, most likely, now beyond the mountains, where the waters are running toward the West to the other branch of the Susquehanna; but it is, doubtless, far off, and there we shall find a waste country, where no colonist has yet fixed his abode."

"I now realize fully our lamentable situation," said Barlow, who seemed to be entirely dispirited; "we must perish in this forest."

"Let us turn back, and go again toward the East," said Fulton.

"No, I will remain here," answered Barlow, throwing himself down on the ground, "I may just as well die here as any where else."

"Let us go until we find a better resting-place," said Fulton.

"I know it very well," continued Barlow, without noticing Fulton's remark, "I know it very well; it was I, it was my headstrong disposition, my craving appetite for adventures, which led you astray in this boundless and sterile forest, where the pale stars, which I vainly selected for our guides, will soon shine like funeral torches over us, while voracious wolves will feed on our bodies, and suck out the last marrow from our bones."

They had to comply with Barlow's request, and remain. Fulton brought water to him in a little goblet which they carried with them; then they seated themselves, and ate the last piece of bread they had.

Although there was only a feeble prospect of soon again finding any nutriment in this forest, Fulton could not endure seeing the poor dog pine away, but divided his part into two pieces, and gave one to little Trusty.

"Do you give your dog that of which we stand so highly in need?" asked Barlow.

"I do not take anything from you, I think," was Fulton's answer, which immediately silenced Barlow.

"But let us see if we cannot kindle a fire," said Fulton soon after, "may be your tinder is now dry."

"Try," answered Barlow, reaching him the tinder-box. "My strength is gone; I can do nothing more."

It was still so light that Fulton and the guide could

gather some dry leaves and small twigs. After some vain attempts they finally succeeded, by the aid of some matches, in kindling a fire amongst the combustible articles which they had collected, and as there was any quantity of huge knots and inflammable wood, it was not difficult for them to feed the fire.

This was a great consolation, particularly to Barlow, who instantly laid himself as close to the fire as possible, and soon fell asleep. Fulton and the guide followed his example, but laid first so many large knots upon the fire, that it could not easily be quenched.

Fulton seemed all the time to hear a yelling from the wild beasts of the forest, while Barlow and the guide slept so soundly that nothing could disturb their repose.

Next morning they all three awoke strengthened by their sleep, and they now thought themselves able to continue their journey.

But when they had dressed themselves, Fulton suddenly observed that the little dog was not there. He looked around on all sides, calling him by name. In a moment Trusty made his appearance from behind some bushes, with a young rabbit, which he had, doubtless, recently captured and killed, holding it in his mouth, and bringing it to Fulton.

"See here," cried Fulton, showing the little rabbit to his comrades, "it is still warm. Little Trusty has now richly paid for that bread which he ate yesterday."

They all rejoiced very much at this unexpected capture. More wood was laid upon the fire, the entrails were taken out, and the skin of the little animal was stripped off; they

then roasted and ate it with greedy appetite. Trusty had to content himself with the bones, which he soon crushed by his grinding jaws, and with the entrails, which he also consumed.

Soon after they re-commenced their journey with renewed strength. But now they kept the morning sun on their left, and went off in a southerly direction; for their guide believed that, by doing so, they would soon reach an inhabited region; and, as the sun was shining very brightly, they could not easily mistake their way. However, they were no more successful than before; they met continually with the same hinderances; the forest seemed boundless, and they discovered no eatable fruit, anywhere in their path.

Nevertheless, they pursued their course indefatigably, until the evening sun gleamed feebly through the trees. But then Barlow again lost his patience. "It is of no use," he said, "we shall never get out of this immense forest," and he again threw himself despairingly down on the ground.

Fulton and the guide seated themselves close by him; for they were tired also, and had almost abandoned hope.

"I seem to see ill-boding shades flitting by me," said Barlow. "The trees stretch out their long arms to catch me, and sparkling eyes stare me in the face through the variegated leaves; do you see it, a fire is burning behind the trees."

"It is the setting sun which gleams through the leaves," said Fulton.

"All these colors are nothing but a paint laid on the cheeks of death," continued Barlow, "and can you not hear that there are ghosts whispering amongst the leaves, and informing us that everything here is doomed to destruction?"

"In truth, I don't know what it is," said Fulton, "there is no bird singing, there is no wind moving the leaves, and yet, I confess, it seems as if I heard some feeble voices."

"I have long heard them," said Barlow, "they are the voices of death, they are the solivagant ghosts which prophesy that we must soon encounter a horrible adventure."

Trusty had, during this conversation, fixed his eyes intently on some distant object, and was growling in a low key. Soon after he ran away, but speedily returned, and approaching Fulton he remained standing still, his nostrils dilated, and his body drawn backward on its haunches.

"Let us keep a watchful eye upon his movements," said Fulton; "who knows whether he has not again scented some game, which we can eat."

"I think we shall have to eat the dog himself," said Barlow, "if not, we shall die of starvation."

The conduct of the dog was, however, so peculiar, that it could but attract their attention; for he returned several times to Fulton, constantly barking, again running away, and again returning, looking steadfastly upon him; and it was evident that he wished Fulton to go along.

Barlow, Fulton, and the guide now declared that they would go the way Trusty showed them, with which he seemed to be well pleased, running all the time in a westerly direction. But no sooner had he bounded a

little in front of them, than he halted again, and if it did not seem to him that they proceeded speedily enough, he gave vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. For the rest, it was evident, that he did not use his olfactory organs, like other dogs, by keeping his nose to the ground; on the contrary, he lifted his head, and seemed to receive all his impressions through the air.

Thus the dog led them continually forth toward the West, where the sun's edge had commenced touching the hazy outlines of the hills. But after walking for a while in this direction, Barlow again complained of weariness, and he seemed unwilling to walk any further.

"Be quiet," said Fulton, "I seem to hear a distant sound."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when they all three began to listen, and they really believed they heard a sound of cow-bells.

"Is it possible!" cried Barlow, hastening in front of the others, who followed speedily after him; for the quickened hope of deliverance gave new strength to their muscles, and the sound of cow-bells became really more audible the further they advanced. In a little while they reached a large clearing, which, as far as they could see, was separated from the forest by a fence, and where they saw grazing cattle consuming the remaining stalks of the field. Further off, a woman was sitting milking a cow, while the ascending smoke from a chimney became visible among the trees.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY ran hastily towards the fence, requesting the milkmaid to open the gate, and telling her that they had lost their way in the forest, and were nearly starved. She immediately ceased milking, and opened the gate. Hastening to the place where she had her pail, they asked her permission to drink a little of the fresh milk, not yet strained and still frothing. She gave the pail to Barlow, and he gave it to the others, and they all took a good draught, after which they asked her whom she served.

"I am no servant girl, I am a friend of the family," she answered, "and it gives me pleasure to tell you that I feel assured you will in all respects be kindly attended to here," she added, pointing to the house.

When they were near the entrance of the house, they saw another girl somewhat younger and well-formed, half resembling a young damsel, half a child. She was seated on a bench before the house knitting, but when they approached nearer to her, she dropped the knitting-work into her lap, and looked upon them.

She was dressed in some home-spun, brown stuff; on her head she wore a round straw hat, the brim not very broad, but sufficient to protect her face against the sunbeams. Her handsome ash-colored hair was not curled, but when she took

off her hat, they saw that it was neatly twisted together in a peculiar way, which very much befitted her. Here features were fine and regular, and her cheeks were covered with vermilion, but not nearly of so deep a color as was to be expected from her living in the open forest-air. But there was an unusual expression in her blue eyes, which reminded one of the calm and quiet mountain-streams glistening in the sun with an indescribable pureness and transparency.

Barlow told her also how they had missed their way in the forest, and been on the very eve of perishing with hunger. She rose, invited them in and told them that her father and the others had gone to attend the weekly meeting of some of the brethren who lived further down at the river, but she remained at home to attend to her mother, who was quite ill.

"Have you brothers living in this vicinity?" asked Fulton.

"Why dost thou not *thou* me?" asked she. "We have many brothers and sisters," she continued, "but they have fixed their homes further off at the banks of the river."

"No doubt it is a colony of Quakers who live here," Fulton whispered to Barlow.

Before entering, Fulton had time to notice the outward appearance of the house. It was not very large, but rather handsome, and was surrounded by a growth of ivy and wild vines winding around the outside walls, the windows only being uncovered. The roof was overgrown with moss. Behind the house was a large garden, and further off were several groups of trees separated from the forest, the leaves of which had not yet entirely lost their green color.

Abigail Milburn, that was the name of the young girl,

now led her guests through a hall into a light and handsome room, where everything testified to cleanliness and easy circumstances. She brought cakes, bread, fresh-churned butter, a neat's tongue and cider, which she placed on the table which was covered with a snow-white cloth, and asked her guests to be seated.

They very willingly complied with this request, and whether it was the hunger which they felt, or the neat serving of the dishes—perhaps in consequence of both,—so much is certain, that it seemed to our three wayfarers that they had never before partaken of a more splendid meal.

Abigail provided for Fulton's little dog also, and after the meal was over, she fetched a bulrush basket filled with such palatable apples and peaches that it would be difficult to find even in Europe any fruit of this kind which, in respect to fragrance and sweetness, could be compared to this. When, therefore, so many travelers assert that the fruits of the United States are wanting in those qualities, they must do so from prejudice or ignorance.

The delicious fruits partaken of, Barlow and the guide went to bed. Fulton, not feeling at all tired, remained up, and went out to snatch a hasty view of the surrounding landscape and its variegated scenery.

The sun, the proud monarch of the day, had already set, and an oblong fire-colored cloud was hanging like a belt over the Western skies. Below, the air gleamed with a greenish reflection while the distant undulating hills exhibited a bright evening lustre, and the house itself seemed to be painted with vivid colors. Indeed, enveloped in its green ivy coat, it resembled a large, foreign plant which

had grown up in this remote place, where everything rested in a quiet and undisturbed repose, reminding of the higher innocence and simplicity which prevailed in earlier ages, before large cities were built and excessive luxuries were invented, which so often keep the mind in a state of vicious activity.

After being out for some time, Fulton met Abigail, who was coming from the garden, and who, with down cast eyes, tried to pass by him.

"It is a beautiful sight, the white smoke ascending and hovering over your quiet roof," said Fulton.

"Does no smoke ascend from your huts?" asked Abigail, standing still.

"We have plenty of smoke," answered Fulton smiling, "but such splendid, retired and solitary places we know very little of; here the time and the hours of time must flow gently along. Life here must be a balm for every wounded soul, a cordial for every fainting heart."

"It must look quite strange out in the large world of business, where so many people live together," she answered, fixing her blue eyes attentively upon him; but immediately she cast them down again, and hastened toward the house.

Soon after, Abigail's father came home, accompanied by his two sons, both of whom were somewhat older than Abigail.

Thomas Milburn, that was the name of Abigail's father, was a man of an imposing air and appearance. His eyes also were expressive of that inward peace which is so rarely found in this stormy world. His hair and beard were

flecked with gray. He was wrapped in a cloak of homespun stuff, and had on his head a broad-brimmed hat of the kind which the Quakers usually wear. He did not take off his hat when Fulton approached him, but only said that he welcomed him ; whereupon he went out for a little while, most likely to pay a visit to his sick wife.

Upon his return, a frugal meal was served up, of which Fulton also partook. Before eating, there was a deep silence for several minutes, during which the Quaker and his family seemed to be absorbed in a deep communion between earth and heaven ; but no audible prayer was pronounced. The meal being finished, Fulton told how it happened that they had lost their way. Old Milburn listened attentively ; yet his features did not show much sympathy, and when Fulton at length mentioned the strange sound in the forest, which did not seem to proceed from any animal, and which they had heard when there was a perfect calm, he remarked very laconically and without giving any explanation whatever, that such a sound was very often heard in the American forests. Finally he said : "I am glad, my brother, that the Lord has conducted thy steps to this hut." After these words a silence of some minutes again ensued, whereupon they rose from the table.

Fulton was greatly fatigued and desired to retire to rest. The eldest son conducted him to his apartment for repose where there were two beds covered with snow-white sheets. One Barlow had already occupied, the other was assigned to Fulton.

No sooner had young Milburn left, than Fulton went to bed. He felt very glad of again being able to stretch his

weary limbs, and soon slept soundly, while Barlow, whose blood, from the hardships of the preceding days, was in a violent agitation, was all the night disquieted by confused visions, and on the next morning he felt so weak and exhausted that he could not think of continuing his journey.

However, on the next morning he felt considerably better and when assembled with the family at the breakfast-table, became even loquacious, relating to them a great deal of his travels, and various events of his earlier life. Thomas Milburn listened long and quietly to him, while the rest of the family looked upon him with silent surprise.

"There is a violent fever in thy blood, my brother," said Thomas Milburn to Barlow; "it is the reason why thou talkest so much." But Barlow assured him that he just now felt unusually well, and was not more talkative than he used to be when in company.

"If it is the case that thou art always so loquacious," said old Milburn, "when does that solemn moment come in which thou listenest silently to the voice of the spirit in thy inner man?" To this Barlow gave no reply, and a deep silence ensued.

"Thou art what the world calls eloquent," said old Milburn, "but such an eloquence we do not seek here. We will rather in all humility wait for the advent of that spirit which dwells neither in the storm nor in the flames of fire, but in the gentle and silent breezes. Our eloquence consists in praying silently: Holy Father, sanctify us through thy eternal truth, thy word is truth."

A little after breakfast was over, Barlow again felt so ill that he had to go to bed. Yet Thomas Milburn, not at all

unexperienced in treating diseases resulting from the climate, averred that there was no danger, and that Barlow required only rest of mind and body for some time. This he declared so positively that Fulton, who had commenced to feel some solicitude respecting the condition of his dear friend, again became tranquilized; and when Milburn at the same time said that Barlow would have to stay there at least a fortnight, Fulton heard it even with delight, because both the place and the quiet Quaker family pleased him; and he resolved to employ the time in finishing several drawings which he had sketched.

When Fulton afterward spoke with Edward Milburn, the eldest son of the house, he expressed the wish to see a little more of the surrounding country. Edward immediately yielded to his wish, took him along, and showed him everything worth seeing.

There was a great difference between Milburn's estate and those which Fulton had before visited. The whole husbandry of this farm was entirely different and much better; all the fences were kept in excellent order, the well-built barn was filled with maize and wheat, the stables were light and clean, and the herd of cattle and swine glistened with salubrity and fatness.

"Did you live here during the war?" asked Fulton.

"No, we did not; at that time we had to live with some friends further down toward the South."

"How was it possible then for you within so short a time to accomplish all this?" asked Fulton.

"When necessity requires to erect a building or to hedge in a new piece of the forest," answered Edward Milburn,

"we can easily obtain some assistance from our friends and neighbors ; the rest we do ourselves."

"You live in a beautiful part of the country," continued Fulton, "and most likely the soil is fertile also."

"Yes, it is ; but unfortunately there is a very great deficiency here, which troubles us very much."

"What deficiency?"

"It is very difficult for us to get our grain ground."

"Have you no mill?" asked Fulton.

"Yes, we have ; but it is seldom that we have water enough to work it."

"Want of water," answered Fulton, "is generally very rare in this country, I should think."

"Not so rare here ; for most springs and brooks run down towards the East on the other side of the mountains."

"This want can be remedied, I think," answered Fulton, "let me see your mill."

We must here inform the reader that Fulton was not without some insight into the profession of a mill-wright. When in Lancaster, his friend, David Baxter, had given him some idea of it. Afterwards, during his stay in Philadelphia, Fulton had continued this study, and although Mr. Van Gehlmuyden had strongly forbidden him to do so, yet there was hardly a mill within the environs of that city, with the machinery of which he had not made himself acquainted, for a secret impulse, inexplicable to himself, made him search minutely into all things which had any bearing upon the subject of machinery.

Young Milburn now conducted him somewhat further off behind a hill into a narrow, distant valley, through

which a brook was murmuring, and in which the mill was located. It was not a very large one. The water wheel was an overshot wheel, provided with a sort of buckets into which the water rushed from a considerable height, and put it in motion. It seemed, nevertheless, evident that the mass of water, even during this season, was scarcely sufficient for working the mill, and Edward Milburn said that there was seldom water enough for the cattle, and what they needed they had to fetch from a distant spring in the forest.

"You ought to give up working the mill by water, and change it into a wind-mill," said Fulton.

"How can it be done?" asked Edward Milburn.

"It is easily done," answered Fulton, "the interior machinery can be as it is; you need only to insert wings in the shaft where the water wheel now is; but the building itself must, of course, be changed, and transferred into a different location."

"Dost thou really believe that it can be done?" asked Edward Milburn.

"I do not entertain the least doubt of it," answered Fulton.

CHAPTER XII.

No sooner had Fulton returned, than he described the alterations which he deemed necessary for working the mill by wind. When the description was finished he showed it to old Milburn, at the same time explaining his idea to him more exactly. Milburn did not seem to pay much attention, but requested him, however, to keep the drawing for a few days. "You will have at any rate to remain here with us for some time," he added, "and we shall have a fair opportunity to sift the matter."

At the table Fulton observed that Edward Milburn was not present. Being asked where he was, the old Quaker answered that he had sent him on an errand to some of their friends. On the next day Edward did not return, and the guide who had led our two friends through the forest now took his leave.

Meanwhile Fulton had got a private room, where he spent a great deal of his time, partly at his drawings, partly in reading different books which Milburn had lent him, some of which treated on the religious doctrines of the Quakers, and the persecutions they had suffered in England during the reign of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, while the others contained profane history.

He of course visited Barlow very often, who, though

in the day feeling tolerably well, was still in a very weak condition. and had every night a paroxysm of fever.

After Fulton had spent three days in this hospitable house, Thomas Milburn one morning entered his room, saying: "My son has got home; he has shown thy drawing to experienced and competent men, and spoken with them of thy plan, and as they believe it to be a practicable one, we have sent for our friends, and upon their arrival we will immediately carry it into effect."

On the next morning, at daybreak, eleven men arrived, three of whom had before been engaged in the erection of two water mills. These men were dressed altogether like old Milburn. They were received without any ceremony, and without the exchange of many words. Shortly after their arrival, Abigail spread the table-cloth, and asked them to be seated. When they had eaten, old Milburn stated that all these men, together with his two sons, were ready to move and change the mill according to Fulton's direction.

First, a place was selected; not, however, on a hill, but where the force of the wind was somewhat broken; for Thomas Milburn said that there was plenty of wind over the whole place, and that the most essential point was to find a location where it seldom blew such a gale as to damage the building. Meanwhile Fulton had changed his first plan; for, instead of a stub-mill to be turned round a pole driven down into the earth, which was his first idea, he resolved to follow the Dutch manner of proceeding, according to which the building itself sticks fast in the ground, while the roof, together with the wings, can be turned around. This kind of mill can, as we know, much better defy the

tempests. Old Milburn and the others approving of this proposal, they concluded to follow it. Soon after the work commenced, and succeeded so rapidly that Fulton was greatly astonished. Before sunset the timber was already felled, and partly rough hewn. These people did not make much use of the saw, but they understood so well how to use the axe, that the work advanced with quick progression. Thus the wings were soon shaped, the machinery moved, and the whole building was completed within six days.

That which required the most toil and time was to make a new roller, for Fulton found, what he did not at all expect, that the old one was worm-eaten and corroded, and consequently entirely useless.

When Fulton mentioned his surprise at the great celerity with which the whole was brought to pass, Milburn said that such things were not unusual in the American forests, where the common and plain log-cabins were very often completed in a single day.

This mill, which had been finished in so short a time, was not very large; the machinery itself was small, and the wings to work it needed, of course, no considerable width. But they were in no wise of the usual kind, but consisted of eight perches, placed two and two at an acute angle. Between each pair of perches a piece of canvas was strained, almost resembling a fore-sail. Besides, the flat sides of the wings were placed horizontally, that the motion might be equally divided over their whole length. All these particulars Fulton understood as well how to regulate as if he had been an old and experienced mill-wright.

But all was not yet done. A windlass, with cables attached, had to be made, by the aid of which the roof, together with the wings, could be turned according to the direction of the wind. To carry this into execution would, perhaps, have been difficult enough for Fulton, had not a mere accident worked in his favor. One of the colonists present had, some time ago, caused such a windlass to be sent from Philadelphia for his own use. This he now sold to Milburn on very reasonable terms. This want thus being remedied, the whole was complete, and it was obvious that Fulton had experimented successfully, the mill working to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

It is, of course, not to be wondered at, that old Milburn took very kindly to Fulton, and believing that he knew his particular faculties, and the call which he had received from above, he did not fail to speak to him of this important subject.

"My brother," he said, when alone with Fulton, "the Lord has assigned to us much work to be done, which requires exertion. This concerns not only our inner, but also our outer life. This work ought, therefore, to be divided according to the different faculties given us; for the foot shall not do the work of the hand, nor the heart that of the head. Thus each human being also has his peculiar province, within which he must put forth his activity. Winnow well this remark."

"Undoubtedly, you are right," answered Fulton. "I cannot gainsay you, and yet it is not given every one unhesitatingly to discover the province to which he belongs."

"What purposes each of us is destined to fulfill,"

answered Milburn, "he will best come to know when closely examining himself, and listening to the solemn voice that speaks in his own inner man, and as to thyself, Fulton, —I do here speak only of thy earthly vocation—I think that this voice has spoken with sufficient distinctness."

"Do you then not believe that my vocation is to be a painter?" asked Fulton.

"I hope most assuredly," answered old Milburn, "that the day will soon come, when thou wilt comprehend that there are in store for thee great opportunities for doing good, and being a benefactor of mankind, and that thou wilt find an occupation more suited to thy intellect than the art of painting, which we Quakers consider only a deification of the visible and corporeal world, and a frivolous lust of the eyes."

These principles, which Thomas Milburn thus admitted to be true respecting temporal things, did not at all differ from those which constituted his deepest and innermost belief, and from which his higher and religious life derived its nourishment.

On this subject, also, Fulton conversed several times with him; and occasionally it seemed as if the old Quaker, when in Fulton's company, forgot or disregarded that rule, which he else recommended, that only few words ought to be made about any subject, all verbosity being, in his opinion, unbecoming to a quiet, believing Christian.

"That opinion is foolish," Milburn once said, when the religious doctrines of the Quakers were discussed, "that thou shalt behold thy Saviour in the life to come, if thou

hast not first beheld Him here in thy own inner man; for Christ is no more in the highways or in the cities, or on the mountains; neither is He yonder in the air, nor amongst the stars, and even if thou couldst travel from Sirius to the Galaxy, thou wouldst not find Him there; for He is no more in the visible, external world, in which the Jews seek their Messiah, whom they will never find in this way, but He now reveals Himself only as a secret light, and as a low, solemn voice, when the soul is waiting for Him in its innermost closet."

"But He is present also, I think, in His holy word," remarked Fulton.

"He Himself is the word and the Scriptures, and the letters or characters are only a feeble scintillation," answered Milburn, after which he remained silent for a while.

"However, do not misunderstand me," he said, at length, "we know very well that there were some who lived in the time of His incarnation, and that these saw Him with their physical eyes; but now He is no more to be found outwardly on earth beneath, but He is removed into the inner realm, where distance is not measured according to time and space, and where the saints who have gone before, are waiting for those who have known and believed, without seeing Him physically.

"There was a time," he said, soon after—"it was before I became a member of the denomination of the Friends—there was a time, oh! I mention it with ineffable grief, when I also sought a mediator in the outward world, and I sought him amongst those whom the evil world calls great, believing that the divine nature of my Maker would, by his

aid, be clearer to me. But, alas! what bitter disappointment was it when I observed that the illustrious man to whom I had confided all my soul, did not show me the true and bright reflection of majesty divine, when I could not but see that even he himself had been dimmed by moral imperfections. Yea, yea, it may indeed be called a bitter hour, when thou discoverest that the mediator whom thou hast chosen, is not the right one, when thou comest to know his imperfections and defects, yea, even his want of fidelity. For all other greatness at the name of which thou bowest thy knees, will more or less disappoint thee, and thou wilt, after it has spread a transient light before thee, again feel forsaken and in darkness. There is only One whose light, although hidden from the view of the great multitude and of the visible world, is never extinguished, but increases in splendor the longer thou beholdest it, and this light is the moral sun of the universe, the clear and bright star of Nazareth."

When the building was finished, the Quakers agreed, before separating, to assemble for prayer and social worship. On hearing this, Fulton asked permission to attend this religious meeting.

"We do not shut our doors against anybody," answered Milburn; "neither would it be possible to do so, since our meeting to-day will be held in the open air. But it may be that the Spirit will only silently be present, so that thou wilt not hear a single word; for there are deep sighs of the Spirit which no man can hear, and the Most High needs no outward sign."

"Is it really the case," said Fulton to two Quakers, who

were conversing together, "that he who preaches in your meetings, does not premeditate his discourse?"

"Why should he do so?" said one, "since he knows that it is not he that will speak, and not his own wisdom which he will utter, but that the spirit of the Lord will speak in him."

"Those hireling ministers whom thy fellow-believers have," said the other to Fulton, "are false prophets, for they implore God to lay the holy fire on their tongues, and yet, they do not rely upon him, but prepare themselves by their own weak intellect and presumptuous wisdom."

And is it also true, as I am told," again asked Fulton, "that it is indifferent to you, whether you worship on a Sunday or on a week-day?"

"Why should we select certain days or hours?" answered the first, "since nobody knows at what time the spirit will come; for the spirit is like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, and can blow as well in the tenth and twelfth, as in the first hour, and as well in the last as in the first day of the week; and it becomes us, therefore, to wait for it at all times in stillness and humility. The old dispensation to which outward observances were peculiar, having long ago given place to the spiritual dispensation of the Gospel, we believe the worship we are now called to is not the bowing of the head like a bulrush for a day, but a universal and continual worshipping, and refraining from everything which has a tendency to defile the soul and unfit it for becoming the temple of the Holy Ghost; and even Holy Writ itself forbids us to appoint certain days. Does not St. Paul say: "Let no man judge you in respect of a holy day, or of the

new moon, or of the Sabbath day, which were a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ?'"

This explanation finished, several benches were moved out on a green spot, surrounded by trees; but there was no pulpit, nor was there heard any music, song, or chime of bells.

They now seated themselves on the benches, quietly waiting for the coming of the spirit. The men had their hats on, and even the women of the house were in their every day garments.

About an hour elapsed, in which hardly a sound was heard, and Fulton began to believe that the deep silence would not be broken, and that the meeting would adjourn without a single word being uttered.

Then one of the Quakers rose, took off his hat, and heaved a deep sigh. He remained silent for a while, but finally he commenced to speak in unconnected sentences:

"Those who are swept off by death," said he, "those who are hidden within the grave, are likewise silent, and it becomes us, like them, to be absorbed in quiet contemplations, and to give up the world and all its vanities."

After these words he seated himself, and silence again ensued, but soon after another rose and uncovered his head like his predecessor:

"At the dawning of the great day of accounts," he said, "even the reprobate, the goats, which the great Shepherd will set on his left, will have to confess that they are judged by a righteous judgment; for they will then remember that they have had frequent hours of Divine visitation; yea, that the Lord has been long suffering, and abundant in goodness to them has waited long, and has often been at their

threshold, but that they have closed their eyes to the exhibitions of His grace, and stopped their ears against his Divine summons."

These words were the last spoken in this meeting. After some time had elapsed in deep silence, they rose and left the place, and soon those who did not live in this house, went away, each to his own home.

"I must confess," said Fulton to old Milburn, "that there is something in your quiet worship, which even seizes upon the soul; but permit me to say that it seems strange to me that you will not avail yourself of those means by which the solemnity of your devotion might be increased."

"What dost thou mean, my brother?" asked Milburn.

"I consider it strange," continued Fulton, "that neither music, singing, nor chime of bells is heard."

"What could it help us," said the old Quaker, "if we were listening to tinkling cymbals, whence only a sound is heard, but wherein there is no living spirit?"

CHAPTER XIII.

BARLOW's health was now gradually improving, and he began to be able to sit up a little every day, and go out to inhale the fresh air; yet, it was some time before he regained his usual strength. Upon his recovery, his former hope and good spirits returned, and the dark feverish visions which had vexed him during his sickness, and still earlier when mistaking his way in the woods, yielded to brighter views.

"Since we have had so happy an escape," said he once, when sitting with Fulton in front of the house, "I am now quite pleased that we lost our way, indeed, that we were even in danger of starvation, for it is truly a remarkable adventure, which we shall not forget, and the remembrance of which will be cherished till the latest period of our life."

"Indeed, it is true," answered Fulton.

"What a world was it," exclaimed Barlow, "which Columbus discovered, and what magnificence and brilliancy of scenery have we seen on our journey! Is it not as if the Sylvans, when expelled from the old world, had built still higher and more splendid temples here, and was it not, when we traveled through the woods, as if we heard the tuneful voices of the Nymphs whispering beneath the young boughs! And notwithstanding all that, they speak in Europe of this

hemisphere as being niggardly dealt with by nature, and as if men and animals had not the same power and beauty here as in the old world."

"You were of a different opinion, when lying beneath the trees in a state of despondency," answered Fulton.

"Man is frail, and what he says in the moment of his deepest despair, when feverish phantoms pass before his eyes, like wild birds, is no true criterion by which to judge him," answered Barlow.

"Upon the whole, I agree with you," said Fulton, "but much is still to be done, before our country can be a subject of real pride and joy to us; passable roads must be cut through the immense forests, bridges must be built over the rivers, and many morasses dried up, that the weary wayfarers may not droop from fatigue, as was almost the case with us."

"Don't inter meddle in such concerns; all such things will be brought to pass without your assistance," answered Barlow.

"I don't know myself, how it is," said Fulton, "but *that* is my hobby; I have been meditating very much on this subject, and I have also read a good deal of it, both in Franklin's writings and in other books. Sometimes it appears to me as if I had heard Franklin himself speak of it in my infancy. At other times, it is as if such ideas were blown into my head by the wind, and I dream some singular dreams, and this is rather increasing as I grow older. Especially on this journey such dreams have haunted me very much; indeed, sometimes when drawing a landscape, an odd figure of a machine is scribbled down instead of the landscape, almost without

noticing it myself. I am really sick of those freaks, and in my better and happier moments when bethinking myself of it, I am often quite ashamed of having become such an enthusiast and visionary."

"Every one has his peculiar freaks," said Barlow, "mine are of a different kind."

"I have read," said Fulton, "I believe it was in a book published by Franklin, that all the large horned cattle in these United States have sprung from a single bull and three cows imported into New England some years after the arrival of the first colonists. From this small beginning all the large herds of cattle have come, that now graze on our meadows and hills, and so it is in every thing; the same connection between small and great things runs through all the concerns of our world. Great effects often result from little causes. The laws of gravitation, which guide the thousands of rolling worlds in the planetary system, were first suggested to the mind of Newton by the falling of an apple. And since we have already, from a small beginning, carried it so far, why should we then abandon all hope of carrying it still further!"

"Yes, yes," said Barlow, "we are an industrious and persevering people, well calculated for removing all the difficulties which the uncultivated country gives us; but the subject under consideration has two sides; for, in order to carry into effect what you have in view, the variety of splendid scenery, all conspiring to overwhelm the mind and affect it with emotions of astonishment and grandeur, must be destroyed; and you, being an artist, ought least of all to rejoice at that."

"Do you know a story called Robinson Crusoe?" asked Fulton.

"Who does not?" answered Barlow.

"I have lately," said Fulton, "often thought of this story. It would scarcely have been possible to write such a book before the discovery of America."

"I understand you," said Barlow. "You think that Robinson is a symbol, about like the wandering Jew, and that even as he is a type of the unstable and roaming life of the Jews after the destruction of Jerusalem, so Robinson is a type of the toil and struggle of our colonists in these impenetrable forests."

"It seems so to me," said Fulton; "they lead entirely the same life as he; solitude, remoteness from all society is their lot; they are, like him, compelled to be their own tailors, shoemakers, architects, smiths and bakers. Robinson's inventive genius, his sagacity and perseverance, his hardiness, and contempt for luxury are often found amongst our colonists; indeed, they have, like Robinson, even to battle with savages."

"Well, I cannot contradict you; you are right," said Barlow, "but allow me to repeat a remark, to which I have recently alluded, that the virgin forest which the axe has never touched, ought to be of more interest to you as an artist, than all culture and future luxury."

"I don't know myself how it is," said Fulton, "matters seem to be in a sad pickle; for now and then it occurs to my mind that my vocation is not to be an artist, at least not in that sense in which you take it."

"Are you crazy?" said Barlow, "for goodness' sake, have

no such crack-brained ideas in your head ! When anybody has so much talent for science and the arts as you have, then his vocation is to be an artist ; it is a matter of course."

"During your illness," said Fulton, "I caused a wind mill to be built here ; in such things I succeed better than in anything else."

"I should like to see it," said Barlow, "let us go directly."

Fulton had now to take his friend to the mill, and explain how the whole was constructed and brought to pass.

"It is quite a snug building," said Barlow, "but allow me to remark that it is easy to make a pair of slippers out of a pair of boots ; the superfluous only needs to be cut off. I mean," he added, when seeing that Fulton was looking inquisitively upon him, "that he whose vocation is to be an artist, can also easily become an able mechanic, if he condescend to it."

"It is no certainty," said Fulton, "you may be mistaken there."

Our two friends soon returned, and took a seat, as before, in front of the house.

Here Barlow sat for some time without speaking. At length he broke the stillness and said : "While you were a millwright, Fulton, I commenced revolving in my mind the idea of writing a great poem."

"It is probably based on a dream or a vision," said Fulton, "for, however practicable you may be, you have a great predilection for all that exists in the imagination only."

"You are not altogether mistaken," answered Barlow,

"the basis of my poem is really a vision ; nevertheless, it is an Epos or heroic poem of which I am thinking, and Columbus and the results of his great discovery will be its subject."

"Please tell me a little about it," said Fulton.

"I don't yet know much about it myself," said Barlow, "the principal idea, however, is clear to me, and that I can tell you in a few words: Columbus is sitting lonely in his prison, into which the basest cabals and ingratitude had thrown him. Suddenly Hesperus, the bright star of the West, becomes visible, that spirit which suggests America to him. He now unrolls the vail of coming time, visions of futurity appear, and Columbus sees the fruit of his efforts. Thus fiction and reality will unite, and unborn ages will reward him for the injustice he now suffers."

"If you can handle this idea sufficiently well, your poem will certainly be a remarkable production," said Fulton.

"Whether I can or not, I don't know yet; it is still hidden behind the vail of futurity. I conceived this idea when towards the close of my sickness I saw the evening star through my window. Then I had really a sort of vision and it seemed to me that the future ages were passing before my mental eye, and that I understood the aim of the whole."

"But will you not speak to old Milburn about it?" asked Fulton. "He is, indeed, an intelligent and sagacious man, and a poem, the basis of which is a spiritual vision, would perhaps please him."

"How can you ask me such a question?" said Barlow, "I would not do that for all the world. There are none more austere or more one-sided, than those quiet fanatics,

and if anything deviates in the least from their own views, they condemn it immediately. Besides that, these Quakers despise everything bearing the name of art. But I have composed a minor poem in blank verses, whose subject likewise is America. That I would like to read to you, if you will hear it."

"Indeed, I will," said Fulton.

Barlow now took the manuscript from his pocket, and read as follows :

"For many bounties I thank Him
From whom the light cometh,
And the rain and the dew,
And the blessed vital power;
But for none more, than for this,
That He caused me to be born here
In this country,
Which Hesperus watches,—
The blessed youth,
Over whose head
The brightest star shines.

"Here, where the white cedar
Dips in the waves
Its projecting boughs;
Where vine-branches wind
Their broad leaves
About the plane-trees,
Where the most beautiful roses
By thousands
Blossom in the forests;

“ And where innumerable birds,
Dressed in purple and gold,
Flutter like bees,
With light wings,
Circling around the flowers,
Greeting the young spring-time.

“ In this land,
Where North and South clasp,
Where winter and summer
Live nearer each other,
Where the sun and the moon,
And the numerous stars
Glitter with brighter lustre ;

“ Where mighty rivers stream
Through the solitary vales,
Which the fallow-deer knows,
And the stag,
And the adroit huntsman,
But unknown to the busy crowd of men.

“ Here, where the Lord has hidden
A paradise,
A large and blissful garden
Beyond the waves,
That men,
When generations grew old
Yonder in proud Europe,
Might refind their youth,
And breathe again freely
In the shadowy forests,
Nearer to the bosom of nature.

“Marvelous country,
Which was kept
Like a treasure
Which none yet had seen!
Thou, which layest,
Like a book,
Shut up for centuries,
Watched by guardian angels,
And sealed with the seal of silence,
Till a Genius came,
Led by the heavenly guides,
Who understood how to break the seal.

“Glorious country,
Where in the remotest antiquity,
An invaluable treasure was laid down
In the abysses,
To benefit the lateward born
Of the children of earth!

“Already, at creation’s noon,
Even at the earliest dawn of time,
Before the mighty beasts of prey,—
Those rulers of ancientness,
Which no tongue ever called by name,
Which now are banished from the regions of existence,
And whose bones the abysses hide—
Were roaming on the river-banks
And in the solitary woods,—
The youngest generations lived
Within the gracious thoughts of the Lord,
And his wise Providence for them
Was busy many thousand years
Ere they should behold the joyous light.

“And the Lord gave fertility to the entrails of the land,
And strength to its ribs,
To protect against violence and arrogance ;
He made it an asylum,
Which the arm of the persecutor cannot reach,
Where vengeance must lose its prey,
And where even the rigid law
Is mitigated.

“Yea, hither forsaken man shall flee,
And he who is hungry shall be sated,
And he who pined away in fetters,
In the darkness of the dungeon,
Shall here again behold the light of day ;
And breathe the vital air of freedom ;
And he who was trampled under foot
Yonder in proud Europe,
Shall here again proudly lift up his brow,
As it becomes a man ;
And he who sunk into the very mire of corruption,
Shall here again raise himself, and wash off his stains.

“Lo! to this *this* land is destined,
This is its vocation from above,
To this it was consecrated
In the day-spring of time ;
And the great Spirit of the Evening Star
Promised to take it in His protection ;
That Spirit, that shall restore universal peace
At the termination of the ages.

“It is a beautiful poem,” said Fulton ; “the only objection I have is that it represents only the bright side, but

not the dark colors; for the scourge of oppression has also found its way to our country; here also is the sound of the lash heard; and even if it does not hit us, it hits too often our unfortunate black brethren."

"Whatever may be objected to us, our country is, nevertheless, freer than most others," said Barlow; "I have meditated very much on this during my illness, and I now believe I know what shall be the central point of my life."

"And what shall be the central point? I don't understand you," said Fulton.

"I will," answered Barlow, "as a genuine son of my country devote myself to the great cause of liberty, and whatever else I may do, the cause of liberty shall constitute the chief subject of all my intellectual exertions."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH Barlow and the old Quaker were of different dispositions, there was, however, something in Barlow, which, if Thomas Milburn had fully known it, would have produced congeniality of feeling. As it was, the sympathy existing between them was not very great.

Nevertheless, old Milburn was very friendly and serviceable to Barlow, and observing that he wished to know the quality of the soil here, and the husbandry of the farm, he explained everything as well as he could, and took him round his premises. Barlow could but admire very highly both the fertility of the soil and the abundance of the crop.

A little before their departure, our two friends made an excursion with Edward Milburn, who told them how, in their future journeying through the forests, they might avoid going astray. He severed a stem of a young tree, and showed them that the segments of the rings of the tree which turned to the south were broader than the parts which turned to the other points of the compass. "By paying attention to this," he said, "you may always know where north and south are, even if the sun is entirely hidden behind the clouds."

"In truth, I do not comprehend where my memory has

been," said Barlow, "for this I have both heard and read before."

Young Milburn showed them also a little tree that seemed to belong to the species of myrtles. "This tree is of great use," he said, "for its berries give us a sort of green wax, that serves us instead of tallow candles." He likewise told them that there was plenty of wild bees in the forest, which had their dwellings in hollow trunks; "there," said he, "we can get as much honey as we need; besides that, a sort of maple is growing in our immediate vicinity, of which you have probably heard, the juice of which gives us sugar in abundance."

"What richness of nutritious things is hidden in these places, where we were traveling as blindfolded, and were about to starve!" exclaimed Barlow.

Barlow was now so well that both he and his friend could leave Milburn's house, and re-commence their journey. It was in the middle of November; the beautiful autumnal days, called Indian summer, were already gone. The nights were long, and the variegated leaves of the trees were falling; the air was pure and clear, and the stars shone with a peculiar lustre, almost resembling small suns. As the season was already so considerably advanced, Barlow and Fulton concluded not to proceed any further towards the North, but as speedily as possible to return to Philadelphia. The old Quaker requested them, however, to wait a couple of days, for one of the Friends, who knew the road well, would then take a trip to Middletown, and they could, if going along with him, expect to reach Philadelphia before the fall of the first snow; for the severe

winter seldom sets in here before the half of December has elapsed.

Some days before leaving Milburn's hospitable house, our two friends had an interview with his wife, who had now partially recovered from her illness. She was born in England, and as she could never become habituated to the American climate, she suffered every autumn from fever.

She was a pale, quiet woman, who, either from sickness or from toil, seemed to have grown old prematurely. She too had a peculiar expression in her eyes, testifying to a deep and inner peace. Though still seeming feeble, she was never idle. Abigail, her daughter, was likewise industrious, spinning and weaving several hours of the day. But they performed their domestic duties silently, and everything passed off quietly, like the low stroke of a clock, scarcely observable, while the noiseless hands move continually.

When Barlow once asked Milburn's wife if she did not sometimes long for her native country, she answered: "He who has found a dwelling of peace far from the stormy sea of life, how is it possible that he can long for anything more here on earth!" Whereupon she became again silent, pursuing her work with her usual industry.

"Have you closely examined the countenance of Milburn's wife?" said Barlow to Fulton, "methinks that I can discover some marks of a different face behind the withered features, as we sometimes see a little of the body of the butterfly behind the skin of the chrysalis."

"This quiet family which wishes to worship its God in silent contemplation has, indeed, found a suitable home in this solitude," said Fulton.

"Yes, here it becomes easier to solve the great problem of life, it is not to be denied," said Barlow.

"What do you mean?" asked Fulton.

"There are no temptations against which they have to battle," answered Barlow. "These people have chosen the same way, which the old Anchorites, the old Stylites, the old Mystics and the solitary monks formerly chose; they have turned all their attention inward; they have abandoned the outer world; they have built a wall between themselves and the world that behind it they may undisturbed work out their own salvation; but Christ enjoins something quite different, and something greater."

"What does he enjoin?" asked Fulton.

"These seek only to save themselves," said Barlow, "but Christ would save all mankind, and he enjoins on all his true believers the duty of saving their fellow-beings."

One morning, when the departure of our friends drew nigh, Fulton met Miss Abigail in the garden. She did not pass by him silently, as she used to do, but accosted him.

"Is it really thy intention to leave us?" asked she.

"Yes, we have already been here too long," answered Fulton.

"Why wilt thou launch into the wide and stormy world?" asked she, "is it not much better to remain here with us?"

"If it depended merely on me, I should rather choose to remain," answered Fulton.

"If thou wilt live here with us," said the young Quaker-girl with downcast eyes and with a low voice, "then, be sure, the Saviour will meet thee; not, however, as when he

taught amongst his disciples, and ate and drank with them, but as when transfigured before them on Mount Tabor with glorified glances. For Christ meets all those who, like us, are absorbed in pious contemplations, listening to the silent voice of the spirit, which, like the birds of passage that follow the genial seasons in their journey round the globe, never fails to wing its way to a better and happier region."

"But it is impossible, I cannot remain," said Fulton.

"Oh! I do not understand why thou wilt launch into that stormy, busy life," said she, "but since it cannot be otherwise, I pray, let at least Trusty remain here; he loves me as much as thee, and I will provide kindly for him."

Though reluctant to part with the little dog which had been to him a faithful guide through the forest, he could not refuse Abigail's request, but presented him to her.

"He shall be to me a dear memorial of thee," said she, and left.

Fulton stood still and looked long after her, who appeared to him like a lonely lily grown up in the grass of far-off fields, where it was matured solitarily without being much noticed; but this did not effect any alteration in its nature; for it poured out its fragrance, and blossomed to gladden the angels of heaven and the singing birds; and the same it would have done, even if no human being had ever come to see it.

Afterwards, when Fulton was alone in the parlor with Milburn's wife, she suddenly laid aside her knitting-work and began to converse, which produced a singular impression upon Fulton, who had before so seldom heard her speak. "It grieves me to hear," said she, "that thou wilt leave us;

both Milburn and Abigail are kindly affectioned to thee, and I should therefore feel inclined to ask thee to remain here, but as thou perhaps canst not grant my request, I earnestly beseech thee never to forget us, and to visit us again if possible."

During these words she fixed her speaking eyes upon him, and Fulton had to promise her to return and again lodge under this quiet roof; which he also intended to do at his earliest opportunity.

Also with Thomas Milburn he had once more a private interview, for the day before their departure, when Barlow had taken a walk with the eldest son of the house, Fulton went into Milburn's room to return the books which he had borrowed.

He found the old Quaker sitting in deep meditation, as he often did when alone, and it was some time before he could be roused from the deep thoughts in which he was absorbed. But soon after, he became interested in Fulton, requesting him not to take it unkindly that he had not immediately noticed his presence.

"It is rather I who ought to ask your pardon for having disturbed you," said Fulton.

"Understand," said the old Quaker, "I feel sometimes as if the earthly mists that at other times dimmed my eyes, had vanished, and the more quiet I am the more my mind is absorbed in holy thoughts, the more fully do I feel this to be true."

"You feel undoubtedly very happy when in such a frame of mind?" said Fulton.

"Happy is not the proper word," said Milburn, "nay, a

quiet solace and comfort then come over me, an inner peace mightier than all arguments and inferences, by which I already here on earth feel myself above all doubts and uncertainties. At such moments I look into that world, which, Providence granting, I expect to enter. Such moments, however, in which I am sometimes transported into wonderful regions, and cooled in the shade of those trees which no worm has ever gnawed, and where I seem to breathe an empyrean air; such moments are not of long duration; yet, they are dearer to me than all that the sages of this world have taught me."

"And can you not yourself do something to produce those blessed moments?" asked Fulton.

"This sweet tranquillity of mind, of which I am speaking, frequently comes over me," said Milburn, "when I have entirely put to flight all mundane cares, when I have prayed fervently, and when I have long abstained from earthly food for the mortification of the body and appetites. For a man who gives himself up to the enjoyments of this world will be very far from being in this frame of mind; for that meat which the world gives is of a nature entirely different from that which comes from above, and as impossible as it is to behold at once the sun of the day and the stars of the night, so impossible is it for us, when indulging ourselves to excess in eating the meat of this world, to be cooled by the gentle breezes from the shores of eternal life."

Fulton now repeated Barlow's words concerning the difference between the way of the hermits and that to which Christ pointed. To this old Milburn gave no reply.

At night the guide appeared who was to conduct them

through the forest. Next morning the family assembled much earlier than usual with their guests, for already at the dawn of day our two friends were to set out.

"I will once more urge on thy mind, what I have already before mentioned to thee," said old Milburn to Fulton, when Barlow had for a moment gone, "search into thyself and investigate carefully, whether thou hast not received another calling, than that occupation which thou art pursuing."

Soon after they took their leave. Milburn and his children remained standing in front of the house, bowing kindly to the two friends. Milburn was wrapped up in a big overcoat, beautifully folded around his tall and slender figure. His habiliments, as well as his gray hair, and his venerable visage gave him an august and dignified appearance, like that which we are wont to attribute to the Patriarchs of far by-gone days. Nearest to him stood Abigail, paler than usual. She seemed perfectly composed, but on her fine, small lips was a peculiar smile indicative of a hidden grief. Indeed, when she gave Fulton her parting hand, her lips seemed even to quiver, but she pressed them closely together and spoke not a single word. Inside of the house the barking of the little dog was heard mingled with a plaintive sound, as if he foreknew that he would soon have to part with Fulton.

Milburn and his children did not leave the front of the house for some time, but continued to look after their guests, until they at length disappeared behind the trees. Fulton still heard the barking of little Trusty, distinguishable from that of the other dogs. But finally this too died away, and our wayfarers were soon far from human dwellings in the

solitary forest, where the last autumnal leaves like birds gently gliding through the air, sunk down from the tops of the trees, and hovered around them on all sides.

Of this journey we have very little to relate except that the weather unusually favored our two friends. Having reached those places where the colonist-dwellings increased in number, and where the roads through the woods were more frequented, they succeeded in getting horses, which considerably shortened the duration of their journey. After some days they came to a tavern, where they found a carriage which was to leave immediately for Philadelphia, and in which seats were offered them, an offer which they gladly accepted. They parted with their guide somewhat earlier than they had first intended, and arrived near the close of November, in the great metropolis of Pennsylvania.

On his return to Philadelphia, Fulton found in his room two letters, which he afterwards learned had been there for several weeks. One was from Van Gehlmuyden, who in a few words positively declared that since Fulton had left the goldsmith trade, he could not expect any further support from him. The other letter was from John Bridle, in which he told Fulton that harmony could still be restored if he would only drop Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, some friendly and respectful lines, candidly promising to submit to his wishes, and resume the trade which he had formerly pursued. "If you will yield in this matter," added Bridle, "something may happen to you which you least of all believe, and which will make you a wealthy and independent man for all your life-

time ; however, this is a secret which I ask you not to mention to any living soul."

Upon Barlow's advice, Fulton without delay sent two replies to Lancaster, in which he wrote that he felt under great obligations to both of them for all the kindness and care they had shown him. Nevertheless, he asserted at the same time most peremptorily, although he was sorry if he should thereby lose his foster-father's favor, that he never, even if he could gain all the riches of the world, would re-commence the goldsmith trade, as he had a most decided aversion to it.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE Friday evening, about a fortnight after our two friends had returned to Philadelphia, Barlow proposed to take Fulton to a house, where he would see the handsomest girl in the whole city. "It is always good for an artist to see the ideal of beauty," he added.

"Who is she?" asked Fulton.

"She is a Southerner," answered Barlow, "born in Charleston, South Carolina; she is not one of those bodice-beauties which our North produces, looking sometimes as if they were grown up under a parasol, or as if they had been sitting the greater part of their life under a glass box, that no wind might blow on them; she is no tender rosebud, I tell you, but rather a sparkling cactus nursed near the tropical climate, and now about to unfold its leaves to the bright morning sun."

"I don't admit that the cactus is the flower which I like best," remarked Fulton.

"The reason must be that you have never seen it in its full splendor, as it is when blossoming in the South," answered Barlow.

"You are likely enamored of her," said Fulton.

"Enamored!" said Barlow, "I might just as well be enamored of the rising sun; she is not destined to be kept

under lock and key, and to be the property of one man ; on the contrary, she is born to sparkle before all."

"What is her name?" asked Fulton.

"Her name is **Laura Lacour**," answered Barlow ; "her mother is dead, and she now lives with her step-father, Mr. Greenwood, an old miser ; but she has, however, gained so much influence over him, that every Friday evening he opens his house to her admirers and adorers."

"Is it she? said Fulton, "I have seen her before ; I got a letter of introduction to her step-father from John Bridle of Lancaster, and I visited him a couple of times, shortly after my first arrival in Philadelphia. I was then not yet fully grown ; but I remember very well that he gave me no friendly reception, else I should certainly have called oftener. Laura was at that time only a child."

"Dress yourself and go along with me ; then you will see what an elegant specimen of a girl she has become," said Barlow.

"No, I feel too embarrassed, for I don't know what excuse to offer for not having called since," said Fulton.

"You need not make any excuse," said Barlow, "for she has either long ago forgotten it, or, what is more probable, not at all noticed it. Neither of us is so important to her that she ever misses us, and what took place so long time ago is to her as if it had not taken place at all ; be perfectly sure of that."

They now repaired to Greenwood's house, which was located in a by-street, cutting at right angles the broad, regular Market Street. The sun had long ago set, but the

moon was on her nightly tour, throwing her light along the spacious street, which was not at that time lighted by lamps, the white marble buildings assuming a peculiar gleam from the moonshine. They heard no noise of wagons, and met only a few people, for in those days there was very little bustle in Philadelphia after sunset.

When near Mr. Greenwood's house, they saw the second story lit up. A female voice was heard, accompanied by a piano.

"Is it she who sings?" asked Fulton.

"No," answered Barlow, "she sings much better; it is one of her friends, whose singing will make Laura's more striking after it. You will soon hear her voice; it is as sweet and superior as she is herself."

There was a rather large gathering both of old and young gentlemen in Greenwood's house, but only a few ladies. The music and the singing ceased just as our two friends entered the hall, where Laura herself received them with great courtesy. Fulton could but confess that she was extremely handsome; but at the same time there was something Junonian and dictatorial in her deportment, which did not please him. Her features were very regular, and especially her forehead was ideally beautiful. Her dark hair was tastefully twisted together on her well-shaped head, and her long eye-lashes cast a shadow over the large, black eyes, fired by a Southern clime. She was rather tall, and comparatively slender, and her whole person and bearing were commanding and elegant, though she had, by no means, the slender waist which our ladies sometimes consider a sign of beauty, but which often makes them look like wasps or other such

slender insects. Her carriage was light and graceful, and her beautiful, swan-like neck gracefully united to her erect and charming figure.

"You were wrong in comparing her to a flower," said Fulton to Barlow; "she rather resembles a magnificent foreign bird."

"Never mind," said Barlow, "you cannot deny that she is fascinating."

"No, that I cannot deny, neither do I deny it," answered Fulton; "yet there is something in her manners which could never fascinate me."

"Take heed to yourself," said Barlow, "lest the dangerous demons, whom I know to be her attendants, punish you severely for your foolhardy talk."

At this very moment Laura approached Barlow, who had to tell her about his journey and his adventures in the American forests; Fulton also soon joined the conversation. Shortly after, while Barlow was speaking with another gentleman, she turned to Fulton, and looked upon him with her sparkling eyes, saying, "You have for the last years been a permanent resident of Philadelphia, and yet you have called to see us only a couple of times." Fulton was quite surprised at this remark, which, from the account Barlow had given of her, he did not expect, and ere he was able to give any reply, she left.

After a little while old Greenwood made his appearance. No sooner had Barlow seen him than he brought Fulton to him, saying, "I take the liberty to introduce to you an old acquaintance, the young painter, Mr. Fulton."

"Yes, yes, I have already heard something of him," said

Greenwood, "the young gentleman has left his trade, he likes better to belong to the consuming than to the industrious and producing class; that I noticed the very first time I saw him, I remember it very well."

· "What do you mean, Mr. Greenwood?" asked Fulton.

"I mean you are a chap who is averse to practical occupations; you don't like to be a merchant, you will not make money by agriculture or by any mechanical employment; you will not eat your bread in the sweat of your brow; you will not, as the proverb says, cut your coat according to your cloth. Well, we are a free people; here everybody can do what he likes, and since you have now got it into your head to be a painter, there is nobody, I think, who is authorized to forbid it."

"Neither would it be a pleasant state of affairs," said Barlow, "if anybody could forbid a young man to cultivate a noble art, especially when he has so eminent talent for it, as my friend, Robert Fulton."

"Yes, yes, I don't wish to enter into any discussion," said Greenwood, "but for my part I do not comprehend how anybody can have either talent or desire for anything but commerce. Nevertheless, as I said before, here everybody can do what he likes; but whatever we commence to do, we ought to know how to make money by it. Money, money, it is the main thing; for the whole world needs it, and cannot do without it; *pecunia est*, said the old Romans, *nervus rerum gerendarum*, and if we can only make money, it is entirely indifferent whence it comes, and how it comes. That's my opinion."

This word, money, was enunciated with so peculiar an

accent and articulation as to be difficult to imitate, and to hear Greenwood utter it but once, was enough to indicate what constituted the central point of *his* life.

"He is a real monster, this Greenwood," said Barlow to Fulton soon after, "he looks almost like the waning moon, or as if his Maker had only given him the middle part of a face, and cut off both his cheeks; or, to borrow a figure from Shakspeare, he looks as if he had been cut out of a cheese-paring after supper."

"Hush, there he is again," said Fulton.

Greenwood had again approached very near to them, but his steps were heard quite indistinctly, as he glided like a shadow through the room.

"Be so kind as to tell me," said Barlow, turning to Greenwood, who was already listening to them, "what is the name of the man yonder at the window?"

"Whom do you mean, Mr. Barlow?" asked Greenwood, "there are many here with whom I have only very little acquaintance, for it is not so much for my sake, as for that of my step-daughter, that they visit my house."

"Don't you know the man yonder, that ugly bald-head, who is now speaking with your step-daughter?"

"Who can say that he knows anybody in this selfish age, Mr. Barlow! So far as I know, he is a lawyer, who has accumulated a great deal of money here in America. However, it is only a rumor; I know very little about it myself."

"His name is James Gray," said a tall American, standing near them, whose form and face, in which likewise the profile played the prominent part, gave him some resemblance to a long-stretched hound; "it is correct that he is a

lawyer, and even one of the most eminent we have; one of those who have fetched *Astræa*, the goddess of justice, who had fled to heaven, down to the American land."

"Eh, Mr. Dennison," said another, who also had heard the topic of the conversation, "you need not tell Mr. Greenwood that; Mr. Gray has already gained two causes in law for him, which most people thought he would lose."

"Alas! there are very few who can say that they gain much," answered Greenwood, "because they gain a cause in law; he who gains a cause often loses more than he gains, and the officers of justice often cost more money than the whole gain is worth. The lawyers understand admirably well how to shave a man perfectly clean."

"You mean, perhaps, that justice ought to be given to us gratuitously," said Barlow; "yes, yes, there is something in that."

"Your tongue is well oiled; but there is no sense in your talk," said a voice behind them. "Were justice to be given gratuitously, how then would the lawyers make their living? we should then have justice without officers of justice to administer it; it would be like the daylight without the sun, like a circle without a centre. No, no, it would not do at all."

He who poured forth these words, was no less a personage than the lawyer, James Gray himself, who had now approached near to them without being noticed. He was a man of medium size, his head was, as before mentioned, almost bald, only a few ringlets of black hair projecting somewhat from his temples, indicating a richer growth in former days. For the rest there was a sagacious, but cun-

ning and subtle expression in his eyes; his motions were agile, even youthful, while, at the same time, his features testified to premature oldness; there was, however, something in them, particularly about his lips, betraying a good deal of juvenile vivacity.

Soon after Greenwood left the room to which he did not return again that evening. The others remained, and James Gray now commenced a conversation with Barlow and two other gentlemen, about New York, where he told them he had lived several years, and where he seemed to be well acquainted with many family secrets which they, with whom he was conversing, no doubt, wished to have buried in eternal oblivion.

"New York is a splendid city," at length said Mr. Dennison, who had listened long and silently to the conversation, "it is both the American London, and Paris."

"Indeed, it is an excellent city, particularly for people of our profession," answered James Gray, "for both journalists and lawyers can there do a most lucrative business. I must tell you," he continued, addressing Barlow and Fulton, "that my friend, Mr. Dennison, is a very sagacious man, and editor of the best newspaper in Philadelphia, or what, in my opinion, amounts to the same, of that which has the widest circulation."

"I have never been in New York," said Fulton; "but trustworthy people tell me that there is more risk of being deceived there than in any other place in this country."

"They who tell you so are perfectly correct," remarked Mr. Dennison.

"It may be that there are several sharpers there, who

prey upon people's pockets, and are too crafty for us," said the lawyer, "but, never mind, that I count to them for righteousness; they are only a little more cunning than we, that's all, and we may learn something from them."

"I am just of the same opinion," again said Mr. Dennison, whereupon he left, to speak with some other gentlemen.

"But is this Mr. Dennison really so sagacious?" asked Barlow; "for his conversation does not betray any great sagacity."

"When in company he very seldom shows his sagacity," answered Mr. Gray, "there he seldom drops his pearls; on the contrary, he is most frequently a silent listener, trying to profit by the whole conversation, and every flash of wit there uttered will at some time be found again in his paper. But let us now try to persuade the handsome Miss Laura to give us a specimen of her superior voice."

"God only knows where she got that splendid voice," said Barlow; "here in this country it is a common saying that only the negroes and mulattoes can sing, and that no singing bird comes from the genuine blood."

"The Creoles in the South may, I think, be an exception," answered James Gray; "on her mother's side she is said to be descended from a Mexican woman, and who knows what other blood may flow in her veins." After these words the lawyer left.

"It seems, indeed, strange to me that he should mention such things," said Fulton.

"Mr. Gray makes a little more free use of his tongue than we Americans are accustomed to," answered another

gentleman, who stood close by; "it is a fault which he brought along with him from the old country."

"Was he not born in America?" asked Barlow.

"No, he was not; he was born beyond the ocean. His life is said to have been interwoven with quite a singular fate. As a boy he came to New York with a troop of rope-dancers; afterwards he ran away, and became first waiter in a hotel, and then clerk for a lawyer. But being a very ingenious and enterprising fellow, he could soon practice law on his own responsibility. He has also very respectable attainments, both in the ancient and modern languages, but is said to have led a very wild and reckless life from youth to manhood, and he looks, I should say, like an exhausted volcano."

"If he has been a volcano," said Barlow soon after to Fulton, "then it must probably have been one of those which eject mud instead of fire."

CHAPTER XVI.

Soon after Laura sat down at her piano, and played several fancy pieces, which, however, were not of any great musical value; then she preluded for a little while. At length she commenced to sing with a voice whose compass, force, and unusual sweetness excited universal admiration, but especially astonished those who, as Fulton, had not heard it before. As long as she was singing the deepest silence prevailed amongst the whole audience. Great was, therefore, the dissonance which the lawyer, James Gray, produced when he prosaically exclaimed, "If this voice is sufficiently cultivated, it will be worth a hundred thousand dollars; but, of course, no expense should be spared."

Laura now sang some quite difficult pieces, which seemed not in the least to fatigue her, nor to exhaust the compass of her marvelous voice. But what most of all enraptured Fulton, perhaps on account of his still uncultivated taste for music, he could best understand them, were some of the plainest little songs, the melody of which peculiarly supported the poetical idea pervading them.

We will here quote a couple of those songs; but it is a

matter of course that scarcely any judgment can be formed of the impression they produced, as we can give no idea either of the melody, or of the voice that sang them. The first song was as follows :

“I remember a place—would I now were there !
The hours so peacefully glided along,
Like silver-clear pearls which the heaven shine through,
And mild as the words of a lover's song.

“There the birds sang and built in the maple leaves,
And I was as cheerful and gladsome as they ;
I played in the meadow, with never a thought
Of what the dear people who saw me, might say.

“There I stood at the window, behind the tall trees,
And thought of the one whom my heart held dear
And the cup of my happiness was filled to the brim,
When the fast-falling steps of my lover drew near.

“There we oft sat in moonlight, beneath the sweet hedge
Of roses that bloomed by the purling stream ;
And the words, half earnest, half playful, we spoke,
Alas ! perhaps he remembers them but as a dream.”

When this song was finished, Mr. Gray said, “It is, indeed, a great trifle ; never mind, people furnished with talents should, properly speaking, always have to do with trifles, for this complies best with people's taste and succeeds best, and they are right, at least, to a certain extent. For my part, experience has taught me that two deep researches will not do in this country.”

"Well, then, I will sing you another trifle, as you call it," said Laura, whereupon she thus re-commenced:

"When the swan hovers dreamily over the stream,
Then my thoughts, silent friend, flow serenely to thee;
And I think of the dream that thy heart now conceals,—
Sweet dream! which thy lips will soon whisper to me.

"When the firmament sparkles with numberless stars,
Then, hope of my life, thou enchainest my soul,
And I sigh for the lustre that gleams in thine eye,
And the smile that has charmed me beyond control.

"When the moon, pale and weary, is climbing the sky,
My longing for thee grows ever more deep;
And when, like a doom-boding vessel, she moves,
I wonder if joy may not haunt my last sleep.

"O! the summons of Death will be welcome to me,
If I find thee again in its mystical night;
But e'en heaven will be dark, and a sorrowful home,
If thou share not with me its marvelous light."

"Several gentlemen here present may, perhaps, do well to heed this," said the lawyer, when the song was finished, "for who knows whether or not somebody here has some dream or some bosom-lover who enkindles his affection."

"He is a scamp who ought to be flung out of doors for his explanatory remarks," thought Barlow to himself. "These songs were scarcely composed here," said he aloud, "they have most likely winged their way hither across the ocean."

"They were, as far as I know, written in England," said Laura.

"Music is a wonderful art," continued Barlow; "when listening to a beautiful melody we seem to forebode all the deep grief, all the infinite, melancholy longing which can penetrate the human heart; it is as if the by-gone generations, the fanned-away love-dreams, the pleasures and cares long ago buried were again, like ghosts, evoked from their tombs by the charming wand of music. Indeed, music is a magic art.

"You are mistaken," said the lawyer; "in music is nothing but measures to be calculated, and a harmony to be expressed by figures; whatever more than this you expect to find, you add yourself."

"You take, indeed; a very prosaic view of the subject," said Barlow; "I believe that there is a great difference between the fullness and sweetness of Miss Laura's superior voice, and the almost insupportable dryness which accompanies all mathematical calculations."

"It is with music as with the moon," continued James Gray; "the moon is a very dry subject, a globe without water; she is nothing but an exhausted volcano, and all the moisture and dew seemingly accompanying her, either rises from the earthly atmosphere, or are embryos of the imagination of worthless rhymers."

"Well," answered Barlow, "be it so, that the moon is nothing but an extinguished world, a doom-boding vessel, as she is called in Miss Laura's song, just, therefore, she must, I think, produce the very deepest woe; and, therefore, is it also that she creates so wonderful a feeling of

solitude and stillness, that we feel, when she shines, as if we were walking in the shadowy realms of Pluto; be it so, that she is a forsaken, solitary ruin which calls to mind by-gone happier times, and that she, figuratively speaking, is mourning for her departed children, just, therefore, I repeat it, she must produce the very deepest woe."

"It is most probable, however, that she has never had a child, but that she is as virgin as the ancients fancied their Diana to be," said Mr. Gray, "or to speak in plainer prose, that she has never been inhabited."

Shortly after Gill, Greenwood's servant, entered the room, who, from a little negro boy, was now changed to a large, broad-shouldered negro; he presented tea to the guests, after which a fine supper followed.

At the table Mr. Gray commenced rather sharply to censure a couple of songs which Laura had been singing, particularly for the metaphors they contained, which he declared to be stupid, while, on the contrary, Barlow stood up for them. Finally, the conversation turned to discussing the reason why we so often make use of metaphors, and why we cannot entirely dispense with them even in prosaic representations.

"The invisible needs a figurative and visible garment," said Barlow, "it is like a soul that seeks its body; all art consists mainly in figurative representations."

"And thence also all idolatry rises," said a clergyman, who was likewise present amongst Laura's admirers.

"Be it as it may; we cannot imagine a human soul without such a garment," continued Barlow, "we always

attribute a sort of body to it, be it only a body of air or of ether."

"You are right," answered Laura, "I always imagine the souls of those merchants who visit my step-father, to be a kind of rapacious vulture brooding over hidden treasures."

"And your step-father's soul," said the lawyer, in a low tone to Laura, "what do you think of that? Has it not some affinity to such a vulture?"

"Be careful, Mr. Gray," answered Laura, "we might, perhaps, try to find some voracious animal to which your soul has also some affinity."

"Well, try to find it, beautiful Laura! I will not take it unkindly," said Mr. Gray.

"Is nobody here," said Laura, "who will help me to find an animal which this lawyer's soul resembles?"

"It resembles a bat," said Mr. Dennison, which surprised the whole company, the more as he had hitherto kept rather silent, and not participated much in the conversation.

"What!" cried Mr. Gray, "it is very injudicious thus without purpose to fling away your comparisons; better to use them for your paper; but wherein do I resemble a bat? You will have to give account to the whole company, and particularly to me; for, *actori incumbit probatio*, as you know."

"Is it not your profession, as a lawyer, to vacillate between right and wrong, as the bat flutters between light and darkness?" asked Dennison, "and are you not in the very best spirits, when both are so mixed and involved that nobody knows whether to call the whole black or white? It is, however, to be understood," he continued, "that I am

speaking here only of the more innocent bats ; to the more cruel species, said to feed even on human blood, I shall, of course, not venture to compare you."

"Yes, who knows!" said Laura.

"Take heed," cried the lawyer, "lest by-and-by I experiment on yourself; for we may one day be married; you will live to see that day, I think."

"It would, indeed, be like a union of a lynx to a fallow-deer, whose spots are the only resemblance," said Laura.

"Just so! it is precisely our spots on which I base my hope of our future union."

On his way home Fulton spoke much of Laura's sonorous voice, which, as it seemed, had made a stronger impression upon him than her beauty.

"Poor girl!" said Barlow, "notwithstanding all her beauty and all her talents, her future fate may, perhaps, be pitiable enough."

"Why so?" asked Fulton.

"Because her stepfather, the old avaricious scamp, will, undoubtedly, have a great influence upon it. Besides that, the mere supposition to which the lawyer alluded, may do her harm enough; for you know as well as I, with what kind of feeling white people look upon those whom they believe to have a drop of African blood in their veins."

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER Barlow had sojourned in Philadelphia during the severest part of the winter, he determined to travel through the Southern States, with which he was yet only very little acquainted. Thence, when the heat commenced to be too oppressive, he would embark for the old world, where he contemplated spending several years.

Fulton was to remain for a time in Philadelphia to acquire the highest possible expertness in his art; afterwards they would meet in London, where Barlow believed that it would be easy for Fulton, when thoroughly taught in America, to pave his way further, and to gain a name amongst the artists of Europe, and do honor to his native country.

Some of my readers may perhaps think, that it would have been better, if Fulton had forthwith left for Europe, where he would easily have found a master as able as the one with whom he was now working; but Barlow being a zealous patriot wished to show the old country that there were not only men of talents in America, but that these even in their own country could find able instructors, and attain to some artistical eminence.

Before embarking Barlow made it a matter of great moment to effect arrangements by which Fulton without any

difficulty could get the annual support which he had granted him. He promised him also, if he should remain for any length of time at any city or village in England, to advise Fulton of it, that he, if he wished to do so, might write him a letter.

Thus everything being arranged in the best way possible, Barlow parted with his friend and left.

Fulton now commenced very conscientiously to employ his time in the service of his art, and he soon succeeded in being so expert, especially in the art of drawing, that he gave great satisfaction to his instructor, who numbered him among the very best of his students.

One of the few diversions which Fulton now and then enjoyed, was to visit Greenwood's house, to which Laura's beautiful voice almost irresistibly drew him. Her easiness of manner, her freedom from all formality, and her unsophisticated kindness and courtesy made her company extremely pleasant to him. In spite of Barlow's assertion that she had no bias in favor of any person, it seemed, however, to be unpleasant to her when Fulton occasionally stayed away from the weekly social gatherings at Greenwood's house; and once, with some agitation of mind peculiar to her, but in Fulton's opinion befitting her very much, she told him this in plain terms.

One evening, a rather long time after Barlow's departure, when Laura had become more familiar with Fulton, she commenced spontaneously to mention to him how she, when a child, had seen him lying pale, and as all believed, lifeless, in Lancaster, at John Bridle's large hall, and how she had approached near him, and laid her

hand on his breast and perceived that his heart was still beating, whereupon half glad and half frightened she had fled away, and had not again seen him until the very last moment, when she was about to leave Lancaster.

"My God! can you really remember all this?" asked Fulton, with an expression of surprise mingled with joy.

"Indeed, I can," said she, "remember it as clearly as if it had happened to-day, and also how you looked. I felt, therefore, very sorry that you did not visit us for so many years."

These words made a deep impression upon Fulton; a cloud seemed from this very moment to be taken away from his eyes, so that her loveliness became clearer to him than ever before.

That Laura's deportment may be properly understood, I must not fail to mention how Fulton's friend and biographer, Mr. Colden, describes him. Robert Fulton was, says Colden, tall and well-shaped; his features were manly and handsome, his eyes large and dark, and his high forehead indicated sagacity and deliberation, besides, he possessed a lively but meek temper.*

However, Laura paid no great attention to any particular person amongst her admirers, but treated them all alike. With the exception of Fulton, the lawyer, James Gray, was the only one whom she showed a little more attention than the rest. She often conversed with him, and it seemed to afford her some pleasure. Indeed, he exercised even some control over her, which, on account of Mr. Gray's ugly appearance and omission of civility with which he sometimes treated her, Fulton could not comprehend.

* Colden, the Life of Robert Fulton.

When Fulton once slightly mentioned that there was something in Mr. Gray's manners, which he disliked, Laura earnestly defended him. "All the singularities and whims which he now and then shows," she said, "are not so bad as they seem, and that I am fond of him, you will easily comprehend, when I tell you that all that I know I have learnt from him; besides that, I have known him from my earliest infancy, and he has always taken an interest in me and shown me all the favor in his power."

"If you would not consider me too obtrusive," said Fulton, "I should feel tempted to ask you what kind of favor he has shown you."

"Had it not been for the lawyer," answered Laura, "my step-father would never have paid so much money for my instruction in vocal music. It is also to be ascribed to him that some friends are now admitted into our house."

"But how has he been able to effect that?" asked Fulton.

"Be pleased to ask himself," said she, "there he is."

"What have you to ask me?" said James Gray, who had heard Laura's last words.

When Fulton had told him the question which he was to lay before him, James Gray said: "This question is easily answered. I have only convinced Mr. Greenwood that both he and Miss Laura might perhaps reap the greatest profit from the proper cultivation of her voice; and as to the admission of their friends into his house, I made him comprehend its absolute necessity, if she would learn how to move gracefully and freely in the fashionable world; for that she will there gain riches and reputation, I consider a complete certainty."

"And would not Mr. Greenwood, even without any prospect of pecuniary profit, have spent money for having such a splendid voice cultivated?" asked Fulton.

"No, by no means," answered Mr. Gray, "the hope of an eventual profit had to be held before him; else he would not have done it."

"Yes, I am told that Mr. Greenwood is rather stingy," said Fulton, "I have already smelt a rat myself."

"Well, he is not to be blamed much for that," answered James Gray, "Mr. Greenwood is accumulating money like many others, and he is perfectly at liberty to do so, I think."

"How can you support such a proposition?" asked Fulton.

"Well, one collects meerschaum-pipes, another butter-flies, a third shells and precious stones, and the more their treasure increases, the more also their appetite. But it does not make them a bit worse; nobody ought to despise a respectable man for that. Why shall we then despise him who is desirous of accumulating money? The only difference is, that he who accumulates money, seems to aim at something more sound and substantial."

"You reason like the Sophists of olden Greece," answered Fulton.

"No, I do not; my reasoning is perfectly sound and consistent with a man who professes the science of law; nobody ought to find fault with it," answered James Gray.

He now asked several questions concerning Barlow and his earlier life.

"I am told that he has uncommon endowments of mind," he said, "but it is a pity that he, as I hear, has given

himself up to a sort of high-soaring poetry, which most probably will exercise a detrimental effect upon his career."

"You are no friend of poetry, I observe," answered Fulton.

"You are greatly mistaken," said the lawyer, "it is just the reverse; I often read poetical works, especially for the sake of the style and the language. But as to the land of dreams and fairies, of which all poetical writings contain so much, it is quite a different thing; I do not care much for that; for there the wind comes every day, asking most submissively how strong a gale it may be allowed to blow; there Aurora wishes to be informed with how much paint she may smear her cheeks; and there Phœbus comes with Fahrenheit's or Reaumur's thermometer, and will know with how strong a light he may be permitted to shine, and all such nonsense. In a few words, the land of dreams and fairies would indeed be a very excellent one, if there were no danger there of losing sight of all that belongs to this practical, sublunary world."

One morning when sitting alone in his room busied with drawing and painting, Fulton heard a knock at his door, and to his surprise Mr. Gray stepped in.

On being seated, and looking around, he said, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you in your pleasant privacy, but I was anxious to see you in your own room, and besides, I have an errand to you. Be it my excuse."

"You are welcome," said Fulton, "is there anything in which I can be of service to you."

"There is a lady of my acquaintance who wishes her likeness taken, and as we have seen several portraits from

your hand, testifying to considerable talent, we have thought of you, the more as there are only a few in Philadelphia whose occupation is to paint portraits."

"It is long since I drew a likeness of any one," answered Fulton, "and all that I have hitherto done in this line was only for my own pleasure, and is too imperfect to endure any rules of criticism; moreover, I have lately exchanged portrait painting for that of landscapes."

"With the painting of portraits you would, doubtless, do much better, and make more money," said James Gray.

"Pecuniary profit ought scarcely to be the guiding star of an artist," answered Fulton.

"It is a phrase sounding very beautifully, and good enough in its place," said the lawyer, "but an intelligent man's way of proceeding ought, by no means, to be directed by such phrases. Let me tell you, an artist must take pains to please his patrons, and to reach this point he must furnish them with what they desire; this must be his principal object, for the accomplishment of which he must cultivate and use his talent."

"But if now the taste of his patrons is so rude and depraved that they will have him execute the greatest absurdities, what shall the artist do then? Ought he to yield?" said Fulton.

"Well, he will be obliged to do so," answered Mr. Gray, "it will not help him to kick against the pricks."

"If a poet, to borrow an example from another art, lived in a place where he was requested to conceal the truth, and adorn corruption and vice with splendid garments, ought he to comply with such a request?" asked Fulton.

"The question here is not what he ought or ought not, but what he is compelled to do, if he would be successful; for he only who yields to the drift and current of public opinion, is borne and aided by it, while he who is battling all the time against it, will, at length, feel the necessity of submitting to superior numbers, and perceive that he has mistaken his career. However, my intention is only to point out to you the most prudent and most judicious way of proceeding, if you expect to get along; I don't speak here of moral principles, for if I should make them a standard of action, then, of course, the whole world would assume quite a different aspect," said the lawyer.

"I must confess," said Fulton, "that your style of argument is entirely new to me."

"If a novelist or a comedian," continued the lawyer, "who had talent enough to make his readers or hearers believe that all their faults, their inability, their idleness, their laziness and dissipation, or whatever other vices might sully them, were of much more value than all moral excellency, and that a higher liberty, skill, and strength of mind, yea, even the highest wisdom were hidden beneath them, he would, indeed, be called a time-server, his *modus operandi* be considered well-timed, and he would have enormous success, at least for a few years, and a few years, I think, are sufficient for a judicious man who knows how to profit by them, to make as much money as is needed for his support."

"But wrong can never be right, however well we may understand how to palliate it," answered Fulton.

"Alas, what is right and what is wrong, young man?"

It is not always so easy to decide as it seems to you. Look around a little in the wide world! Consider what takes place in the sphere of practical life! A statesman, a lawyer, an editor or any one who will play a prominent part in public life, is he not bound to use all the weapons within his reach; is he not bound to sully the reputation of his opposers, and to distort their arguments and opinions to the very best of his ability? Is he not bound to flatter his favorers, and speak as their ears are itching? Is he not bound to conceal and cover their faults, and, if possible, to put on them a fairer gloss than the naked truth permits? Is he not bound to give their faults even a tincture of virtue? See, upon that all his eloquence must be brought to bear, all the high soaring phrases which sound so well in their ears. Briefly speaking, he must play the hypocrite. If he can accomplish this, then there is a tide in his affairs, which will bear him on to fortune; then his party will be victorious, and he himself will be a great and influential man, while he who, regardless of consequences, sets forth the naked truth, which nobody likes to hear, will be kicked, beaten, scoffed and ridiculed, and he may thank God if, before worst comes to worst, he can find a remote corner where he can pass the remainder of his life, forgotten by the world, with which he did not know how to deal. For there is no salvation for us on earth, except we belong to a party; but a party must be partial, and consequently to a certain extent unjust; the very word 'party' implies it."

"I will not contend with you," said Fulton, "for I see that I can never concur with you.

In youth, when as yet the different relations of life are

unknown," continued Mr. Gray, "there are many who think like you, and who are eager to draw the sword, when something takes place which they consider wrong. But prudent and judicious men soon perceive that accountability in most cases is somewhat problematic, that the spirit of the age controls and rules us all, that a secret power makes us instruments for the execution of certain schemes and certain purposes. When we have learnt to comprehend this, then the moral sensibility vanishes, then we see that it is as foolish to be angry with one who has committed a crime as with a stone that rolls down from a mountain. Virtues and vices come, we don't know whence, like the wind and the locusts; and yet, the statistics show us that even here a sort of necessity pertaining to nature exists, a development according to unalterable laws, by the aid of which we shall at last just as well be able to compute all the vices and virtues, which through a series of years are practised in the world, as we can compute ebb and flow, and the revolution of the moon and the planets."

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Fulton astonished.

"In earnest or not in earnest, it is not the question here; the question here is, whether the proposition I offer to maintain is well pleaded or not," said the subtle lawyer. "I am told that there is a mountain in the old country," he continued, "above the city of Naples, where uninterruptedly, except from eleven o'clock till two in the night, a purling sound is heard, in which all the manifold voices from the large city blend, and which like that of a distant cataract neither increases nor decreases. Thus a higher spirit standing outside of our earth, and receiving the impression of the

whole at once, would perhaps at every single moment hear the same number of clamors of grief and shouts of joy, and see the same number of virtues and crimes, provided of course, that the population remained the same. Men rise and pass away with the ages, but the total sum of their acts will at any moment remain the same, like a cataract which continually resembles itself, though the falling water-drops alternate."

"Such principles must certainly lead to great moral indifference," answered Fulton.

"Perfectly correct; but indifference is the wisdom and the end of life;" said the lawyer; "all our enjoyments lead at last to this point that the enjoyment itself becomes indifferent, and when death comes, even impossible to us. Death is the power that blasts the whole world."

"And after death, what then?" asked Fulton.

"Well, your question is easily answered," said the lawyer, his visage assuming an expression of the extremest scorn. "Paradise, the mansions of the blessed and the shores of the eternal life, is also one of the numerous provinces of the realms of dreams and superterrestrial poetry; it is located a little West of the so-called Gehenna, but borders rather near on it. Yet, people dislike in general to have this subject discussed, and it is therefore best to keep silent."

"And are you really in earnest?" again asked Fulton.

"I do not pretend to say, I am," answered Mr. Gray. "A man of my profession often suffers some words to escape his lips, the correctness of which he cannot always warrant. However, it is well enough to consider the different sides of a question, and to hear even *his* defence, whose sincerity is

most doubted. But I have, indeed, made a long digression from the main subject under consideration, and time bids me come to the point. Will you undertake to draw the likeness of which I spoke to you?"

"You will have to excuse me," said Fulton, "I do not feel myself able to do so."

"Well," said Mr. Gray, "you are of course at liberty to employ your talent in whatever direction you wish. But there are some drawings lying there on your table; what are they?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Gray took a parchment-leaf on which were several caricatures, which Fulton in a sportive humor had drawn, and which, as they amused by their grotesque resemblance, Fulton had promised Barlow not to destroy.

"Eh, see there!" cried James Gray, "there I meet some acquaintances; even old Greenwood is there. It is indeed done with great ingenuity."

"You ought never to have seen them," said Fulton.

"You have a happy talent, young man," said Mr. Gray, replacing the caricatures, "and it depends entirely upon yourself whether you will reap an ample fortune from it, or not. At all events, I most assuredly hope soon to be more intimately acquainted with you, and in this hope I bid you good-bye."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHOEVER is only slightly acquainted with the large field of conflict, to which life, the intellectual life, is summoned, will doubtless have observed, that often two motives act on man's mind, which at least for some time struggle for the superiority. We do not speak here of any conflict between good and evil, but only of a struggle between the different natural endowments, each one having its right to be sustained. The great indecision of mind accompanying this struggle continues, until either the deeper power of the soul becomes victorious, or, what also may happen, until pecuniary advantage or some fortuity lead to the opposite result.

Such a struggle was now taking place in Fulton's mind. He had an unquestionable talent for drawing and the art of painting,—no rare thing amongst the inhabitants of the United States—but there was another power in his soul, which now more weakly, now more strongly impelled him in a different direction. Then often feeling a vexatious disquietude he at last dropped his pencil, and gave himself up to thoughts and dreams, which drew him away from his ordinary work. But he considered it his duty to suppress such thoughts and dreams, which he also did for a long time, as well as he could, and he then labored again with

redoubled energy. But although his teacher continually praised him, he never felt happy and content at his work.

But there was still another power gradually gaining the ascendancy over him, namely, Laura's beauty and captivating manners. This charm operated so much the more forcibly, because it operated secretly, and because he was ensnared by one of those self-delusions to which love in its beginning is often liable. For he believed himself, that only the musical enjoyment, and the pleasure he found in her voice, made her attractive to him. Whether her appearance and character played any part in this attraction or not, was not yet fully clear to him.

Nevertheless he seldom neglected to be present on Friday evening in Greenwood's house, and though now and then concluding to stay at home, he felt, however, when it was time to go, such a longing and anxiety, that he generally took his hat and hastened to Laura.

When Fulton saw her again, after James Gray had visited him, it seemed to him as if she were a little out of humor, and somewhat reserved, and he went home rather dejected. But when he saw her again, she was as cordial as before, and conversed long and freely with him.

"You must by all means visit Mr. Gray," she said, "he may be of greater use to you than you think, and since he has called on you, it is a duty of civility which you ought to discharge.

"If you wish me to do so, I shall with pleasure visit him," said Fulton.

"Indeed, it would be a capital thing, if you could gain

his favor," said Laura, "for he is influential, knows the world, and possesses what you are wanting."

On this occasion Mr. Greenwood also spoke very friendly to Fulton. "Is it long ago since the young gentleman has received any intelligence from the rich Mr. Van Gehlmuyden?" asked he.

"Yes, rather long ago," answered Fulton.

"Mr. Van Gehlmuyden is an immensely wealthy man, and it might easily happen, if you would put to flight some of your whims, young gentleman, that he would make his last will in your favor," said Greenwood.

"There is very little prospect of that, I think," answered Fulton.

"Well, well," said Greenwood, "who knows, no telling. However, I have tried to inform myself a little about it. John Bridle is, perhaps, somewhat conversant with it, I think." After these words he left.

Next Sunday, Fulton concluded to redeem his promise to visit the lawyer, who lived in a handsome house, from which there was a beautiful view of a large, public garden. When going up the broad stairs, overlaid with a costly carpet, he met a man, with a pale, wrinkled visage. "Mr. Gray is not at home," said he to Fulton, "he is at church."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Fulton, for from the sentiments which Mr. Gray had expressed concerning religious subjects, Fulton concluded that the church was not the place where he was likely to be found.

"Mr. Gray is at church every Sunday," said the man

with the pale face, "but you need not leave; please wait only a few minutes, and he will be at home."

"Who are you?" asked Fulton.

"My name is Jack Turner," he answered, "I am Mr. Gray's clerk, and live in his house. I am, therefore, well acquainted with all his habits. He will soon be at home, for the service is now over."

He now took Fulton to Mr. Gray's study, where the floor was covered with an elegant carpet; the chairs were well cushioned; the sofa was very soft and delicate, in short, there were all the accommodations which pertain to perfect comfort. Over against the sofa was a large book-case, filled with books, all elegantly bound. When Fulton glanced over them, he saw that there were not only law-books, but also historical, poetical, and even theological works. Half the number were English writings, the others belonged to the French, Spanish, Roman, and Greek literature.

Soon after Mr. Gray came home. When Fulton made some apology for having neglected to return his compliments, Mr. Gray answered: "Please spare me for such empty phrases; of the hundred apologies made for the neglect of a duty of civility, the ninety-nine are untrue, and the one remaining hardly states sincerely the innermost reason."

"I hear that you have been at church," said Fulton.

"Don't wonder at that," answered James Gray, "it will not bring me nearer to the gates of heaven. If I did not attend church, I should lose the best of my clients. The most unfortunate thing for a man in this city is to be at variance with the so called pious people; he may just as well

put his hand into a den full of venomous snakes. For myself, I should wish to be a member of all the numerous sects we have in this country; but, of course, it is an impossibility, for they hate each other too much. Yet their mutual hatred is surely more sincerely and honestly meant than all their hypocritical piety."

"You are undoubtedly surprised," continued Mr. Gray, "that I confess such things so freely and without reserve. But it is not so dangerous as you, perhaps, think; for, in the first place, I repose great confidence in you; and secondly, even if you should intend to divulge my sentiments, I should know how to make people distrust your words."

"I don't doubt," answered Fulton, "that you would easily understand how to disarm an antagonist so feeble as I am; I am only surprised that, notwithstanding all the temporal happiness which you enjoy, your inner man can content itself with rejecting that which affords me and others the greatest consolation even in the deepest afflictions."

"There is not so much difference between you and me, as you think, Mr. Fulton," answered the lawyer; "I am only a little less selfish than you; I don't draw any bills of exchange on the kingdom of heaven; this short life answers my purpose; I don't seek the indefinite infiniteness, and even if a higher spirit could and would grant it, I would hesitate whether to accept it or not."

"But do you really feel happy in cherishing such sentiments?" asked Fulton.

"Why not?" answered James Gray, "I seek my comfort in another way than you, that's all. Life is of no great consequence; on the contrary, it is a mere trifle, but we must

endeavor to use this trifle in the most profitable way. You see that I am very comfortable here, and have a tolerably good house to live in; this makes me feel perfectly happy, although I know that both the house and myself once will moulder."

"And do you never feel any emptiness in the midst of this abundance, in which you live entirely alone, without wife, without children, without any one, in whose happiness you can take an interest, and without any hope founded on God's gracious promises, when the end of your earthly existence is drawing nigh?" asked Fulton.

"I do not," answered Mr. Gray. "He that lives upon hope will die fasting. There is only one sort of life that becomes an intelligent man, I mean to live *a son aise*, as the French term it, and to lead such an easy and comfortable life, we cannot burden ourselves with others. Of course, if we can better our pecuniary condition by taking a wife, it alters circumstances altogether."

"And are you really in earnest?" asked Fulton, "or is it a new paradox you present, in order to give a specimen of your dialectical skill?"

"That you must decide for yourself," answered Mr. Gray. "Whether I speak ironically or earnestly, I leave to my hearers to find out, for I entertain too much esteem for their sagacity of mind to take the liberty to encroach on their better judgment."

"But I am surprised to see so many theological books in your library," said Fulton.

"For that I have my good reasons. I am often visited by men and women to whom those books are my best

recommendation. Besides, there are undeniably great orators amongst the clergy, from whose writings a man of my profession can gain very useful information. Even in poetical works there is something which may be of great service to me. I have, therefore, also, as you see, a selection of such productions."

"Do you propose to translate them?" asked Fulton.

"Very far from it," answered Mr. Gray, with a smile; "but the elegant phrases and handsomely formed sentences are often of great use to me; indeed, it has happened that I have changed the opinion of a whole jury by a couple of such well-timed phrases. For such is this singular world in which we live; *mundus vult decipi*, says the old proverb. Of course those visionaries and dreamers who invent such phrases seldom reap great profit from them, but they are of great benefit to me and others, who know how to turn them to advantage."

To be able to comprehend James Gray's manner of proceeding both on this and other occasions, we must remark that when he found any one unacquainted with the ways of the world, as he called it, or with its baseness or immorality, as we would call it, he felt an almost irresistible proclivity to annihilate this state of innocence and ignorance, which he considered a want of sound sense, a want of smartness; indeed, he considered it almost an offence to himself. And this was most likely the reason why he often on such occasions became quite excited, which corresponded very little with the state of indifference, which he considered the highest wisdom. To this excitement he gave himself up, regardless of all consequences, as he firmly believed that his

reputation was too well established to be sullied by any unfavorable report.

About a quarter of an hour after the lawyer had come home, Jack Turner stepped in, saying that there was a man from the country who wished to see Mr. Gray, adding that the man could not wait, as he had to leave very early the next morning.

"I ought to be entirely disengaged on the Sabbath," answered the lawyer. "Never mind, let him wait a few minutes, and I will be ready."

"Don't let him wait for my sake," said Fulton, "I must take my leave of you anyhow; I have already troubled you longer than I ought to have done," whereupon Fulton rose, took his hat, bowed, and left.

Soon after Jack opened the door, and a stout-built clown stepped in, whose face testified to no considerable intelligence. He was a colonist from the vicinity of Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, said he, and had come to consult Mr. Gray. He now commenced giving a circumstantial statement of a quarrel he had had with one of his neighbors, to which the lawyer listened very patiently. At length, when he had asked the man several questions, and acquainted himself sufficiently with the nature of the quarrel, he gave him a few hints as to his conduct. "It is all that I can do for you now," said Mr. Gray, "but if any unforeseen difficulty should occur, then write me a letter."

The colonist seeming to be very well satisfied with the advice given, asked how much he had to pay.

"You shall soon know," answered Mr. Gray, taking a large book from his book-case, and turning over some of the

leaves, until he found a passage on which he seemed to dwell with great attention. "Two pounds, three and a half shillings," at length he said, whereupon he closed the book, and replaced it in the book-case.

The colonist now took from his pocket a leathern purse, paid the fee, thanked Mr. Gray very respectfully, and left.

"It was most likely a theological book," said Jack Turner, who, without being noticed, had been listening in a recess of the room..

"Ah! you have, I understand, heard the conversation, Jack," said Mr. Gray, "never mind what book it was. Such people wish a speedy answer, and wish also to have something in print which they consider authority. However, the advice I gave him was, indeed, fully worth the money he paid me."

"No doubt about that," said Jack, "and he who oils his carriage well, rides well, and there is hardly a keener fellow in the whole city than Mr. Gray."

"And there is hardly a man in the whole city so saucy as my clerk," answered James Gray. "Leave my room directly. No," again he said, "wait a little; I have something for you to do."

Mr. Gray now walked several times silently up and down the floor, evidently meditating on something. "I must confess that I do not feel much sympathy for the young painter, Robert Fulton," at length he said, "in all probability he will play the fool all his lifetime. Nevertheless, a natural fool he is not, by no means; talent he has, it is not to be denied, and I may, perhaps, profit by it myself. Well, I will see what can be done."

After these words Mr. Gray seated himself at his writing-desk, and took a slip of paper, on which he wrote some lines. "Go to Mr. Dennison with this," said he to Jack, "and request him to insert it in his 'Daily News,' but, of course, without name; yet, he may set my usual mark beneath, I do not object to that."

When Fulton visited Greenwood's house the next time, he observed that several of the gentlemen present treated him with more civility than before. Soon after Laura asked him whether he had seen an article in the "Daily News," in which he was mentioned. "Am I mentioned in Mr. Dennison's paper?" asked Fulton astonished; "what in the world can there be about me?" he said. "Read yourself," said Miss Laura, handing him a copy of the paper. He then read some lines which spoke in very high terms of his talent, and especially of his portraits, adding that he was one of the most promising young painters in America.

"In truth, I do not understand this," said Fulton. "Who has deigned to mention my humble self with such eulogy? Indeed, I must confess that this causes me to blush, because I feel that it is much above my merit."

"And whom do you believe to be the author of this article?" asked Miss Laura.

"It is indeed more than I can tell," he answered.

"The lawyer, Mr. Gray, wrote it," said she, "there is a mark beneath betraying his authorship; besides he has acknowledged it himself."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Fulton.

"Yes, indeed, you owe him great gratitude. It is

especially as portrait painter that he has mentioned you, as you see," said Laura.

"Yes, I am greatly surprised," said Fulton.

"But why then would you not draw my likeness?" asked she.

"Your likeness, Laura! What do you mean?" asked Fulton.

"You know it very well," answered Laura, "you know that you declined drawing it; I promised not to mention it; nevertheless, I cannot keep this promise, and you must hear it."

"I have never declined drawing your likeness, Miss Laura; nobody has requested me to do it," said Fulton.

"But how can you say so, Mr. Fulton?" said Laura; "the lawyer has been with you in person and spoken to you about it."

"Yes, he spoke of a lady whose likeness he wished me to draw, but I did not know that it was yours," answered Fulton.

"What!" said Laura, "he ought to be ashamed of himself, it is unpardonable, I will immediately speak with him about it."

After a little while she again approached Fulton accompanied by Mr. Gray. "Yes, you are right," said she, "Mr. Gray has acknowledged it himself." "Well, well," said Mr. Gray, "I think, however, that I was right, at least to a certain extent; I would not have an artist moved by any secondary motive, but only by the mere love of his art; it was the reason why I did not mention any name, and I think that Mr. Fulton himself admits this principle to be true."

"Is it really you who have mentioned me with so much approbation in Mr. Dennison's Daily News?" asked Fulton; "I do not deserve it, but of course, be assured of my sincere gratitude."

"Do not mention it, my young friend," answered the lawyer, "if I have shown you a favor by writing a few commending lines, you may perhaps on another occasion be able to render me some reciprocal service; at all events, you are possessed of a real talent, which deserves that the attention of the public be directed to it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next day when Fulton went to his instructor's house, he dropped a moment into a coffee-house which he now and then used to visit. No sooner was he seated than a waiter who knew him, silently laid a copy of the "Daily News" on the table before him. Having on the preceding evening only had opportunity to glance slightly over the lawyer's article, Fulton now perused it more attentively, and although knowing that it never would have been written, had he not been personally acquainted with the writer, he felt, however, a secret gratification. And that a young man who had never before been publicly mentioned, and had never learned from how impure and selfish motives such articles often originate, and how transitory the impression thereby produced is, could take some pride in seeing himself mentioned in so high terms, seems, indeed, very pardonable.

But in the same paper was another article which strongly attracted his attention, in which a plan was mentioned, communicated by an American by the name of Rumsey, by which a ship should be propelled by steam power, even against the most violent gale and current. A peculiar feeling possessed Fulton when reading this, for he had at times thought of something similar himself; besides, he had read

in Franklin's writings that such an invention was not to be considered an impossibility.

The writer of this article in the "Daily News" was, however, of quite a different opinion. He looked upon Rumsey's plan as the most absurd and ridiculous idea that could be conceived in the human brain. It is also certain, that the plan as here represented, especially if we consider the prejudices then prevailing, and the distrust produced by various unfortunate attempts, did not seem adapted to inspire people with much confidence; for the whole machinery was described in so vague terms, that it was difficult to gain a clear idea of it. And yet, in Rumsey's opinion, if a steam-engine could be applied to this machinery, the voyage from New York to Liverpool might be made within sixteen days, independently of masts and sails.

"Such things may look pretty well," added the reporter, "when they are not to be carried into effect, and when we only dream on paper; they may for a time mislead those who, destitute of the experience and knowledge necessary to judge of such a castle in the air, must acquiesce in a superficial statement. But all who possess any mechanical skill, firmly believe that such a plan is visionary and entirely impracticable, being but an embryo of a dreaming and excited imagination, which has no relation to practical life. Mr. Rumsey, however," continued the reporter, "has not been satisfied with a mere theoretical representation; on the contrary, he has already twice practically tried to carry his plan into execution, but his experiments were of course shipwrecked on the rock of impossibility."

When Fulton had perused this article, many thoughts

pervaded his mind. He had several times seen the so called steam-engine, and searched into its construction ; he knew also that a circular motion could be produced by the aid of this machine, and he remembered very well how, when a boy, he had, by the turning of paddle-wheels, propelled a boat on the Conestoga, and how in this way he had braved the power of the current. All this exercised a peculiar effect upon his mind. "Had I only the means," said he to himself, "but alas! I am poor, and if I revealed my ideas to a rich man, he would most likely ridicule me, for unfortunately, our moneyed men feel not much disposed to favor such undertakings."

After Fulton had for some time been absorbed in these reflections, he left the coffee-house and repaired to his room, for he did not feel much disposed to take lessons from his instructor that day. When he came home, he took a pencil, and commenced drawing a pattern of a machine, which, when put in motion by steam-power, might, he thought, take a vessel across the ocean. Nevertheless, he had to confess to himself that, notwithstanding all he had hitherto seen and observed, he yet scarcely possessed such knowledge of mechanical powers and principles as was necessary for the successful solution of this grand problem. But although he could but confess that his present work was only a plaything most likely to be dissolved in a fleeting vapor, if it had to pass through the fire-proof of experience, he continued, however, to draw one pattern after another, or to use the expression of the reporter, to dream on paper, until the sun had set, and the night invited him to a different dreaming.

When he awoke next morning, it seemed as if the ideal

existence in which he had lived the day previous, was far removed. "It was one of the castles in the air," said he to himself, "whose splendor has so often blinded my mind. It is possible, however, that this great mystery will some time be revealed, but alas! I shall hardly be the man to unriddle the enigma." Thereupon he sat down to finish a landscape, which he had commenced, and in which he endeavored to imitate the variety of splendid scenery which he had seen during his excursion through the American forests.

The impression which this article had left on his mind, would thus probably have been effaced, but for one of those events which the sages of our time commonly call accidents, while a more pious and unbiased age would therein see the economy of a mysterious Providence.

The following evening, when Fulton had returned from his teacher to his own room, he was told that a stranger had inquired for him. The stranger promised to call again the next morning; meanwhile, he left a large bundle in which he said there were some books for Robert Fulton.

Fulton was very much surprised; for he knew no one from whom he could expect any books. At first, therefore, he believed that the whole was a mistake. Nevertheless, he soon discovered that his full name, "Robert Fulton," was plainly written on the bundle.

On opening it, he became still more surprised and astonished, for there was a letter inside, on which likewise his name was written; yet, the seal had been broken. The letter contained only a few lines. It read as follows:

"Circumstances have suddenly made it obligatory on me to go to Europe. It is possible that I shall have to remain

there for several years; meanwhile, I send little Robert this letter and the books accompanying it as a memorial of his friend, Benjamin Franklin. Should Robert Fulton ever need my advice and assistance, or have a wish which he believes me able to gratify, he is requested through these lines to address me, either by writing, or, if I am present, rather in person.

September 12th, 1776.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

The printed matters accompanying the above letter consisted mainly of books treating on mechanical philosophy and mathematics, to which a selection of Franklin's own works was added. In the letter a note was inclosed to a celebrated mechanic of Philadelphia, by the name of Tweed, to whom Franklin recommended young Robert Fulton, who might possibly, thought Franklin, wish to serve Tweed as an apprentice in order to become practically acquainted with the construction of machines, engines and so forth.

When Fulton had read the letter, and laid the books on his table, he was so violently agitated that he had to sit down to calm his mind.

"Oh, is this Franklin's idea?" said he to himself, "what a pity that I did not come to know it before; had I only had a feeble foreboding of what he would do for me, I should in all probability have pursued quite a different course."

The letter, the books, and the note to Mr. Tweed seemed more than anything that had heretofore met Fulton, to open his mental eye and direct his attention to his proper vocation. "Yes, yes, Franklin was right," he exclaimed,

"I ought to have studied mechanical philosophy; a secret agency of my soul has often suggested it to me. Who knows to what perfection I might have brought it!—And the old Quaker, Thomas Milburn, urged the same upon me,—but alas! I closed my ears against all the voices that spoke the words of truth to me—and now—now perhaps it is too late—yes, I feel it is too late, for more than thirteen years of the morning of my life are already irrecoverably lost."

During these words he sprang from his chair and rapidly paced the floor; finally, he sat down again, and began to meditate on what was to be done.

"Yes, that I will," said he after some consideration; "a false feeling of honor shall no longer control me; I will find Franklin; I will frankly tell him all the earlier events of my life, and how my nearest relatives have treated me, and I will request him to tell me what I shall do, and to help me, if he can."

These resolution taken, a heavy stone seemed to have fallen from his breast. Soon after he went to bed, the violent commotion of mind vanished, and the sound sleep that in deep of night steeped the senses in utter forgetfulness, overpowered him, and he did not wake until broad daylight.

No sooner had he dressed himself, than he heard a knock at his door, and his old friend and protector, John Bridle of Lancaster, entered the room.

"My soul and body! is it you who was here yesterday?" cried Fulton. "Welcome! I am indeed glad to see you; you have always meant me well; and yet,—let me now speak freely with you—you have hardly acted right in withholding this letter and these books for so many years."

"It was, properly speaking, not I who withheld them," answered Bridle: however, it may be that I am wrong to some extent, but I meant well; be that my excuse."

"But why, why did you do it?" continued Fulton, without noticing Bridle's words; "why did you withhold that which was sent me and was my property, and which was dearer and more important to me, than all the riches and splendor of the world? Why did you withhold that, which, if I had received it in due time, would have given my whole life a consistency and comfort which it now can hardly ever attain? Alas, alas!"

"It was not I, it was your foster-father, that received and concealed the books," answered John Bridle, who, nevertheless, seemed somewhat perplexed and embarrassed at Fulton's excitement.

"And can he, or can you restore to me one single year, one single day, one single hour, one single minute of that precious time which has thus been flung away and lost, and of which both of you have so cruelly robbed me?" cried Fulton.

"Calm your mind, calm your mind, my dear young friend," said Bridle; "if I have acted wrongly, I meant it well, be sure of that. When Mr. Van Gehlmuyden confidentially told me this, I had to give him my most sacred promise, never to mention a word of it, either to you or to any other living soul, and especially not to Franklin. This I believed also to be the best for yourself, as I knew that Van Gehlmuyden would never give you a cent of his fortune, if you deviated from that course of life which he had planned, or if Franklin in the least mingled with your affairs. Therefore I never

wrote to Franklin concerning you, and have neither seen him nor spoken with him, since he returned from Europe. Yesterday for the first time I went to pay him my compliments, but unfortunately, he was not well enough to grant me an interview."

"Is Franklin sick?" asked Fulton.

"Yes, he has long been sick," answered John Bridle.

"One misfortune more," cried Fulton; "but why has not Van Gehlmuyden sent me that bundle before? It is now a long time ago since he entirely abandoned me, so I do not see any reason for his withholding it."

"However fond I am of Mr. Van Gehlmuyden," said John Bridle, "and however excellent a man he is in most respects, I should do injustice to him by calling him expeditious and prompt, for you know yourself how he puts off everything from day to day, till days become months and months years. And as to myself, my own concerns have kept me so busy, particularly of late, that I forgot to urge him till now I am about to leave Lancaster. Mr. Van Gehlmuyden is otherwise a good man, and if, as I said before, you would submit to his wishes and give him a kind word, who knows what he—"

"Nay, forbear! forbear! Mr. Bridle; whatever else I may do in this world, I will not be a goldsmith; by no means, never, never," Fulton repeated emphatically, clasping his hands together.

"Neither does it look so," said Bridle, glancing around at the paintings and sketches of landscapes with which the walls were covered. "Well, it is perhaps possible that you can make your living by the art of painting, and if you

should ever need my assistance—because from Van Gehlmuysen you can hardly expect any support for several years—if you should ever need my assistance, I say, please apply freely to me ; I consider it incumbent upon me as a duty to try to redress the wrongs done to you. But you will not find me in Lancaster ; I do not live there any more, I now live in the city of New York.”

“What ! have you moved from your beautiful house in Lancaster ?” asked Felton, who, on hearing this, seemed for a moment to forget his own grief.

“Yes, yes, I have taken my leave of the Golden Eagle,” said Bridle. “It was indeed a beautiful house, as you observe, and I venture saying that it did not become less handsome or substantial under my management. But so is the world, exposed to perpetual vicissitudes, full of variableness and shadow of turning ; yet, the best I possess, I mean my wife and children, I take with me.”

John Bridle now said that he and his whole family were to leave for New York early on the next morning, whither he was going to manage the business of an inn, which a relative of his wife owned, and which was conducted on a large scale. The proprietor being an aged man and feeling his declining health, had requested him, he said, to join partnership with him. “As the terms are rather favorable,” continued John Bridle, “and I have quite a large family to provide for, I did not hesitate to grant his request.”

After Bridle had repeatedly assured Fulton, if he should ever need his assistance, that he could freely apply to him, he gave him his parting hand, and left.

CHAPTER XX.

ON the same morning, soon after John Bridle had left, Fulton concluded to pay his compliments to his distinguished and world-renowned countryman. It was somewhat after the middle of the winter in the year 1790. Franklin was now eighty-four years of age, and had for a long time been bed-ridden, and obliged repeatedly to use opium to mitigate the excruciating pains that embittered his last days. The engrossing malignancy of his disease was of course stated in the public journals, but these Fulton seldom read, and in the social circles he frequented, Franklin's name was seldom or never mentioned. Besides, Fulton himself avoided speaking of Franklin, as he felt ashamed of having so imperfectly fulfilled his old friends' predictions. However strange it may seem, it may be easily believed from the facts here stated, that Fulton had heard nothing at all of Franklin's sickness, till Bridle told him. But now he reproached himself severely for not having tried before to ascertain the fate of his old protector. "If my career now is barred," he said to himself, "if I never more shall hear Franklin's voice, who alone could comfort and help me, I have received no more than my desert."

Thoughts like these sent feverish pulsations through his heart, and yet, he still felt uncertain, whether it would not be better to delay his visit. "No," he said at length, "I will

go, I have delayed it too long." He stood still a moment uncertain what to do; then he hastened to find the letter which Franklin had written to him thirteen years before, but which had first now come to hand; for this, he believed, would be the very best introduction, provided it could be handed Franklin himself.

On entering Franklin's house he met a man whose hand he grasped, asking whether he could have a short interview with Franklin.

"I scarcely believe you can," was the answer, "for he is not well, as everybody knows; but please walk up stairs and ascertain there."

Fulton went immediately up stairs and entered a large hall where several gentlemen were assembled, who looked rather downcast and gloomy. Some stood still, others walked up and down the floor. No loud conversation was heard, and the few words exchanged were uttered in a very low voice.

Fulton paused a moment, and looked around, then addressed a gentleman who was standing in a recess, asking him whether he could see Franklin.

"You cannot," answered the stranger, "of course you cannot."

"Heaven help me! Is Franklin's life in any danger?" asked Fulton with increasing fear.

"When a man eighty-four years old, has to struggle with so malignant and obstinate a disease, there is always danger," answered the stranger. "Nevertheless, there is his physician, Dr. Jones; he can tell us how Franklin is to-day."

At the same moment a stout man with an intelligent face

entered the hall. Most of those who were present, gathered immediately around him.

"Doctor, how is Franklin?" asked they.

"Somewhat better than yesterday," answered the Doctor, "the night has been moderately comfortable, and if I am not mistaken, his worst attack is over."

As soon as Fulton could get an opportunity, he pushed his way up to Dr. Jones, and asked whether Franklin was well enough to speak with him.

"How can you ask me such a question, as you must know how severe his attacks have been," answered the Doctor, "he is still very faint and feeble, and I cannot permit any stranger to disturb him."

"But will you not at a convenient moment hand him this letter?" asked Fulton, "when Franklin has read it, he will hardly decline seeing me."

"What! is it his own hand-writing," exclaimed the Doctor, on looking at the address.

"Yes, it is a letter which Franklin wrote me many years ago," answered Fulton, "in which he permits me to address him, if I should ever need his counsel or assistance. Unfortunately, I need his assistance now," he added, in a lower voice.

"It is quite a different thing," answered Dr. Jones, "then I must see how I can help you. Come again day after to-morrow, about the same hour as to-day; earlier, it will be of no avail, and, perhaps, even then you will fail to see him. Nevertheless, be sure your letter shall be delivered to Franklin."

The Doctor now started a conversation with some gen-

tle men; but soon after, even before Fulton had reached the end of the room, the Doctor beckoned him back again. "Before leaving," said he to Fulton, taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, "be kind enough to give me your address." Fulton did so. "Well, well," answered the Doctor, writing down a few words, "I will not forget you."

Early the next morning Fulton received a few lines from Dr. Jones, in which he asked him to come as soon as possible, for Franklin was now, considering his condition, tolerably well, and wished to see him.

When Fulton entered the hall where he had been the day before he met Dr. Jones, who immediately took him to Franklin's room.

The apartment was light and handsome. On the table lay many documents, apparently arranged with great care. The two walls were covered with cases filled with books. The other articles of furniture were few and plain, and in their appearance, old-fashioned. In the rear was a fuel-saving stove, which Franklin himself had invented, and which diffused a mild warmth equally through the room.

All this, however, Fulton noticed very slightly, for his principal attention was directed to Franklin himself, who now had got up, and was sitting in an arm-chair, wrapped in a morning-gown, a fur cap on his head, as we sometimes see him represented on the frontispiece of his writings. His hair was no longer gray, as it was when Fulton first saw him, but had now assumed a silvery whiteness.

When Franklin saw Fulton, he stretched out his hand towards him, looking upon him with great attention. "I am sorry that we now first, for so long a time, meet each

other," said he, "now when I am about to take a long journey, much longer than the preceding one, and whence I shall never more return. But I do not understand how it has happened that, through all these years, I have not thought of you. Yet, forgetfulness is one of the greatest and most pitiful infirmities accompanying old age."

"O, director of my life! benefactor of my infancy!" exclaimed Fulton, bending himself down with great reverence to kiss the hand of the noble-minded, aged philosopher and statesman.

"No, no, not so," said Franklin, withdrawing his hand, but fixing his eyes steadfastly on Fulton. "I seem still to recognize in your features the handsome boy whom I met on the Conestoga in his small boat, and whom I soon after saw lying pale on the litter, but who, to our great joy, recovered life under our hands. As I before said, I do not understand how all this can so long have been wiped away from my memory. It was my pride that nobody should be able to say that Benjamin Franklin had acted unjustly to young Fulton, but I have failed somewhat in this respect, and have to confess that humility is the virtue which best becomes us all."

"O, my noble benefactor! it is, in a great measure, my own fault, but I sincerely hope you will forgive me, when telling you all that I have encountered since I last saw you."

"I thank God, my son, that I am so well to-day that we can converse some time together," said Franklin, "tell me now all that concerns you."

Fulton now briefly related how he had been sent to Philadelphia to learn the goldsmith trade, and how he after-

wards had met with Barlow, who persuaded him to be a painter, and how almost up to this very time he had been kept in ignorance of Franklin's letter and of the books he had sent him. Neither did he refrain from mentioning the false delicacy which had prevented him from visiting Franklin before, at the same time frankly confessing that he was in this respect entirely in the wrong.

When Franklin had heard this, he remained silent for some time. "Your representation certainly does not exhibit what I had wished and hoped," at length he said, "but thus the strongest mental powers are often perverted by misdirection; thus young men of talent and genius are often ruined by wrong measures and erroneous education. But what is done is done, and, unfortunately, cannot be undone. If we had talked together once more in your earlier years, everything might now be different."

"No doubt," said Fulton, "but I feel all the time more and more that the art of painting, I now practice, does not correspond with my inclination, and many a time something whispers to me that I am destined to fulfill another purpose."

"How old are you now?" asked Franklin.

"I am somewhat past my twenty-second year," answered Fulton.

"In early age we ought to plant the tree from which we expect to gather fruit," said Franklin; "the basis of that edifice which you intend to erect in the future, ought now already to be laid."

"But can I not by industry and perseverance make up for that which has been neglected?" asked Fulton.

"Perhaps you can," said Franklin, "if you feel convinced

of possessing a persevering industry; if you are conscious that your will is not vacillating. If you know this to be the case, then press on without despair or doubt, and trust that perseverance will bring its own reward. A healthy man need not sleep more than six hours, and if you labor unremittingly the rest of the time, and save each minute as gold, then the minute itself becomes gold, and you can accomplish more in a few years than most men accomplish throughout their whole life-time."

"I do not care for costly garments," said Fulton, with a sudden ardor of temper which even surprised Franklin; "I do not care for grazing cattle, for houses in the city, or for splendid country-seats. Let rich people look upon me with derision and disdain, and let those who hunt after wealth consider me a fool; all this shall not deter me from pursuing my course; for my mind is now unwaveringly bent upon that pursuit which is best adapted to my faculties, and even if I should not be perfectly content with this, I shall certainly be still less content with anything else."

"Is it so; and do you feel this to be your innermost and deepest persuasion?" asked Franklin.

"I have never in my life said anything which I meant more earnestly," answered Fulton.

"Is it so, my son," repeated Franklin, with a look testifying to the youthful soul which often dwells in an old and frail body, "then I am not disappointed in the expectation I cherished when many years ago I saw you pushing on against the current by the aid of your own sagacious contrivance, and then I must consider it a sacred duty to assist you in reaching the goal at which you are aiming. But let us

now first sift how we can make up what has been neglected."

Fulton now told how, by repeatedly visiting mechanics, he had already made himself acquainted with the construction of many machines, and how a mill had been built according to his instruction, and how finally his interest for statics and dynamics had been roused into action just then when he received Franklin's letter; "all of which," he added, "determined me to visit the friend of my youth, and to ask his advice and assistance. In all this, and in many other things, I seem to see a higher and mysterious Providence."

"A higher and mysterious Providence, my son, you can see everywhere, if you will open your mental eye for it," answered Franklin. "The longer I live, the more I am persuaded in my mind that gracious interpositions of the teaching Spirit, and a succoring Providence, help our infirmities and struggles; but what our various sects teach us concerning this Providence, I do not place much value upon that. It is also my opinion that the very best man belonging to these sects must at last be content with their own salvation, without proving that they who differ from them will be sentenced to eternal torments. But you must now wait a moment, for I cannot speak long at once," whereupon Franklin reclined his head on his arm-chair.

Soon after he seemed to regain his strength, and he inquired now more minutely into Fulton's earlier life; above all, he wished to know on what terms Fulton was with Van Gehlmuysen and Barlow. "Do you intend to keep it a secret from Barlow that you are about to abandon the art of painting?" asked he.

"It is very far from being my intention. I shall, by no means, do so," said Fulton. "I would rather suffer from hunger and the utmost indigence than conduct myself so badly. Barlow deserves the fullest sincerity of me."

"That's right, my son, I am glad to hear it," said Franklin. "I know very well that there are not a few in our age who slight our plain system of moral principles, believing it to be antiquated and only adapted to brainless people; but a long life has taught me that he who deceives his fellow-beings deceives himself most."

Soon after Fulton said that he had also a little note in which Franklin recommended him to the celebrated mechanic, Mr. Tweed, of Philadelphia, if he should wish to avail himself of this man's instruction.

"Good, good," said Franklin, "give him my note, for I know no one who is more able than he to advance that course of life you wish to pursue. But what else you may need for a frugal subsistence during your apprenticeship, your old friend, Franklin, will give you."

"It is the second time, Dr. Franklin, that you, like a guardian angel, will save my life," said Fulton, pressing Franklin's hand.

"Your truest life, your inner man, you must save yourself," said Franklin, "none but yourself can do that. Punctuality, moderation, vigilance, and industry are the virtues on the practice of which your temporal prosperity mainly depends. If you are destitute of those virtues, your life will be but a round of cares, toils, and formal actions. Strive by close self-examination to come to know yourself, and proceed steadily in the way in which this knowledge directs

you, and don't drop your pursuit, even if some attempts should prove unfortunate; then you will at last overcome the world. But one thing more I must urge on your mind: In this country we stand more in need of the useful than of the showy; we are a practical people; take care, therefore,—it is the only reward which your old friend demands—that that to which you devote your energy and talent, may result in real utility to your native country, and, if possible, to the whole world.”

Franklin would have spoken still longer, but suddenly he felt very weak, and his voice seemed to give way.

“It is difficult for you to speak,” said Fulton, “I will come again some other time.”

“No, no, my son,” answered Franklin, after a short pause, “every moment is precious. My advanced age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me I shall not be long of this world. It is, therefore, not advisable to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. You must only wait a little as before. There is something more of which I wish to speak with you.”

He again rested his head, and a silence of some minutes ensued, but he soon rose, and commenced speaking at first in unconnected sentences; but soon his voice became stronger, his look assumed its usual fire, and it almost seemed as if he gained more strength the longer he spoke.

“See, my son,” said he, “from lowness and needy circumstances I have worked my own way through the world, but I was never disheartened by any obstacles, and God prospered me in my temporal concerns. When I first arrived in this city, I came an insignificant fugitive; I had

no friends here, no acquaintances, and scarcely so much money as the poorest day-laborer can make in one day. I bought two loaves; one I gave to a man still poorer than myself, with the other I appeased my own hunger. As a forsaken boy I was seen stalking about in shabby clothes, my coarse, soiled linen peeping through the elbows of a tattered garment. In this condition I passed by the house of my future father-in-law, where that girl first saw me, who afterwards became my faithful wife. Some years after, when I was better off, and commenced that printing-office, which made me a wealthy man, the whole city pronounced me an arrant fool, declaring that I should be ruined like all others who in Philadelphia had attempted such visionary enterprises. Later, when experimenting for the purpose of rendering the lightning less dangerous, I was laughed to scorn; indeed, several clergymen thundered against me from the pulpit, calling me an infidel, who would bid defiance to the power of the Lord, and kindle his wrath against our country; but when my idea proved to be correct, when the lightning rod was invented, the whole turned out to my honor. Still later, when vindicating the cause of my country in the English House of Commons, and transmitting home some very important reports, obtained without the least fraud, I was charged with shamefully intercepting letters having no relation to my mission, in order to excite hostilities. It was then publicly said, and often repeated, that I was a man devoid of all fidelity and honesty, who had lost all claim to regard; indeed, it was even proposed to stigmatize me in effigy, and imprison me for life. Nevertheless, I pursued my course quietly as before, and all those accusations proved to

be utterly groundless. All this I tell you only to show that we ought not to give up our best designs, even if for a shorter or longer period we are misapprehended by the mass of the people. If you only continue faithful to yourself, and pursue your course unwaveringly, you may for a time be misunderstood and persecuted, but at last you will come off victorious. And even if you hear the multitude crying, 'Crucify! crucify!' do not count, but weigh the voices, and remember that, however low the voice of the judicious may sound in the stormy moment, it will be heard longer through the ages than the most clamorous noise of the ignorant multitude."

At this moment the door was opened, and Dr. Jones, looking in, said, "Remember, Mr. Franklin, not to speak too long, your breast needs rest," whereupon the Doctor withdrew, and closed the door.

"You see, my son," said Franklin, "that although we live in a free country, I have not yet attained to true and perfect liberty. This I shall have to seek beyond the grave, on another shore, and in a better country, for here both my physician and my sickness exercise a strong dominion over me. Adieu, my son, for this time! I will speak with Dr. Jones about you; for I hope sufficient time is still kept for me to provide for you for a short time to come."

CHAPTER XXI.

No sooner had Fulton returned home from the visit he had paid Franklin, than he sat down, and wrote a letter to Barlow, in which he frankly told him the recent change of his purpose, and the resolution he had now formed, begging him at the same time to be persuaded of his sincere gratitude for all the interest he had taken in him, and for the liberal support he had hitherto given him. "This," wrote he, "I ought no longer to accept, as in respect to the art of painting I am obliged to disappoint your expectations, and I feel myself even bound to repay you all that you have given me, but both in this and other respects I am too deeply indebted to you ever to be debtless.

As soon as Fulton had mailed this letter, he went to Mr. Tweed, to whom Franklin had recommended him, asserting it to be his wish, through the instrumentality of Mr. Tweed's efficient instruction, to acquire the greatest possible practical ability in mechanical philosophy. When Mr. Tweed had seen Franklin's letter, he immediately apprenticed Fulton, who forthwith commenced to work under his supervision. Fulton was very industrious, and heedful of all the instructions given him, and sought to be acquainted with the construction of all the machines Mr. Tweed showed him. His evening and morning hours he applied exclusively to mathe-

mathematical studies, and uniting a real talent to firm resolution, he soon went so far, that there was no problem in pure mathematics with the solution of which he was not acquainted.

As long as Franklin lived Fulton suffered no day to pass without inquiring after his health. Now and then he had a short interview with Franklin, who never failed to inculcate on him industry and punctuality; "for industry is the moving wheel of every action," said he, "but punctuality is the pendulum which regulates the action." "Waste no minute," another time he said, "for even the shortest moment when used well may be a gain for your whole life. If you sleep till the sun is high in the heavens, your creditor will, at last, waken you, but if you let your tools sound in early morning, he will enter you upon the credit side of his books of account six months longer than otherwise."

Shortly after Fulton had paid his first visit to Franklin, he received from Dr. Jones the intelligence that Franklin had authorized the Doctor to pay him thirty pounds sterling for each of the three succeeding years. Longer it would not be necessary, Franklin believed, for after the expiration of three years, Fulton must needs have acquired so much ability in his profession as to enable him to support himself.

The change which thus had taken place in Fulton's course of occupation he did not mention to any of his acquaintances; and it was a long time before it was known in Laura's circle, that he had exchanged the art of painting for one that seemed to have more relation to mere mechanical labor.

When Fulton next time visited Greenwood's house, Laura

asked him unreservedly, whether he would not make up his mind to take her likeness.

"Yes, yes," said the lawyer, "it is, indeed, important to preserve such features, that when she at length has grown old, or dies, people may see that such an ideal of beauty has been amongst us."

"Hist, hist!" cried Laura with some animation, "I shall not die, still less grow old; at least I will not think of it; I will only think of the moment in which I live."

"After all, you are right, Miss Laura," answered Mr. Gray, "the moment is all that we possess with any certainty."

"And neither do we possess that," remarked Fulton, "for while saying that we possess it, we have it no more; before the word is uttered, the moment is gone."

"Well, let us not be too philosophical in this practical world," answered Mr. Gray, "if we look too closely, too minutely upon life, it may be that we shall not derive much pleasure from it. Life is a sort of a theatrical picture, a secondary object, calculated for illusion, and does not admit of too minute investigation."

Soon after Laura sat down at the piano, playing and singing as usual.

"Please sing the little song, you sang the last time," said Fulton. "Do you consider this so pretty?" asked Laura. "Indeed, there is a strange variety of tastes in this world." She then sang the following song:

"Thou wast the fairest child of all
Mine eyes have ever seen,
Although thy earliest bed was spread
Within a dwelling mean.
9*

Yet, thou in that poor cot didst find
A shelter from the storm ;
And sweetest sleep blessed thee within
Thy mother's arm so warm.

And there she combed thy shining locks,
And kissed thy tender cheek,—
Wrapt thee in straw, to guard thee well
From winter stern and bleak.

Thou gavest heed so quietly,
While thy dear mother sung,—
For tunes full, marvelous and rare
Around thy cradle clung.

And when thy face with smiles was lit,
Dark sorrow could but fly,
It seemed as if about thee played
Sweet angels from the sky.

And heaven's bright hosts came singing down
To thy poor bed so low ;
It seemed as though thy spirit learned,
What others cannot know.

The thought arose, as I beheld
The light in thy blue eyes,—
' Can ever bloom on straw like this
The flowers of paradise ? '

But when again I saw thy face,
Thy wealth and name were great,
And thou wert like the hosts that toil
To win an empty state.

Thou hadst forgot thy infant dreams,
And what thy mother sung,—

And all the rare and marvelous tunes,
That round thy cradle clung.

"Thou hadst forgot the heavenly hosts,
That came to thee so low ;
And oh ! thou knewest nothing more
Than thousand others know.

"Yet, I saw a smile wreath thy lip,
And in thy blue eyes play,—
But those fair flowers of Paradise,
Were withered quite away."

"It is a very miserable poetical production," said Mr. Gray, "we might just as well compose a melancholy poem on a kitten that grew to be a big cat; for also by this change a good many summersets must cease."

"Yes, all such cat-skips belong, I think, to the breadless arts," said old Greenwood, who also was now present, "and most of the songs my step-daughter sings, are most likely of the same kind. May be, however, I do not understand it."

"Breadless arts!" exclaimed Mr. Gray; "you know better, Mr. Greenwood. Let her only go to Europe, and you will have to alter your opinion. But, of course, to Europe she must go; there only can her voice be properly cultivated; here it cannot be done."

"Yea, yes, but it requires a great deal of money, and whence shall we obtain it?" asked Mr. Greenwood.

"You are a rich man, Mr. Greenwood; it cannot help you to deny it," said Mr. Gray.

"Alas! who can say whether he is rich or not at this time, Mr. Gray: one debtor after another declares himself insolvent," whereupon Greenwood left the room.

"Do you then believe that Miss Laura's voice can be more beautiful and sonorous than it now is?" asked Fulton.

"It can at least be more disciplined, more cultivated, more firm," answered Mr. Gray, "and this accomplished, she may, perhaps, make as much money by her voice, as old Greenwood makes by his usury or by the high interest which he makes his debtors pay. That the old grumbler knows very well himself, though it is scarcely observable from his way of expression."

"But is it your opinion that she should travel round in Europe, and give concerts?" asked Fulton.

"Of course, it is my opinion," answered Mr. Gray, "but I don't mean that she should travel alone; she must be accompanied by a gentleman who knows the world and the way to gain its applause."

On the same evening two old ladies were present, relatives of Mr. Greenwood, who sometimes visited his house. One approached near the spot where Mr. Gray and Fulton stood.

"Yes, it is unquestionable," said the old lady, "she sings beautifully, Mr. Gray, and yet there are, perhaps, not many here in Philadelphia who would pay so high a sum for her voice as she has paid herself."

"I understand very well at what you are aiming," answered Mr. Gray, "but that nobody can prove."

"Alas! prove or not prove; indeed, nobody can deceive me," said the old lady, "I can discern the impure blood, even if it goes back to the tenth generation, and I will wager that something is wrong respecting the purity of her blood."

When Laura at the same moment stepped near to them,

the old lady turned herself very courteously to her, and complimented her very much on her beauty and superior voice, to which Laura gave no reply, but left her to join the rest of the company.

"There we have a very venerable cat," said the lawyer, when the old lady had left; "she, perhaps, also made some beautiful cat-skips when she was young, though from her appearance nobody would think so."

Laura was rather silent the whole evening, neither would she sing any more, and it seemed to Fulton that her cheeks were paler than usual. "Are you not well?" asked he.

"Don't ask me such questions," answered she; "nothing ails me."

"Laura has very good ears," said Mr. Gray to Fulton; "she has keen senses, and suspiciousness has sharpened them still more; she, undoubtedly, heard what the old lady said."

"I can never hear that little song without being peculiarly touched," said Fulton to one of his friends who accompanied him home; "there seems to be in it a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with thoughts concerning her own infancy and her own futurity."

"If you believe so, you are greatly mistaken," answered his friend; "Laura has never given much attention to spiritual matters; she is as much entangled in sublunary things as any woman can be."

"I see very well," said Fulton, "that there is much which does not resemble her, but it is always the case with such songs; something resembles, and something does not;

besides, who knows how she was when a child ! neither is her mother said to have been rich."

"The superterrestrial has never suited Laura's fancy, either now or ever, be sure of that," replied his friend who accompanied him, "but a rumor is afloat that old Greenwood has gained a cause in law against one of his wife's relatives, by which he finally has come into possession of a large plantation."

Fulton could now no longer refuse to draw Laura's face, but made at the same time the promise, which, however, he could not keep, that *her* likeness should be the very last he would take.

It took him quite a long time to finish this picture, for it was, of course, his desire to execute it to the very best of his ability; but whilst laboring on it, he felt that the arrow of Cupid by which he formerly had been slightly wounded, was now almost transpiercing his heart.

Laura had repeatedly to sit for him, but finding it often inconvenient to come down into the parlor, she received him sometimes in her own room, where they, as she said, would be more seldom disturbed. This room was of a peculiar kind. It was very lofty, light and handsome, but everything was in the greatest disorder, hardly a chair or a table being in its right place, and yet, there was something in the midst of this disorder which often charmed Fulton. There were also several Southern plants in her room, which, though it was winter, unfolded their splendid leaves, but there were no flowers, the season being unfavorable, neither could Laura endure the fragrant odor they usually exhale.

Instead of flowers, there were a large crested curassow and other splendid birds flying freely about, and when sometimes the negro-servant Gill stepped in to receive Laura's directions, it looked more like a southern garden, than an ordinary chamber in Philadelphia.

The manner in which the light entered the room, was at first not favorable to the successful prosecution of Fulton's drawing, but when Laura had covered one window, partly with a curtain, and partly with some high plants, so that the light struck upon the picture only from one point, the room became very suitable for the work he was to execute.

During the hours in which Laura had to sit for Fulton, Mr. Gray was often present, reading to her from some interesting book or newspaper, in order to keep her in good humor; "for there is nothing more horrid," said he, "than those tedious faces which most people put on when sitting for a painter, and this we must of course try to avoid."

Amongst other things, he read one day to her a report in Dennison's "Daily News," of a large ship with emigrants from Europe, which was run aground not far from New York on the so-called "Frying Pan," a dangerous rock, on which the sea breaks with immense surfs and tremendous noise. The ship was entirely broken to pieces, said the report, and forty-two human beings had breathed out their lives under the waves.

"It is, indeed, a most shocking event," said Fulton, interrupting his work for a little while; "but how is it possible that they were not rescued, particularly when so near a large city?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "the whole is shocking, but

excellently described. To breathe out life under the waves, it is a very poetical phrase, but when viewed in the light of logical reasoning it expresses an impossibility, for when we are beneath the waves, we are choked and cannot breathe out our life; on the contrary, we inhale death. But never mind, I have also before read in Mr. Dennison's paper of a man who breathed out his life on a gallows. It is likewise an impossibility, for they who are dangling in a gallows, do not breathe at all, but die just because the respiration ceases. No matter, however, such phrases are commonly read with pleasure, for we are thereby transported into those regions in which the enigmatical, high-soaring poesy gets the better of sound intellect, and we are generally very fond of being in that frame of mind, for most people like better to dream than to think. Is it not so, Mr. Fulton?"

"You are an ugly fellow, Mr. Gray," said Laura, "one hardly knows whether you are in earnest or joking."

"I am perfectly in earnest, Laura," said Mr. Gray; "to attract attention and reap applause, that's the main point, but whatever measures may be adopted to accomplish this end, is altogether indifferent. But do not believe that Mr. Dennison is wanting in intellect, quite the reverse is the case; he is a very intelligent and sagacious critic, and the most piquant thing about him is that he is past finding out; for when there is something which he wishes to criticise, then the question is, whether the flashes of wit which he has at his command, look better in a commending or in a censoring form; to this point he directs all his attention, and on that it depends whether he will commend or censure,—that is, if he is not paid for repressing his flashy wits; for if so, he

preserves them of course for another occasion; but in what way soever he handles his subject, his articles are always read even with greediness."

At length the portrait was finished. Fulton seemed not to be altogether pleased with it, while the others who saw it, spoke highly in favor of it. This was especially the case with the lawyer, who complimented Fulton very much on his talent, assuring him that he would create for himself a glorious career by this art.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN spite of his bodily infirmity, Franklin had at this time finished a small work, which certainly must be considered a masterpiece. He had very sharply and strikingly parodied a pamphlet in which the well-known Jackson tried to vindicate the system of slavery. This parody was printed in the month of March, 1790, about three weeks before Franklin died, and created an extraordinary sensation. It was received with every demonstration of joy by those who wished the slave-trade abolished, but exasperated in the highest degree those who anticipated pecuniary loss from the suppression of this trade.

Amongst those whom this parody most vexed, was old Greenwood, for he owned a large plantation in the vicinity of Charleston, to which many slaves belonged. His vexation was still more kindled by Mr. Gray, who, like Greenwood himself, was an inveterate adversary of Franklin, and who moreover considered the slave-trade absolutely necessary for the weal and prosperity of the Southern States.

"He who attacks the institution of slavery," said James Gray, "tends to destroy our Southern States, which cannot subsist without slaves."

"It is, indeed, a certainty," answered Greenwood, "if there is any certainty here on earth; for whence shall we

get cotton, sugar, and coffee without slaves? But this Franklin speaks always big words, and seems entirely to have forgotten the poor circumstances in which he was when he and his wife exhibited their books and parchment-leaves for sale in their small windows. I have seen him carrying his papers across the street in a wheelbarrow, and when he first came to Philadelphia he was almost destitute of clothing and entirely penniless. But now he is a celebrated man, Mr. Gray, and known over the whole world, and thinks himself at liberty to write anything without being held responsible."

"I am told," said Mr. Gray, "that great natural philosophers have proved that there is more resemblance between a negro and an orangoutang than between a negro and a human being, and that they are right everybody can see who will only glance at Gill yonder."

"What some natural philosophers have insisted on in this respect, however, with certain limitations," said Fulton, who was present, "has, doubtless, more reference to some tribe of the Hottentots than to the negroes."

This remark seemed, however, not to affect Mr. Gray much, as he felt assured that nobody was present who either could or would refute him.

It is, nevertheless, certain that Franklin's parody did not contribute to ameliorate Gill's condition, for from this very time he could neither suit old Greenwood's taste, nor please his whims, and Mr. Gray fooled and jeered him at every opportunity.

"Gill kill the big lawyer," once Gill said, after being ill-treated by him, when he met Laura alone.

"Take heed to yourself, Gill!" said Laura, astonished; "such an idea you must not entertain, and much less mention."

"Gill speak and mention all that his Miss wishes," answered he in his gibberish; "Gill come and go as his Miss wishes." After these words he went quietly away.

One morning, shortly after Franklin's parody was published, James Gray entered a restaurant, where Fulton was also, and where he usually took his breakfast.

"Are you there!" said Mr. Gray, seating himself close by Fulton. "Yesterday I re-examined the beautiful likeness you drew; certainly, there are not many in this city superior to you in the art of painting, and if you only understand how to make the right use of your brilliant talent, you may derive greater profit from it than you believe."

"I am, indeed, glad that you think well of it," answered Fulton. "I am not much pleased with it myself; on the contrary, I am now more firmly than ever convinced that this art is not the vocation I am destined to pursue, but that something greater or more useful is in store for me."

"Yes, I know it very well," said Mr. Gray, "I have heard some whispering, that besides the art of painting you are employed in other occupations. You take lessons, I am told, from a mechanic. Well, we are a free people, as old Greenwood says; with us it is a very usual thing, that a man practises more than one trade. Nevertheless, it is my unshaken opinion that the art to which you principally ought to apply yourself, is the drawing of portraits. Matters have succeeded well thus far, it concerns you now only to grasp the precious moment, and to value duly the opportunities

you enjoy. I have just now a proposal to make you in this respect, which, if you accept it, will yield you great profit and procure you influential and mighty patrons who can build you a palace of prosperity, beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring."

"What proposal?" asked Fulton.

"I suppose, you know," said Mr. Gray, "that the old, self-conceited Franklin has lately published a work, a sort of parody, in which he tries to paint the slave-trade with the blackest colors."

"I know it, I have read it myself," said Fulton.

"Now, let me tell you," said James Gray, "this work is fraught with great danger. Whoever speaks or writes against the slave-trade, strives, strictly speaking, to dissolve the tie that unites us to the Southern States, which, doubtless, consider a secession from the North preferable to the loss of slavery, which is the only proper basis upon which their success and prosperity are built up."

"I cannot comprehend the correctness of your proposition," answered Fulton.

"Well, it is indifferent whether you comprehend it or not. The subject under consideration is that several influential gentlemen would highly rejoice if Franklin just now could be ridiculed, and placed before the public in an unfavorable light. The ridiculous has a great power, as you know. A likeness to this effect, or to speak plainly, a caricature, would just now have an excellent influence. I know you are a great master in drawing caricatures, Mr. Fulton. Now then, what do you think? Your name shall never be mentioned. You may rely on the most sacred silence; con-

sequently, you are running no risk. Besides, be sure that the salary paid you for the execution of such a caricature will surpass even your most sanguine expectations, and your success will be guaranteed for a series of years."

"If I could accept such a proposal," answered Fulton, "I should be the basest and meanest creature ever born. I must tell you, if you don't know it, that Franklin, whom you are preposterous enough to call self-conceited, once saved my life, has been and still is my greatest benefactor, that he is my favorer, my friend, and most faithful protector, and has acted to me like a father. I am, therefore, the last man to whom you should apply in this matter."

"You need not be so high-tempered," said Mr. Gray, "Franklin's private life is entirely out of question. You may love him, esteem him, and owe him as much gratitude as you like; the question now under consideration is his public course of action, and the motives by which he was actuated, and it is something entirely different from your private relations to him. When any one goes before the public at large, be it remembered, approbation and censure are given from reasons and motives altogether different from those which prevail within the narrow lines of private life. It is an every day occurrence that we are compelled to attack public actions of men whose private character we love and respect; indeed, when the welfare and prosperity of a nation are at stake, then the moral principle propagated by the Jesuits, that the ends justify the means, is founded in truth."

"You will have to excuse me, I can by no means accept of your proposal," said Fulton, suddenly rising from his chair.

"Well, just as you please," said Mr. Gray, "it was only a proposal, and if your sentiments do not justify you in accepting it, very well, then we can agree to differ, I think. However, you ruin your own prosperity, but it is, of course, not my business."

Soon after they parted; but it was easily observable that from this very day the lawyer was not favorably disposed to Fulton, for though extremely polite to him when in company with him, he seized every opportunity, when Fulton was absent, to make him a mark for his bitter and acute irony and satire.

The next day after Fulton had thus rejected Mr. Gray's contemptible proposal, he spoke again with Franklin. It was towards the end of the month of March, 1790. Franklin was then tolerably well; yet he complained of frequent pungent pains in the left side of his breast. "But when all has been duly considered," he said, "I must thank God from the very depth of my heart for all His goodness and mercy; for He has raised me from the humblest stage of life, and given me honor amongst my people, and power to accomplish my earthly mission, and He will also, I feel assured, grant me strength to endure what still is to be endured."

As Franklin this day seemed more disposed to enter into a conversation than he had been of late, Fulton ventured to start a subject of which he had often thought, and which had already long occupied his mind. He asked Franklin whether he still adhered to his former opinion that ships might possibly be propelled by steam-power.

"I don't doubt it," answered Franklin, "but at what time it will take place, and whether you, my son, will live to see it, or centuries will pass away, before the world reaches such a pitch of mechanical skill, is a question which nobody can yet decide."

When Fulton came home, he looked in Franklin's writings for the passage, where the possibility of such an invention was mentioned. After reading it, he gave himself up to deep reveries, and many ideas pervaded his mind. A little while after, however, it seemed as if the veil of the mystery were lifted, and he believed he could see how this grand problem might be solved. He could then no longer sit still, but with much agitation moved up and down the floor. At length he calmed down, seated himself at his writing-desk, and sketched a machine to be propelled by steam, and by the aid of which a boat or a ship should be put in motion. The longer he examined this drawing, and the longer he meditated on the subject, the more certain he felt that this great scheme could be realized.

It was during these hours that Fulton for the very first time formed the definite resolution to accomplish this great undertaking. A quiet shivering then penetrated his mind, and he felt as transported into a mesmeric state in which he saw more clearly and more sharply than ever before. At the same time he felt that he now had found the purpose which he was called to fulfil, and his life the central point round which it was to revolve, and that it would be easy for him to renounce all earthly pleasures, to endure the adversities of life, and to suffer, hunger, thirst, and all possible deprivations, could he only accomplish this

end, which was to compensate him for the loss of everything else.

The jarring discords of his previously beclouded mind were now hushed, and harmony was restored to his soul, and when he, the next day, was exclusively busied with these thoughts, the hours stole on one after another before he was aware of their flight. Neither did he feel the want of food, and not till late in the afternoon, after having determined how to construct the machinery he had in view, did he go out to appease hunger and thirst.

In the evening of the same day he went to Franklin's house to communicate to him his design. But although he procured an interview with Franklin, Fulton found him too feeble, and too near the termination of life to think himself at liberty to speak to him of any earthly plan, however important it might be.

On entering the room, Fulton found Franklin sitting in his arm-chair, close to the window; for although he had for the last twelve months almost continually been confined to bed, there were, however, a few hours in which he felt able to sit up.

Although it was evening, he had no candle-light, instead of which the crescent moon illuminated the room,—but though hovering in the air like a bright curving rim of light she was unable to lessen the lustre of the splendid fixed stars which in the evenings of this month are so brilliant in the heavens of the Western hemisphere. Old Franklin sat raised in his chair, whilst the moonbeams were playing with his silvery locks, imparting to his face a glorified aspect. On the fire-place a ruddy, earthly flame was burning, strik-

ingly contrasting to the solemn and ethereal moonlight which was setting out on its nightly tour from the opposite regions of the East.

"I am sitting here and drawing up my last accounts," said Dr. Franklin. "For upwards of eighty-four years these stars have been revolving over my head. Each year they have returned in their circles like serious monitors, reminding us how our drooping days are dwindling down to naught. Each year when I saw them at the same time, and in the same place, it was as if they asked me: 'What hast thou been doing since thou last year sawest us here, how far hast thou now advanced, whilst we have been traversing the immense space of the heavenly regions? We are the powers of time wandering without the gates of eternity; we have shone upon thy cradle, we have been hovering over thee like mild guardian angels as long as thou hast been living, we shall soon look down on thy tomb. Woe to thee, woe to thee, when we come the last time, if thou then canst not endure our testing look, if then between thy cradle and thy tomb no good fruits have ripened in thy inner man.' See, my son! thus they have come to me this evening, but thanks be to God, in spite of all my infirmities and all my faults, I feel that I need not be ashamed of their searching look." After these words he remained silent for a few moments.

"And now, my son," he re-commenced, turning his face towards Fulton, "I am extremely glad that you have come to me this evening; I have heard good news of you from Mr. Twced, and besides, there is something within me continually telling me that you will not set at naught my coun-

sels, and not disappoint my expectations. Pursue then perseveringly the course which you have commenced, and I feel assured that God will bestow His blessings upon you."

These were the last words which Fulton heard from his old benefactor. The excruciating pains in Franklin's breast were now daily increasing, and on the 17th of April, 1790, the great American statesman and natural philosopher terminated his glorious career.

How deeply his fellow-citizens mourned for him, and how his memory was honored both in the new and the old world, we shall not here expatiate upon, Franklin not being the hero of our subject. We shall only remark that, when he died, a writing against him was in print, which was to be accompanied by satirical drawings; but as the great lamentation exhibited at his death, did not portend for this writing any favorable reception, it was suppressed in time, and, perhaps, even very few of the surviving generation are apprised that the publication of such a lampoon was ever contemplated.

But what to the highest extent exasperated Franklin's enemies was Mr. Dennison's newspaper, which formerly, and particularly respecting the slavery question, had abused him, but which now, after his death, was the most high-sounding trumpet of his praise. Only the lawyer, James Gray, though Franklin's most inveterate adversary, took it very quietly. "Let us not feel unkindly to Mr. Dennison for that," said he, "writers of periodicals must be time pleasers, it cannot be otherwise."

Three months after Franklin's death Fulton received a

letter from Barlow, beseeching him not entirely to relinquish the art of painting. If he only would promise this, wrote Barlow, he would not oppose Fulton's applying a part of his time to mechanical studies, and he should then continue to obtain the annual support which he had hitherto received.

To this request Fulton replied in the negative.

Fulton now spoke with several experienced men concerning the steamboat he contemplated building, and of the plan he had formed respecting it. But they all opposed him, and both his master and all who heard what he had in view, advised him most seriously to put such whims to flight, affirming that it was mere insanity to think of it.

This again rendered Fulton somewhat uncertain, and he resolved, before carrying his plan into execution, to wait till he had acquired greater ability in his profession. But after having taken lessons from Mr. Tweed for one and a half years, he resumed his old plan, and commenced preparing himself for his grand undertaking. It was then swiftly rumored throughout the whole city of Philadelphia, that Robert Fulton had conceived a strange idea, and had taken it into his head to build a boat to be propelled by steam.



ROBERT FULTON.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

It was now some time since Fulton had heard from Mr. Van Gehlmuyden. The greater, therefore, was his surprise when he suddenly received the intelligence that he had arrived in Philadelphia, and wished to see him as soon as possible.

Fulton hastened instantly to the tavern, where Van Gehlmuyden had stopped, and found him in a large room, stretched on a sofa with a cigar in his mouth. Close by the sofa was a table, on which a wax candle was burning.

"I am glad," said Van Gehlmuyden, "that you did not keep me waiting for you any longer than was necessary; but you might just as well have set your dirty shoes outside of the door. Well, well, I know it is not the custom of this country. I always forget that I am no longer in Holland, where good breeding is the qualification which constitutes gentle deportment. Here people enter a room with dirty boots, and spit on the floor. I cannot bear it, and can never habituate myself to it. But experience has taught me that it is of no use to speak against it. I will, therefore, stop talking on this tedious subject. After all, you look pretty well, youngster; idle hours seem to suit you quite well. Certainly, you do not deserve that I should concern myself much more about you. Nevertheless, I am growing old, and

need some one in whom I can take an interest, and as I had to come to the city, I thought I would see how you were now sowing your oats."

"O, my paternal friend! it affords me unspeakable pleasure to see you again!" said Fulton.

"Yes, but listen to me now," said Van Gehlmuyden. "You are already old enough to comprehend sensible talk. I had some money affairs here, not to be delayed, and as John Bridle could no longer transact them for me, and as my physician advised me to take some exercise for the benefit of my health, I came to the city, and will now avail myself of this opportunity to speak with you, for I cannot abide writing letters, and besides, I feel somewhat indisposed."

"Are you sick?" asked Fulton.

"Don't ask me such a question. Of course I am sick; how can it be otherwise, when my physician is foolish enough to advise a man of my age to travel so far in dust and wind? But let us not talk more of that. John Bridle has lately written me a letter concerning you, and when he writes, that I do not know how long a time is left for me here on earth, he is, indeed, correct. My declining health tells me every day, that I am not long for this world. I love you, Robert, and however foolishly you have conducted yourself, yet, there is none, to whom I should like better to give my money than to you. And since you have now come to mature age, I have reason to believe and hope that you are done with sowing your wild oats, although I am sorry to say, that I have recently again heard some strange stories about you. Nevertheless, I will once more try to influence you to follow my advice."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Fulton, with some painful uneasiness.

"What I have always desired you to do," said Van Gehlmuyden. "Repent, re-commence your goldsmith-trade, carry it on industriously, and put to flight all the detestable whims, capricious pranks, and fancies, on which you have wasted your time for so many years; then I will pardon your former foolishness, show mercy instead of justice, and adopt you as my son. But if not, if you will continue as you have commenced, rest assured you shoot wide of the mark, if you expect to be *my* heir."

"O, my dearest foster father, how shall I make you appreciate the full extent of my gratitude for all your goodness and kindness!" cried Fulton.

"For that you can thank me some other time; I do not speak here of gratitude, I wish only to have you say, yes or no. Will you or will you not? It is the only question that I wish you to answer."

Fulton paused a moment before he gave a decisive answer; for it was, by no means, easy for him entirely to abandon all hope of riches and property, the want of which would, doubtless, separate him from his dear Laura, to whom he secretly hoped to be wedded, and which, to use the words of a celebrated author, are looked upon with indifference only in romances and fictitious tales, but which always, during our earthly pilgrimage, retain a conditional importance. Nevertheless, it did not take him a long time to make up his mind.

"Other people," said he, "devote their time to the acquisition of wealth; they indulge in pleasures and diver-

sions ; they buy and sell ; they attend elegant parties ; they gamble and dance, and waste their time and strength in various things about which I am not at all concerned. Temporal affairs cannot divert my mind from spiritual concerns, which are far more important ; there is only one idea pervading my soul, which follows me in the evening to my resting-place, and rises with me at the dawn of day. Lo ! for this idea I must sacrifice everything, even that which else would be more precious to me than rubies."

"I do not care a cent for all such talk," said Van Gehlmuyden, "if you will be a goldsmith, and establish yourself in Philadelphia, I will procure you both money and credit, and a store of which both you and the whole city may boast, but if you will not do so, then sail your own ship whithersoever you choose, and the game is up between you and me."

"I cannot abandon that," answered Fulton, "which I consider my innate vocation, and the best and noblest pursuit I am destined to fulfill."

"Well," said Van Gehlmuyden, seemingly quiet, continuing to smoke his cigar, "then I must believe it to be true, as I am told, that you are pondering on building a boat to be propelled by wheels, like that nut-shell which you and David Baxter built in your boyhood, and tried on the Conestoga."

"I cannot deny it," answered Fulton.

"Then go to the devil," cried Van Gehlmuyden, rising from the sofa with an agitation of mind which he seldom showed, and throwing away his cigar.

"My dearest foster-father and friend ——"

"Leave directly, or I will make the servant fling you out of doors."

Fulton had too often during his thorny life had opportunity to learn, that Van Gehlmuyden was one of the most self-willed men on earth, and that, when in such a frame of mind, he could not easily be reached by any sound reasoning. He considered it, therefore, safest to obey his behest, and leave the apartment at once.

He had, however, not advanced far down the street before he was overtaken by a waiter, who requested him to return immediately, as Mr. Van Gehlmuyden wished to speak a few words with him.

When Fulton re-entered the room, Van Gehlmuyden seemed more quiet, than was to be expected. He had again stretched himself leisurely on the sofa, where he lay awhile without moving a finger; but a little after he pointed to a recess in the room, where stood one of the Indian dolls or pagods, which Fulton knew from his former stay in Van Gehlmuyden's house.

"Hear," said Van Gehlmuyden, "all is up between us, of course, but since you are engaged in building wheel-works and like things, I will ask you whether you can repair that fellow yonder. He has been damaged a little, so that he cannot nod his head as before; it was he, you remember, who could move his head so beautifully in Lancaster. If you can and will do that, you shall be paid well. You can make out the bill yourself."

"I am, indeed, extremely sorry that I must again disappoint you in your expectations," answered Fulton, "but I cannot oblige you in this respect; such things are entirely

out of my line, and do not belong to my sphere of ideas."

"Then leave, you abominable simpleton, and never come into my presence again; for you are good for nothing," said Van Gehlmuyden, who this time seemed to be more angry than ever before.

After Fulton had left, Van Gehlmuyden remained lying on the sofa, now and then taking his cigar from his mouth, and giving vent to his indignation in unconnected sentences. "That sluggard," said he, "he shall not have a cent, the ass that he is!—he would not even repair my pagod—the scamp!—but he is destitute of all ability, I think,—the blockhead!—he is most probably nothing but a bungler—the paltry fellow!"

His anger seemed, however, gradually to subside, and he again sunk into that passionless and unfeeling state of mind, which the old Stoics and Epicureans valued so highly, and in which the greater part of his life was wont to pass away.

After he had spent about an hour without apparent feeling or sensibility, a servant stepped in, and told him that the carriage he had ordered, had come.

"I can never have a moment's rest in this city," said Van Gehlmuyden. "Let it wait a little."

"But it is nearly one o'clock," said the servant, very politely, "and Master told me that Master wished to ride out at twelve."

"Yes, so," said Van Gehlmuyden; "it is really marvelous how speedily time is passing away in this city."

He now rose from the sofa, and dressed himself, all the time keeping his cigar in his mouth. When ready, he went down stairs, and seated himself in the carriage, which, by his command, took him to Greenwood's house; for to him he was recommended by John Bridle, that he might procure help in some money transactions, which were the principal reason of Van Gehlmuyden's visiting Philadelphia.

"Good day, good day, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden!" cried old Greenwood, who met him on the stairs, and welcomed him. "Has any misfortune happened to you? You do not look very cheerful."

"Yes, yes, bad times, bad times!"

"That scamp!" again cried Van Gehlmuyden, whose anger seemed to be re-kindled by the jolting motion of the carriage; "and what most of all provokes me is, that he would not repair my dear pagod, the rascal that he is!"

"Of whom do you speak?" asked old Greenwood.

"O, let us be seated, Mr. Greenwood, these miserable carriages here jolt so shockingly on the rough pavement. I speak, if you wish to know, of that capricious, stubborn knave,—that scamp, Robert Fulton."

"Ah, is it he! Yes, yes, I know very well that you have taken a great deal of interest in him; but it was like carrying water in a sieve, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden; that I could have told you beforehand. I am told that he studies mathematics and algebra, but he does not know even the multiplication table, or the different coins. I have tried him myself; I have felt him on the sides of his jaws; he is perfectly ignorant both of discounting and compound interest; he does not know the difference between gross and net weight."

"Yes; be that as it may, I could easily overlook that, if he only would undertake something substantial, and do what I wish to have him do; but he is the most stubborn scamp I ever knew. Never mind, he and I are done, and he shall not have a cent of my money."

When Greenwood wished to know the details of this matter, Van Gehlmuyden briefly told what he had requested Fulton to do, and that it was his intention to have made him his heir, if he had consented. "I would have left him eighty thousand dollars cash," finally he said, "and as much more in mortgages and real estate."

"Eighty thousand dollars cash, and as much more in mortgages and real estate," cried Greenwood, rising suddenly from his chair, and stretching forth his lean, fleshless fingers, as if he would grasp at the money; "he must be insane; indeed, he must be insane! But how could it ever enter into your mind to leave him so much, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden?"

"Well, he will never get it, Mr. Greenwood; for only think, he would not even repair my pagod when I asked him, the beast that he is!"

"Gracious God! indeed, I would repair a hundred pagods for that price," cried Greenwood.

"Do you understand such things, Mr. Greenwood?"

"No, I do not; but I am more than willing to learn, if I can make so much money. My goodness! eighty thousand dollars cash, and as much more in mortgages and real estate! I am, indeed, willing to learn it for the half, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden."

"No, no, it would be too burdensome for a man of your

age. God knows, whether it can be done in this country. But it is now best for us to commence our business, for I want to get home again, and be in peace as soon as possible."

Greenwood now took him to his office. As it can hardly interest our readers to be present at the transactions which took place there, we will only remark, that when Greenwood, after the expiration of an hour, accompanied Van Gehlmuyden to his carriage, he voluntarily declared that he would call on him the next day, as this would, perhaps, be more convenient, and that they then could settle their business in Van Gehlmuyden's own room.

On hearing of Fulton's conduct, old Greenwood was so astonished that he could not but mention it to his step-daughter, and to his friend, the lawyer, Mr. Gray, who now visited him almost every evening. "Do you see," said he to Laura, "you have always defended him, but what do you now think of him?"

"Yes, yes, from this Robert Fulton everything bad may be expected," observed James Gray, "he is a singular specimen; he is nobody."

"You may well say so, Mr. Gray," said Greenwood, "I think nobody will bequeath eighty thousand dollars to me; but such fellows are often more fortunate than respectable people. Gracious God! such a sum he would give to a calumniator, who has busied himself with drawing caricatures!"

"Well, well, he has not got the money yet, neither will he get it," answered the lawyer. "Nevertheless, we ought not to let this Mr. Van Gehlmuyden slip so easily out of our hands. Please give me his address."

"Yes," said Greenwood, "it is just about that I should like to speak with you ; he must have a man to consult, who is learned in law, and can take all labor off from his shoulders, for he is loth to do anything himself. But as for this Robert Fulton, there are some who even say, Mr. Gray, that he is enamored of my step-daughter, Laura."

"He is, be sure of that."

"Alas, it is, indeed, mere insanity, Mr. Gray ; before, when there was some prospect that Mr. Van Gehlmuyden would will him a large fortune, then it was quite a different thing ; but now he owns nothing, Mr. Gray ; neither did Laura's mother own much."

"No, she certainly did not own much when you married her ; but you knew what you were about, for afterwards, when we gained the law-suit against her relative, and you got the large plantation, then the whole scene changed, Mr. Greenwood."

"Alas, that law-suit cost me more than the whole plantation is worth ; and I shall cast up such an account, that she will see that she is not entitled to a single cent."

"Well, to that account I should wish to add a few remarks, if I had anything to do with it," said the lawyer.

Laura had not mingled in this conversation even by a word, but remained sitting still, until they had left. "Something must be done before it is too late," at length she said ; whereupon she rose, took a candle, and went away.

When the lawyer had gone home, and Jack Turner had followed him to his room, and lighted his candle, he beck-

oned to Jack to remain; then he silently paced the floor for some time.

"Hear, Jack," at length he said, "a gentleman has come to the city, by the name of Van Gehlmuyden; he is a very rich man, Jack; his address you will find written on this slip of paper."

"Very well, Mr. Gray," answered Jack, looking on the paper.

"You must go to him to-morrow morning, but not too early; between eleven and twelve o'clock will be the best time; and you must tell him that Mr. Greenwood has sent you to help him with his errands, or with whatever else may be necessary. . Tell him that your services will be gratuitous, and run for him whithersoever he wishes. By doing so you will best gain his good will."

"And shall I have nothing at all for my trouble?" asked Jack Turner.

"Not a cent, I tell you; and should some complicated questions pertaining to law occur, then apprise me immediately of it."

"Well, I will do so, Mr. Gray."

"And hear! this Robert Fulton, of whom you know,— his interests we must also try to advance a little. He is engaged in a strange enterprise, for the execution of which he needs both hands and money. Money you must procure him, Jack, you know many people who may easily be employed for that purpose."

"I did not suppose, Mr. Gray, that you were so friendly to him as to be willing to advance his interests," said Jack Turner.

"His enterprise is, indeed, not a very sensible one, and it is my wish that he should prove that himself as thoroughly as possible. It is a caprice, a sport, for which I am willing to make some sacrifice. That his enterprise will prove abortive, is a matter of course, and if this, through our instrumentality, could be made manifest to the whole city, we should, indeed, have done a good and a great work; for it is not impossible that he in this way might be cured of his foolish and visionary ideas."

"I understand you, Mr. Gray; I know that he has already been in several places to buy a steam-engine."

"I don't intend to do him any harm, Jack," said James Gray, "I will only show the world to what kind of people he belongs. The very best thing would be, if we could make him run away and never re-appear in this city. You need, therefore, not let him have the money on too favorable terms."

"I will do what I can, Mr. Gray. But let me not forget to tell you that a person has been here to-night, whom you, undoubtedly, know. His name is Dusty Nickels, and he is about to have an action brought against him for fraud, which may be very dangerous for him, unless you, Mr. Gray, can settle the difficulty before any jury gets hold of it."

"We must try to help him, if we can, Jack, although this Dusty Nickels is a great scoundrel; but he cannot help it, I think. It often lies in the constitution, in the blood, or in an abnormal condition of the organs; it is, consequently, a bodily disease. The greatest physicians agree now on this point. Good night, Jack! now use your ingenuity! But

whatever you do, remember to let my name be in no way connected with it."

With these words the lawyer took a candle, and went to his bedroom.

"I understand it very well," said Jack to himself, when the lawyer had left, and he was alone, "for had this Robert Fulton not been so great a simpleton, he might easily have been a dangerous rival to my master, who, therefore, will try to make him a laughing-stock, both to Miss Laura and to the whole city. I wish I could sell him an old steam-boiler, which would explode at the first experiment; but, unfortunately, Robert understands something of these matters himself; for he has long devoted his attention to them. But I will try to get Dusty Nickels employed in his service, for he is quite an industrious workman when he will, although his will is not always of long duration. Yes, yes, it is a capital idea; I will still improve my master's plan, and the whole shall assume quite a strange turn, if he shall not at last have to confess that the disciple has in this case surpassed his master in craftiness."

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Fulton's landlady entered his room with a letter to him. The address was elegantly written, yet, bore not the mark of a ready writer. "Who brought it?" asked Fulton, with some surprise. "A negro," answered the landlady; "he is waiting for an answer."

Fulton's heart beat with almost audible pulsations, for though he had never before received a letter from Laura, and did not know her hand-writing, yet, he guessed that the letter was from her, and his guess proved to be correct. The letter consisted only of the following lines:

"Please come to me this forenoon, as I have some important things to communicate to you. At one o'clock you will find me at home. I request you to give the messenger an oral, not a written answer."

Fulton hastened out to the negro, Gill, who was waiting on the stairs. "I shall most assuredly be there at the time appointed," said he; whereupon Gill left.

From the very moment Fulton received this letter, he felt unable to do anything; all his labor, and all his studies ceased, and he thought neither of Van Gehlmuyden's anger, nor of the important plan for which he had recently sacrificed riches and temporal happiness, but only of the communication which he expected to receive from Laura.

"When Fulton entered Greenwood's parlor, he found Laura alone. She looked pensive and grave, but was at the same time very friendly.

"Be seated," said she, pointing to a chair close by her; "I have selected an hour when we could be alone and undisturbed, for my step-father is not at home now. I have something of importance, of which I wish to speak with you."

Fulton seated himself, without answering a word.

"It may perhaps seem a little strange that I think myself at liberty to meddle with your concerns," said she, "and yet—I don't know whether you agree with me—it almost seems to me, as if I had a right to do so."

"To be sure, Laura, you have a right to do so; that you know very well."

"We have been acquainted for several years," said Laura, "and I believe, that I have always behaved so kindly to you as to give you no reason to doubt my sincere interest in your welfare."

"Laura, to have reason to be persuaded of that, and to hear it from your own lips, I consider my greatest earthly happiness."

"You are then satisfied with me, I hope," she continued, with a captivating smile, reaching him her well-shaped hand, which she, however, immediately withdrew.

"Laura, I need not tell you what you long have known," said Fulton, "nevertheless I will tell it; even if my greatest plans should meet with the most unexpected success, I cannot enjoy any real happiness, unless it blossoms in your society."

"If it is so," said Laura, "then you will readily, I think, feel willing to make some sacrifice to prevent our being separated forever," a sudden blush suffusing her cheeks.

"What shall I do, Laura, to show you my love and affection? what do you wish me to do?" asked Fulton, again trying to take her hand, which she continued to withdraw.

"I do not require any great sacrifice," said she, "what I require is so entirely in accordance with your own interests, that, if you are not altogether blindfolded, you ought to do it, irrespective of me."

"What is it?" asked Fulton with some anxiety, half foreboding what sacrifice she required.

"Let us speak plainly and without any preamble! Your foster father, Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, sent for you yesterday, did he not?"

"Yes," answered Fulton, his blood at the same time congealing and pressing his heart.

"And he made you a very profitable offer; did he not? For if you will only re-commence your former trade, he will not only blot out of his memory all the affliction which your past conduct has caused him, but, what is much more, he will bequeath his whole fortune to you."

"How do you know that?"

"He paid my step-father a visit yesterday, and said so himself."

"Yes, it is true, he made me such an offer."

"Do you know that Mr. Van Gehlmuyden is one of the richest men in the country? He is worth a hundred and sixty thousand dollars."

"How large his fortune is, I do not know, but I know that he is very rich."

"And he offered to adopt you, and make you his heir; and you refused this glorious offer? I could hardly believe my own senses, when it was told me."

"O Laura! I was, indeed, obliged to refuse; for such terms as he stipulated, I could not accept without closing my ears to the voice of my innate and holiest vocation."

"But let us speak to the point," said Laura; "you had only to submit to his wish for a few years, that was all; for in all probability he cannot live long."

"Yes, but these few years you speak of, are, as regards my future career, the most important; I have lost time enough, I assure you."

"And to gratify those whims, you will refuse such an offer, and throw away your temporal happiness!"

"O, Laura, only listen to me!"

"But it is mere madness," said Laura, her voice betraying an agitation, which she with great difficulty could suppress.

"O listen to me, I beseech you, before you condemn me! It would be more than weakness, it would be a crime, a sin, if, after having found my true vocation, I would, even for the highest earthly reward, close my ears to its voice; I should thereby not only deceive myself, but disappoint also the confidence of him, who was my greatest benefactor, and whom I esteem highest of all here on earth."

"Hear, Robert!" said she with a tender and mild voice, greatly contrasting with her former agitation, and producing a much deeper effect upon Fulton, as she had never before

called him by his Christian name; "You could make more than one happy, if you would consent."

"O, Laura! you make my heart swell with hope and affection, and you rend it at the same moment."

"I do not understand you at all; for all possible fortune smiles on you; you need only hold out your hand to grasp it, and to create a splendid life both for yourself and me; but you will not; and yet you say that you love me; I do not understand it."

"Yes, Laura, I love you more than anything else on earth; and yet, there is something which I cannot sacrifice, even for your sake."

"I do not comprehend you; for he who loves from the very depth of his heart, will not hesitate to make even the largest sacrifice."

"I do not desire either riches or high rank," said Fulton, his thoughts turning at once from the outer world and inward to his soul. "I desire only that, which an inward voice has promised me in my best and happiest hours; lo! this is my life and my hope. And even if everything on earth be given me, but this be denied, my temporal happiness will be marred and ruined; for—with the exception of you, Laura—I have only this one thing in my thoughts. For this I am willing to sacrifice youth, health and life; I am willing to die on the day of its fulfillment, if, before my eyes are dimmed, I may behold that great day."

"Then I have been mistaken," said Laura, "for I believed that you loved me, but I see now that it is not so; you are only enamored of a dream which does not concern me."

"Alas! it is just my misfortune, that there is a doubleness in my inner man, that rends my heart; for this dream, as you term it, is not enough for me; on the contrary, I feel more strongly now than ever before, that, even if my bold enterprise should meet with the most extraordinary success, it would not suffice to make me happy, but that there is still necessary one condition, which is entirely in *your* hand."

"O, Fulton, if it is so, let me be your physician! Let me again lay my hand on your breast," said she, with a sudden heat of passion, "as I did on that fatal day in Lancaster; for it was I who recalled you to life and health; it was I, beneath whose hand your heart re-commenced to beat, and your blood to circulate; it was I, whose tears of joy were poured like rain upon your cheeks; it was I, whose heart was thrilled with a pang of perfect blessedness, when I cried out: 'He lives, he lives, he breathes!' For many years you forgot it, but I remembered it very well. O, don't forget it again, and let not that sacred tie be rent which was so early knit between us!"

"Is it really so?" said Fulton, bending towards her, and drawing her to him; "do you really love me so much? Then I am the happiest man on the face of the globe; but then you must also love my enterprise, my vocation, my highest life; you must believe in it, and follow me even in the deepest afflictions, or, at least, wait confidently and patiently till my aim is reached, and till I can bring you home as my bride, which I shall consider the highest reward of all the hardships I have undergone."

"No, I cannot believe in your enterprise," said she, disengaging herself from his arms; "for it is foolishness and

reverie, which will ruin both yourself and me. And yet," she continued, after bethinking herself a moment, "you must know all, you must know my condition as fully as I know it myself, and you must know how unfortunate I shall be, if you forsake me."

"What is it, Laura, that agitates you so violently? for your whole body quivers."

"I have, indeed, reason to quiver," said she, "there is something which disquiets and vexes me; an evil demon persecutes me, a horrible prejudice."

"What is it? For the sake of heaven, speak out!"

"There are those who look upon me with suspicious eyes; there are those who believe that there is African blood in my veins, and this rumor is continually spreading; but I feel, Robert, I know that you will not on that account forsake me. Others flatter me, they admire me, as they say; but I notice, nevertheless, more and more, that a horrible sentence is pronounced on me. The same grievous curse follows me, which formerly haunted the children of Israel; for, however rare prerogatives they had, however great talents they possessed, however much their features bore witness of a Southern clime, which nature had favored; although they were called God's peculiar people,—all this was of no avail; they were injured by prejudices; they were for centuries hated and persecuted. Now their condition is better, I hear; but there are others whom similar prejudices still injure."

"But, Laura, you certainly need not concern yourself about that, for this rumor is but a vague supposition; which nobody can prove to be correct."

"Nevertheless, it is gaining ground every day, Robert, and the mere suspicion is enough to ruin me. But you don't care, I hope, I know it; and I know still another who does not care for it; but this is, perhaps, just my greatest misfortune."

"Speak candidly with me, Laura! what do you mean? Tell me, and do not conceal anything!"

"No, I will not conceal anything: The lawyer, whom I have heretofore considered my most faithful friend and protector, has finally unmasked himself, and disclosed what he has long concealed. He has acted from selfish motives, and according to a crafty plan, which he has long been devising. He is now about to bargain with my step-father for me, and if you cannot save me, I shall be sold to him, and become his wife, and be obliged to accompany him to Europe, and sing everywhere, to make him rich."

"No, you shall not—shall not, I would rather kill him than see that," cried Fulton emphatically.

"O, save me! deliver me! you, my only, my most faithful friend! Free me from him, Robert! for you can do it. If you only will yield, I will speak to Mr. Van Gehlmuyden, and all will be right; when you have a prospect of becoming rich, my step-father will give his consent to our marriage. O, forsake me not! throw me not out upon the charity of the cold and stormy world! Let not my life be ruined! O, don't do it, Robert! Give me not over to despondency, and, perhaps, to destruction! Do not reward me thus for all my love and affection!" With these words she sunk down at his feet, and embraced his knees, and there was an expression in her charming face which he had never seen before, or dreamed of.

Fulton could no longer control his feelings; he embraced her, and lifted her up in his arms; their lips met, and she covered his face with passionate kisses, and loaded him with so many caresses that he could hardly breathe.

At length she became more quiet.

"You will now, I hope, abandon your visionary ideas," said she; "from this very moment I must believe it; you will now lay aside your stubbornness, your impracticable plans, and lay your temporal happiness in my hands."

"I will battle, suffer, and die for you, if need be. Only repose confidence in me! follow me, and do not concern yourself about wealth and the idle talk of the world. Your step-father cannot, and dare not control your will, and you shall see that your presence gives me redoubled strength; I will labor day and night. Providence permitting, my plan will succeed. It must succeed; and you will learn that it was not built on sandy ground; indeed, you will see that our mutual happiness can thrive and flourish as well in this way, as if we had inherited Mr. Van Gehlmuyden's immense wealth."

"Is it possible?" asked Laura, with consternation, "is it possible? Will you, after all that I have told you, after all that has taken place between us, not abandon your reverie and wild plans?"

"My plans I cannot abandon; I dare not commit such a suicide; but neither will I abandon you, if you will only adhere firmly to me."

"Be gone! I will never see your face again, I hate and detest you; for you have deceived me; you have never loved me." With these words, she rose and hastened towards the door.

"But, Laura, for the sake of heaven, be not so unjust! Don't leave me in this manner!"

"Leave!" said she, with the bitterest expression in her countenance; "you have left yourself. The lawyer is right; you are suffering from an incurable craziness; you are on the way to the lunatic asylum, and I have no desire to follow you thither." After these words, she went out of a side door, which she locked.

After she had gone, Fulton remained without speaking a word, his eyes fixed on the door through which she had just passed. "Alas! this dream also is gone," at length he said, "is it possible that I should have to endure so bitter a grief!"

After these words, he sat down, for he felt that his knees were trembling beneath him.

"I have never loved her," he continued; "so she said." If this is so, then no one of those great geniuses has ever loved, whose minds were imbued with a lofty and gigantic idea, which they could not and would not abandon, even if they could have gained all the splendor of the world. But it is she who has never loved *me*—she loves only herself—she wishes only to gain riches by my aid—and when she cannot accomplish this, then she tramples me under foot, and loads me with bitterness and disdain. It is done. This tie also had to be rent, like all the rest; I have now nothing to live for but the execution of that idea, for which I have already made so many sacrifices."

Fulton had too much self respect to condescend to change Laura's mind. Nevertheless, he felt, that his heart was rent, and that he must part with his youth, and all its

expectations and pleasures. And so it was, for from that very hour his cheeks grew pale, from that very hour traces of melancholy furrowed his noble brow, and he fully felt that, even if he were successful in the execution of his great plan, the flower of all his real happiness was irrevocably withered.

When Fulton came out into the alley, he met old Greenwood, who was returning from the visit he had paid Van Gehlmuyden.

"What business have you here?" asked Greenwood, when he saw Fulton.

"I have nothing more to do here," answered Fulton.

"I am glad of it," said Greenwood.

"Is it true, that you will betroth your step-daughter to your friend the lawyer?" asked Fulton, with a certain scorn, which sometimes can be on the lips, while the heart itself is affected with the deepest woe.

"I don't know, Mr. Fulton; who can say, what is true, or not true, and what he will, or will not do in this world? But since you yourself believe, that you have nothing more to do here in this house, be sure I shall have nothing against it; for it is not everybody with whom I wish to be connected, Mr. Fulton."

"You are right," answered Fulton; "adieu."

After he had left old Greenwood, he did not go home, but hastened out of the city, rambling about the whole day in the environs, without noticing or knowing where his steps led him; and he did not reach his landlady's house, till night was setting in. On entering his room, he discovered that he was entirely drenched, for a heavy wind and rain had raged for several hours, without his having noticed it.

At length the wind abated, the air became serene, and the face of the moon was all lustre, looking full upon a couple of chestnut trees which overshadowed his windows. Then it seemed, as if his grief lessened and vanished in the calm evening hours, and as if he were transported to a better region. He wrapped his soul in patience, and prayed earnestly and silently to Him, who had never forsaken him in any danger or calamity. And it was not the prayer of the Pharisee, at the corner of the street, where every eye might behold him; Fulton knew that no eye beheld him but that of his Creator, whom he was so earnestly supplicating.

When he had concluded his prayer, it seemed to him that a mild and gentle hand was laid on his breast; his grief lessened, strong sleep overpowered him, and he sank into motionless repose.

CHAPTER III.

WE do not doubt that there are some who consider it an absurdity, and regard Fulton as wanting in common sense, thus to reject both love and wealth, in order to aspire after a goal, which he was not certain of ever being able to reach. But we must bear in mind that he who is actuated by a higher impulse, that is, he who is summoned by his genius, measures the worth of earthly things in a manner opposite to that of ordinary men.

This, however, becomes more evident, when the subject of discussion is that which is elevated above any object—religion,—as we read: “No man can serve two masters, ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” But that which is true of religion—the supreme power of man—is also in the main true of the intellectual activity, of man’s spiritual power. Any grand and lofty idea is always severe and merciless against all half-acceptance; for the higher life is not given gratuitously. We cannot say to our genius, when he summons: Wait a few years, till we have arranged our temporal affairs, till we have become rich, have married, and secured all the earthly happiness we desire; for our genius will not wait; he claims an immediate and unconditional obedience and attendance to his summons. If we

heed not, he leaves us, and we cannot make him lower the price of his merchandise, as we can an ordinary merchant.

Fulton now resolved to proceed immediately to the execution of his great plan, for which he had already made so many sacrifices. He had long and most minutely examined the whole, and viewed it in all its aspects, and he now commenced it with greater energy, as he occasionally entertained a feeble hope that Laura, though she seemed to be irrevocably lost to him, might, perhaps, if his plan succeeded, repent of her conduct, and if still unmarried, unite her fate with his.

That he still clung to hope, although he had really abandoned all expectation, will scarcely surprise any one, who knows what a specious reasoner little Cupid is, and that he understands, when reality affords no consolation, to find it in dreams and imagination.

In the beginning, it seemed as if success and prosperity, as a compensation for all Fulton's disinterested self-denial, would follow him, and smile on his efforts. It was, however, rather inconvenient to him, that Dr. Jones had left Philadelphia, and settled in Baltimore; yet, upon the presentation of the Doctor's letters, he found no difficulty in borrowing money on the arrears of the sum which Franklin had left him. And when he afterwards discovered, that this money would be wholly insufficient to meet his expenses, and that he would be compelled to postpone his plan, to his great surprise and astonishment, he found people who voluntarily assisted him, and lent him the money he needed, though at high rates of interest.

After some searching, and several unsuccessful bargains,

he also succeeded in getting, on moderate terms, a little steam-engine, tolerably well constructed, by the aid of which he hoped to propel a sort of vessel, which was, in fact, but a large boat, that he caused to be built, according to his own instruction, and under his own supervision.

How much this boat and the engine cost, we cannot tell, as we have not been able to ascertain. This much, however, is certain, that Fulton, at that time, was never in need of the requisite money, which we can readily understand, when we remember the arrangements which the crafty lawyer had made, in the firm belief that Fulton's plan would utterly fail, and he thus be a laughing stock to the whole city.

A sudden fear, however, now and then befell Fulton, when considering the large debt into which he had run, and which was continually increasing. Yet, he soon tranquilized his mind; for he believed that he would easily be able to find means to satisfy his creditors, when the invention should be complete; and that he would be able to execute his plan, he did not entertain the slightest doubt.

We shall not stop here to give any circumstantial description of the machinery, which Fulton here, and on other occasions used, as such a description would only be tedious to our readers, who scarcely expect any instruction in mechanical philosophy in a work of this kind.

In order to progress more rapidly, Fulton had to employ many hands. Among these was the aforesaid Dusty Nickels, who, in the beginning, worked quite well, but with whom, as we shall learn, Fulton afterwards had reason to be greatly dissatisfied.

Fulton would have preferred to conceal his plan till the boat was built, and the machinery completed, but this proved to be an impossibility, for long before he commenced, a rumor of his plan had, as we have remarked, spread like lightning around the city. The boat, while in process of construction, was supported by props, and placed near the river Schuylkill, but though it was surrounded by a high wooden fence, and nobody was allowed to enter, except on business, a great many, from mere curiosity, assembled outside of the fence, and some impudent fellows even bored holes to see what took place within.

One evening, when Fulton came home, after having spent the whole day in the building-yard, amongst his workmen, he saw on his table a copy of "Dennison's Daily News," which, as his landlady told him, was brought by a stranger, and in which he read an article concerning himself.

"It is certain," thus read the article, "that the realm of foolishness is very large, and that one absurdity succeeds another down through the ages, so it would be in vain even for centuries to wait for any flowing off of the stream. Extreme follies have never been wanting since the days of creation. Even in the remotest antiquity, it was believed that the doctrines of men could be read in the stars; in the middle ages, one tried to find the so-called philosopher's stone, a pretended substance that was supposed to have the property of turning any other substance into gold, and of procuring an infallible remedy for all diseases; ever since, people have beaten their brains about things equally absurd and ridiculous. Finally, an undertaking has just

now been commenced, which, at first sight, may seem less absurd, but will, when viewed more closely, prove to be as impracticable as any of the vagaries of imagination, by which people of past times have been blinded. We allude to the project of propelling boats, or even ships, by machinery, and by the aid of steam power, independently of masts and sails. No one is more willing than we, to acknowledge the great advantages of the improved steam-engine; but, however cheerfully we acknowledge this, and however useful such engines may be in a mine or in a manufactory, we think the whole matter assumes quite a different aspect, when it is proposed to battle against the violent current and the raging waves, indeed against the vast and turbulent Atlantic; for even thus far go the plans of some visionary projectors. It was not by the aid of steam, that the old Northmen, and afterwards, the immortal Columbus, discovered America; and if they and he had waited till steamers were built, this our glorious country, would still have lain hidden behind the waters of the ocean, as it lay during centuries past, when fabling poets spoke of an Atlantis in the Western ocean, a land of dreams, replete with all possible splendor and excellency, which nobody as yet had seen in a waking state. As for ourselves, who do not wish to dream, but to view things as they really are, we consider it as easy; by the aid of a steam-engine, to drain and remove all the water in our large rivers and lakes, as it would be to navigate on them through the instrumentality of such mechanical powers.

“Certainly, one would think, that all the heretofore unsuccessful experiments would deter even the most daring

and audacious persons from engaging in such undertakings, and that their impracticability must be evident to everybody, who meditates calmly and intelligently on the subject. Nevertheless, there are some who will not be taught by the great teacher, experience. Thus, a young man is said to live here, who, in spite of that calm deliberation and judiciousness for which our noble fellow-citizens are even proverbial, has really taken it into his head to build a boat to be propelled by steam. Believing that even extravagant and absurd undertakings, when reaching a certain magnitude, have a claim to public attention, we shall not pass this person unnoticed. His name is Robert Fulton, and he sojourns at present in our own city. He is said to have been very fickle and variable in all that he has undertaken. He commenced to bungle in the goldsmith trade, but gave it up soon, and tried then to be a painter; but after a short time he became tired of that also, and concluded at length to devote himself to the mechanical art, by which he intends now to astonish both America and the world, without having, as far as we know, done anything in this department, which can give him the slightest claim to regard. Nevertheless, in order to give everyone his due, we must once more mention, what we have already alluded to in a former article, that Mr. Fulton is by no means the very first, who has conceived such extravagant ideas; on the contrary, he has had several predecessors, some of whom have been expressly mentioned in our paper. There was, for instance, a man, by the name of Jonathan Hull, who more than fifty years ago went even so far as to secure a patent for a similar invention. But a plea may, however, be offered in

extenuation of his error, when we consider that the mechanical art in those days, when compared with our time, was only in a state of infancy. But the tables are turned. Our age is an age of remarkable light, in which we have learned to know that branch of mechanics, by which statics and dynamics can be exactly computed; and such wild and extravagant ideas now deserve a much severer and more rigid criticism. And yet, we consider it incumbent upon us to remark, that during Hull's lifetime there were many sensible people who clearly saw the absurdity of his plan, and frankly told him that the violent waves would break his wheels in pieces—he proposed, we have learned, to propel his vessel by a machinery of wheel, which idea, Robert Fulton has most likely borrowed from him—and that a ship without sails, in the middle of the current, or of the turbulent ocean, would not be much better off than a nutshell which a child sets adrift in a brooklet.”

We have given this article in full, not because it is probable that this paper viewed the subject very differently from various other papers, but only to show with how great prejudices those had to battle, who introduced this great invention, by which the widely-separated families of the human race should be brought nearer together, and the way across the vast ocean shortened.

When Fulton had read this article, during the perusal of which his heart throbbed more feverishly than such an attack deserved, he sat down to write a reply. In this he gave not only a copious description of the whole machinery he proposed to use, but added a rather complicated mathematical computation of statics and dynamics, by which

he proved that, in all human probability, his plan would succeed.

This reply he took in person to Mr. Dennison, who received him with marked courtesy, assuring him that his counter-views should, as soon as possible, be inserted in his "Daily News." "This I owe you," he added, "for no one shall say that he has been attacked in our paper, without having the use of its columns for his defence. You have nothing to pay; for this kind of justice ought, of course, to be given gratuitously."

The next morning, however, Fulton received a few lines from Mr. Dennison, in which, to Fulton's greatest surprise, he told him, that, after having perused his defence, he was very sorry to say that it could not be printed. "There are not many mathematicians amongst the readers of our paper," wrote he, "and to none but a mathematician will this refutation be intelligible."

Fulton then wrote another reply, in which he tried to illustrate his plan more perspicuously, and in which he requested the public to postpone their judgment till the result had shown whether or not he was able to carry his plan into effect. To this reply he annexed a copy of an attestation from his master Mr. Tweed, which spoke in the very highest terms both of his industry and mechanical ability.

But even this article Mr. Dennison refused to insert. "We have every day opportunity to learn," he wrote to Fulton, "that he who is made the subject of a severe censure in our paper, considers this unjust, however just it may be, and regards himself as a persecuted genius. For our part,

we are warm friends of every kind of talent, even the most insignificant, but we are still warmer friends of the truth. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas*, is our motto; that is to say, we are no respecters of persons, and we can, therefore, by no means print all the refuting remarks which are based upon a one-sided, personal view, deviating from all sound and sensible reasoning."

Although it seemed to Fulton that this course did not at all correspond with the principles which Mr. Dennison had personally avowed, he concluded, however, when his anger had subsided a little, to let the result itself defend him, rather than to begin a newspaper-quarrel, which his precious time would not permit him to continue.

CHAPTER IV.

SOON after Fulton felt it necessary to reprimand one of his workmen, who often staid away, and neglected his work. "I am a freeborn man and no slave," he answered, "I can come and go, as I please." He who gave this impudent answer, was no other than Dusty Nickels.

"You are a neglectful and heedless workman," said Fulton. "Besides you have no sense, and do not understand your business."

"Well," answered Dusty Nickels with scornful laughter, "as to my sense, I think I have a little more than a certain other man, who is standing here."

"Be gone," cried Fulton with a heat of passion, which he was seldom wont to show. "You are a shameless, saucy fellow; there you have your wages." With these words he flung some money at Dusty Nickel's feet.

"Nobody has ever turned me away, without in some way having occasion to regret it," said Dusty Nickels; whereupon he stooped, took the money, and left.

Two days after, Fulton received another copy of Dennison's "Daily News," which was sent him in a sealed envelop, on which the address was written by a hand entirely unknown to him.

"We have lately mentioned in our paper a fantastic plan

of Mr. Fulton," thus read the article, "which we could but highly disapprove, and which—although we did not express it—we then considered a consequence of partial craziness, or, in other words, of monomania. Unfortunately, this opinion seems now to be confirmed, for we learn from various sources of information that he is now and then taken with a mental derangement, in which he abuses his best workmen and discharges them, if they only contradict him with a single word. This we regret very much indeed, as, when formerly engaged in painting portraits, although his fickleness did not permit him to carry it very far in this art, he manifested a sort of talent, which, as our readers perhaps remember, we cordially recognized."

Fulton knew yet only a little of the persecutions, to which progressive and pioneer talent is often exposed, when not protected by any influential patron, or when opposed by a party, and when nevertheless, confident of its own strength, it ventures outside of the world's usual highways. It was, therefore, no wonder, that he became strongly agitated by the repeated attacks in Dennison's "Daily News." At first he thought of writing a defence of his course, and having it printed in one of the other papers, but on further consideration he concluded that it would not help him much, and therefore, gave it up, thinking he would speak again in person to Mr. Dennison, believing then—so little did he know human nature—that he would perhaps be able to make him comprehend and publicly acknowledge, that he was wrong.

He went, therefore, to the office of the "Daily News" to see Mr. Dennison. He was not at home, and his clerk

told him that he had left the city and would not be back for a couple of days. When Fulton complained of the last attack in the paper, the clerk answered, that he had nothing to do with it, and that he would have to speak to Mr. Denison himself.

At this moment Fulton chanced to see a slip of paper, on which he recognized the lawyer's hand-writing. Led by a secret suspicion, he snatched the paper, and discovered that his suspicion was based upon good foundation, for he saw here the manuscript of that article of which he was the subject.

No sooner had he read it, than he replaced it, and hastened to Mr. Gray's house. He met him just as he was descending the stairs to go out. Fulton told him that he wished an interview with him, whereupon he immediately turned and took Fulton to his study.

"Well, what can I do for you, my young friend?" asked the lawyer, at the same time pointing to a chair close by his own.

"I have come to complain of you, Mr. Gray, for the unjust attack, of which I have lately been the subject, originated with you, and it is, doubtless, you also, who have shown me the attention to send it to my house with my address."

"And how can you prove that?" asked the lawyer, with the greatest calmness.

"I saw your manuscript in the office of the 'Daily News,' I read it, and instantly recognized your hand-writing."

"You can hardly enter any action against me on that

ground," answered the lawyer, "for one hand-writing often resembles another. But suppose that it was my own hand-writing—which, however, I will, by no means, confess—what have you to say against it, and how can you refute what those two articles have asserted? for in all probability you consider me the author of the first and longer article also."

"It is cruel treatment, anonymously to attack a man, who cannot even get permission to defend himself, and who has never done you any harm," said Fulton.

"That you do not know," said the lawyer; "but suppose that you have not yet done me any harm, it is possible that you will do it hereafter, and if so, that article with which you are so angry, may prove to have been a very necessary precaution, a judicious course on my part to disarm you in time, and make you harmless, as far as it lay in my power."

"And do you not, who pretend to be a man of honor, feel ashamed of such conduct?" asked Fulton.

"Well, if I wrote that article—which I have said, and still say, that I will, by no means, acknowledge—I only stated the simple truth, and of that I need not be ashamed, I think," said the lawyer.

"But you are wrongly informed," said Fulton; "that man whom I discharged was no good workman, as you seem to think; on the contrary, he was a drunken sot, a negligent and impudent scamp. I hope, therefore, you will admit that you have wronged me greatly."

"Much may be said on both sides of that question," said the lawyer. "My instructor in law was the most sagacious

man I ever knew. He had gone so far that he did not know any distinction between right and wrong; but the party he had to defend was always right in his opinion. That he firmly believed, and when he believed so, he was also fully able to prove it, so that most men believed it as firmly as he believed it himself."

"But you know very well that I have not lost my senses; why did you then affirm it so positively."

"It is a question which remains to be answered," said the lawyer. "It is as difficult, Mr. Fulton, to say whether a man has lost his senses or not, as to decide what is right or wrong. Sense and no sense can often dwell very friendly together within the same brain; and the greatest ingenuity is often found in the madhouse. If you only knew how sagacious the so-called lunatics are, and with what dialectical skill they can defend their absurd ideas, you would marvel. Let me tell you, but let it be between us: my instructor in law, of whom I recently spoke, at length went so far that he procured himself a situation in a madhouse; for when a man's ingenuity goes so far that he exceeds the usual bounds prescribed by law, such a thing may easily happen; *error juris semper nocet*, says the old proverb. For the rest, the reporter of the last article has by no means been so severe upon you as you seem to think, for he acknowledges, without any reserve, that you have talent, and what more can you wish!"

"Is that then really your opinion, which you express in that article?" asked Fulton.

"The opinion of the writer of those articles is not the question to be solved," answered the lawyer, "but only that

of the public, to which he merely alludes. And, young gentleman, he believed it would be well for you to know this opinion, and he has, therefore, shown you the attention to send you his report. Undeniably, this is a civility which deserves your gratitude."

"Indeed, you now carry your persiflage and satirical merriment so far, that we cannot talk any more together," answered Fulton.

"No, it is not at all my intention to offend you. I do not undervalue your considerable talents. Nevertheless, since there are so many gifted men in our madhouses, why should not some ingenious head be found amongst them, who, by the aid of steam power will put ships in motion?"

"Well, justice cannot be obtained from you, I see, although you are a lawyer," said Fulton, rising from his chair.

"Perhaps just therefore it can be obtained, the great comedian, Moliere, would have said. But pray, sir, answer me one question before you leave. Have you never heard what became of one of those men, who first conceived the idea of putting large vessels in motion by the aid of steam?"

"I have not," answered Fulton.

"Then hear it for the very first time from me," said the lawyer. "This man, whose name I have forgotten, and who must doubtless have possessed great talent, was nevertheless considered insane and locked up in a madhouse."

"Is it possible!" cried Fulton.

"Certainly!" continued the lawyer. "The Athenians were not the only people who used the so-called ostracism; to this very day most nations still follow the same custom."

He who will make himself a singularity in his age, seldom enjoys peace before he has outlived that generation which saw him grow up, and he can first hope to be tolerated when he grows so old that no more ingenious summersets can be expected from him. But if this is the case with real and genuine talent, how much more so must it be with those, who have talent only in their own affected conception, Mr. Fulton?"

"Is this so?" inquired Fulton; "if the world is so ungrateful and cruel, why will you employ your talent to strengthen it in this cruelty?"

"Everyone must use his talent in order to get along, to make a fortune, young gentleman; there is scarcely anything else for which it is worth while to live. Why do you wish to acquire celebrity, Mr. Fulton? Of what use is it? It is, indeed, nothing but the most monstrous egotism, greatly exceeding the bounds prescribed for man. We others, who are sometimes called egotists, and who only try to be comfortable, as long as we live, who only wish good incomes, and a commodious and leisurely existence, till our hour-glass has run out,—we are, properly speaking, much less selfish than you, for we desire nothing that extends beyond our own life."

"I desire only that which my inner voice assures me to be my own vocation," answered Fulton, "and even if my name should never be mentioned, I would feel content could I but attain this goal. And with these words, I will bid you good-by; for if you try to make me subscribe to your wisdom, you labor in vain; and that kind of happiness which you recommend, I disrelish entirely."

"Yes, that I foresaw very well," answered the lawyer," while a sarcastic smile overspread his countenance. "In all probability, when you have solved the problem concerning your steamers, you will, I think, take hold of Perpetual Motion, of the Quadrature of the Circle, and of the like problems, which for centuries have been waiting for a genius to solve them."

"I don't feel disposed to answer you," said Fulton, as he took his hat and left.

"Well, to say the least, he cannot complain that I have hidden the truth from him," said the lawyer, when Fulton had left, "and I have given him good advice to boot; but that I could, of course, do at no risk, for even if you pound a fool in a mortar, says the proverb, he will turn out a fool anyhow."

Of all that the lawyer had said, nothing affected Fulton more, than the story of that man, who, because he was in advance of his age, and suggested an invention beyond his comprehension, was locked up and treated like a lunatic. This produced so deep an impression on Fulton's mind, that for some time he could think of nothing else.

"Who knows," at length he said after a long silence, "but the great Columbus, before he discovered America, when speaking of the distant land which he already seemed to see with his mental eye, was considered insane! But if this is so, if such a false estimate can be, and has been placed upon even the greatest men, who have conferred incalculable benefits upon the world, then I have no right to complain, and I must only try to prove my skill and ability

by my acts." After these words he sunk again into silent contemplation.

It may be said of Fulton, that he belonged to those who are in a very unusual degree subject to the dominion of imagination. But such men often live a life in themselves, which, although scarcely known to their nearest friends, gives them much more to reflect upon, and to be busied with, than all that is externally visible. Without all may seem to be quiet and of every day occurrence, while within they may either enjoy the highest pleasures, or suffer the bitterest afflictions. They may swell with a fullness of thought, with a richness, and with a blessedness, which the world does not know and cannot give, but when they occasionally feel themselves overcome by weakness and diffidence, when the higher world, in which their truest life has its home, seems to be locked up for them, and for a time to be withdrawn from them, then they often view everything as in a state of utter barrenness; then they often feel themselves more low and forsaken than any others. No one can tell, no one knows those pleasures and sorrows but he who has enjoyed and suffered them. But all creative minds, all higher artists know them, and although Fulton, after having abandoned the art of painting, by no means ventured to number himself amongst those, it is, however, certain that he had a strong and flexible imagination in common with them.

CHAPTER V.

WE must now inform our readers of an occurrence, which, although an actual fact, will seem to them not a little improbable. We must tell them, that Laura, yet doubtless not till after a long struggle with herself, at last submitted to her step-father, who demanded that she should pledge herself to marry the lawyer, James Gray.

This demand was the result of various secret negotiations with the lawyer, in consequence of which, old Greenwood considered it the safest course, under certain conditions, which he had stipulated concerning Laura's maternal inheritance, to consent to this marriage; for he knew very well that James Gray, who had spied out his designs, and whom he could not deceive by any dissimulation, would be to him a dangerous antagonist, if he did not gratify his wish in this respect.

Two months after Laura's conversation with Fulton, she gave the lawyer her consent. At the same time it was arranged, that both of them, when the wedding ceremony was performed, should go together to Europe, where Laura should present herself before the public as a songstress.

What induced her to consent to this marriage, against her own inclination, and after having, as we know, expressed so strong an aversion to it, we cannot state with

perfect certainty. Yet, there are not wanting reasons which doubtless influenced her.

It may, we think, be considered beyond doubt, that when her plan to marry Fulton was shipwrecked, and thus her hope of possessing Van Gehlmuyden's money had gone, Laura found no more pleasure in her home. It is also certain, that, notwithstanding all her beauty and her talent, she suffered quite deeply from the unfortunate suspicion, which several persons had thrown upon her, that the blood in her veins was not entirely pure. This even went so far, that many of her former admirers, when this rumor commenced to gain more and more ground, would not attend her parties; indeed, nearly all her female acquaintances broke off all social intercourse with her, and would not even salute her, when meeting her in the street.

Although Laura's maternal inheritance was much larger than old Greenwood had often told her, which the lawyer had compelled him to acknowledge, she could not, however, expect anything after his death, for Greenwood had, by his first marriage, two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter had died, but the son was still living, and was quite as stingy as his father. He was married, and lived near Lake Michigan, where he carried on a lucrative business in beaver skins, which he bought from the many hunters who at that time were rambling about. This we only mention in passing, for this son does not play any part in our work.

Laura was by no means always in that frame of mind in which we saw her when she last spoke with Fulton, and in which, moved by hope and fear, and solicitous to possess

and enjoy the agreeable independence which Van Ghuilmuyden's great wealth seemed to promise, she was excited to the highest pitch of passion. Neither did she always view James Gray in the light in which she then did; on the contrary, he had, from her infancy, as we have before said, exercised a great influence upon her, and he still understood how to attract her attention to him, when describing in vivid colors the splendid future she would have, and which it was in her own power to create, and in which, like a queen, she should visit the European capitals, where, admired for her talent and worshipped for her beauty, she should see all the rich and fashionable world prostrate before her feet.

As the wife of Fulton, whose great undertaking the lawyer had made her believe was the most enormous folly, she would have had to share indigence, misery, and the scorn of the world. And even if he finally agreed to abandon his plan, which was not probable, he was not qualified to accompany her on her journey through Europe. With the lawyer, she would be differently situated. He was shrewd and cunning, and could easily procure influential connections wherever he went. He could, at least, gratify her vanity, and furnish her with the riches she so eagerly desired; for, on that point she agreed perfectly with him, and she had been so spoiled and miseducated in her step-fathers' house, that she considered gold and abundance as the first and most important condition of a happy existence.

All this, which has from time immemorial induced, and still, in our day, induces so many women to sacrifice their

inner peace for a vain hope of external splendor, also influenced Laura; and what still more, in this case, contributed to turn the scale, was the great wealth which the lawyer himself possessed, by which he could, immediately after their marriage, surround her with that splendor for which her soul was thirsting. Besides, although feeling a stronger attachment to Fulton than she would confess, she thought she could not more surely take revenge upon him than by marrying the lawyer, to whom Fulton had often expressed the strongest aversion, which, as she firmly believed, only originated from jealousy.

We may add, that Laura was one of those peculiar and composite characters, in which the tropical climes are reflected, and in which indolence and desire for quiet enjoyments alternate with a sudden burst of violent passions. This indolence of hers explains why in her calmer moods she complied with and acquiesced in many things to which, when her passions were raging, she would never have consented.

During all this time, Fulton labored with the greatest energy in the execution of his plan, in which he was so absorbed that he paid very little attention to all that took place around him. Especially, he sought to avoid all that might remind him of Laura, and inform him of her present condition. He was almost never absent from home, except when visiting his building-yard, and it cannot, therefore, surprise us, that he had heard nothing of Laura's betrothal to the lawyer, though the rumor of it had for several weeks been current in Philadelphia.

In the meantime, his boat was almost completed, and the steam-engine had already been applied to it, not permanently, however, but only to see where it might best be placed, and how it could most advantageously be combined with the whole machinery. It was, nevertheless, Fulton's intention to take the engine out again, and not apply it permanently, till the boat was launched.

In spite of all his intelligent exertions, he discovered several practical defects in the machinery, which gradually had to be remedied. Thus, the waterwheels were several times altered; for, as they were to be worked by a rather small steam power, it became necessary to make them as light as possible. Then a small pump-brake connected with the steam-engine did not suit the cylinder. Besides, several parts of the whole machinery had to be altered, that they might be adapted to the plan which Fulton had formed. All this occasioned some delay, at the same time increasing his expenses. Yet, these difficulties were surmountable so. The brake was mended, the steam-engine altered, and the two waterwheels had been rebuilt so as to give entire satisfaction. They were, however, not yet combined with the machinery and the boat. This would not take place till the boat had been launched into the water.

While Fulton was building his steamboat, he had almost daily to battle with many unforeseen obstacles, and to tolerate many discouraging and offensive expressions, not only from the scoffing multitude, but even from his own workmen. However, nothing could damp his indomitable energy; and his hope grew in strength according as the whole drew near its completion. But, just as his plan

seemed to be almost realized, and the whole work advanced to the point long aimed at, an event happened which annihilated all his designs and threw him far off from the goal to which he aspired.

One morning, before the dawn of day, when he had lighted his candle, and was dressing, he heard a loud knocking at the house door. Shortly after, a man hurried up stairs, and entered his room. This man was one of his workmen, who came to inform him that his boat and its machinery had taken fire, but nobody could tell the cause of it. "In all probability, it is the work of an incendiary," said the man, "but who is the perpetrator of this heinous act, I do not know, for the fire must have risen in the dead of night, when I and the other workmen were absent; and it has gotten ahead to such an extent that the whole concern will most likely be entirely destroyed before we reach the place."

On hearing this, Fulton turned deadly pale; however, he retained so much of that self-command peculiar to himself and to his nation, that he did not entirely lose his composure. Only for a moment he felt somewhat irresolute, but he soon recollected himself, put on his overcoat, and hastened to the fire to save what might possibly yet be recovered.

As he approached, he found such a throng of people as almost to prevent the possibility of his entering. Nevertheless, he pushed himself up to the fire, and then saw, that the work of destruction was complete. The devouring element roared up into the air, and the boat was one crackling and hissing sheet of fire. The machinery was

destroyed, the boiler had exploded and was entirely ruined. This is easily credible, for Fulton himself had, on the previous evening, caused the boiler to be filled with water, as it was his intention the next day to make an experiment with it. Now, the excessive heat had to such a degree increased the steam and its force, that the boiler could not sustain the violently augmented pressure. This explosion had doubtless taken place very early; at any rate before the great throng had reached the fire.

Fulton remained long standing at the scene of destruction. Gone! gone! said he to himself, while during the crashing noise of the fire the very blood in his veins felt icy cold. This was not to be wondered at, for all was now lost for which he had so long and perseveringly labored. All that on which he had been meditating day and night, which had called him from his rest in the early morning, that for which he had sacrificed his temporal happiness and his purest love, a few moments had now destroyed; it was dissolved in air and smoke, and resembled a vanished dream, which it was never more possible to recall; for he clearly saw that he had neither strength nor means to recommence. And yet, nothing grieved him more than to discover, that wherever he turned his eye he met no sympathizing face. On the contrary, he only saw scoffing looks, and heard only utterances, whose purport was, that such rashness and madness could not expect any other reward. But when this reached his ears, and was repeated from all sides around him, like a continually repeating song, a despondency seized him, such as he had never before known, and he almost asked himself whether perhaps his adver-

saries were not right, and whether it was not a sign of partial insanity to try to carry an enterprise into effect, which the whole world declared to be the greatest folly.

Uncertain what course to take, and what his future should be, knowing, however, that all the future is naked before the All-seeing eye, he went back to his home, where he tried to compose his distressed mind. Meanwhile, the rumor of his unfortunate accident, spread with the rapidity of lightning over the whole city, and the next day it was reported in several newspapers, but so distorted and falsified as to make people believe, that the whole disaster was a natural consequence of his own folly. When he would put his so-called steamer in motion, thus it was reported in one of the papers, and it would not move for reasons easy to comprehend, Mr. Fulton, in his passionate ardor, kindled so heavy a fire under the boiler, that it necessarily exploded, by which the fire spread so rapidly and violently that the whole machinery, together with his boat, was sacrificed. Nevertheless, thus ran the report, no one was injured,—which, however, can hardly be attributed to Mr. Fulton's merit.

In Mr. Dennison's "Daily News," it was, however, told correctly, that the fire began while the steamboat was still on the shore to be completed. "It is nevertheless," added the reporter, "a well-founded supposition, that Mr. Fulton, on finally discovering that he could not fulfill the pledge by which he had silently bound himself, set his own vessel on fire, that it might seem as if an unaccountable disaster had befallen him."

The actual incendiary was not publicly mentioned, but

most of Fulton's workmen believed that Dusty Nickels had set fire to the boat; for he had already more than once been suspected of incendiarism. He had also been seen in the dusk, standing close by the fence, holding a long conversation with two journeymen, who had free access to the place where the boat was lying. Besides, he had once in a tavern, when in liquor, belched forth a grievous oath that Fulton's boat should never be washed in the waves of the river Schuylkill.

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CHAPTER VI.

FULTON now experienced the truth of the old saying, that misfortunes go hand in hand, and that one seldom comes alone; for no sooner had his creditors heard of the shipwreck of his plans, than they demanded immediate payment, saying that they had no longer a guarantee, either in his vessel or in his steam-engine. Indeed, although Fulton gave them all the money of which he could dispose, they were not content, but threatened him with vexatious law-suits and heavy penalties, and it was not without great difficulty that he could persuade them to grant him a respite for a few days.

He was, therefore, as we can easily comprehend, in the most painful trouble. In addition to this, his landlady, who had hitherto treated him with great civility, suddenly altered her conduct, not only demanding every cent that he owed her, but at the same time explicitly telling him that he would have to move at the close of the week.

The only expedient which Fulton could devise in his perplexity was to write to John Bridle in New York, whom he knew to be very wealthy. This he thought he could do without any risk, for John Bridle had not only always shown him great kindness, but when last in Philadelphia

had even requested him, if he should ever need his assistance, freely to apply to him.

Fulton now turned over all his papers and documents to find John Bridle's address, but could not find it, though he distinctly remembered having received it from John Bridle's own hand. While looking for it, a letter unexpectedly fell into his hands, which he had received from his father shortly after Van Gehlmuyden's last return to Lancaster. This letter he had then laid aside after slightly glancing at it, for he saw that it commenced with biting sarcasms and reproaches; and as he did not wish to nourish too unkind feelings towards his father, and was at the same time convinced that his father would alter his opinion, if he succeeded in his plan, he had considered it best not to read it. But now he read it, and saw that his father charged him with all the sorrow and misery which he and his family had to undergo. "If you," he wrote, "had not refused Mr. Van Gehlmuyden's offer, you might have been a blessing to us all, while now you are a disgrace and ignominy to us." This was the tenor of the whole letter, which ended in such violent expressions, that Fulton, in his gloomy frame of mind, believed he read his father's curse. This letter, of course, increased greatly his depression of spirits.

The next day Fulton went to the hotel, at which John Bridle used to put up when in Philadelphia, in order to learn, if possible, his present place of residence in New York, but he could not obtain any information.

To be at peace for a few days Fulton had, as above stated, disbursed almost all the money he possessed. He, therefore, knew no other means of sustaining himself than to earn

wages as a workman with a machinist. To his former teacher and master, Mr. Tweed, he would not go, for at their last interview, when he would not heed his advice, and abandon his plan concerning the steamboat, Mr. Tweed had left him in the greatest heat of passion, and sworn that he would never see him again inside of his threshold. Fulton, therefore, went to another machinist from whom he had sometimes bought several mechanical implements, and offered him his services. But nothing could be done here, for the machinist told him peremptorily that he would not have any madman in his service, adding that most of the machinists in Philadelphia agreed with him on that point.

Fulton gave no reply, but turned from him and left. He now ransacked his pockets, and found that he had scarcely money enough to appease his hunger. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I am even poorer than Franklin when he first came to Philadelphia, and was seen stalking about like a troubled spectre." In the midst of the crowded world he felt as lonely and forsaken as if he had been thrown out into the most sterile and desolate wilderness. The mental depression, from which he suffered, affected his bodily system; and he was so weak that he had to sit down on a stone, where he shed the bitterest tears. On looking around, he saw that he was sitting over against the house of that merchant who formerly paid him the annual support which Barlow gave him. This merchant had several times, while Fulton worked for Mr. Tweed, sent him word that he had money for him. But then he would not take it, and it was now a long time since he had heard anything about it.

In his deepest distress an idea suggested itself to him, that Mr. Barlow, on hearing of his calamity and misfortune, would perhaps help him, and that the merchant would most likely advance him some money. Then it seemed as if a secret power arose in him, and took him towards the house; for he thought he might at least try. Nevertheless, he did not go in, but remained for awhile uncertain what to do, till he finally gave it up. "No, no," said he, shaking his head, "it shall never be done; better starve than beg my bread! I will neither ask alms from Barlow, nor from any other!"

At this moment, he heard the rumbling of a carriage, and soon after a fashionable phaeton rolled by. Within, he noticed Laura, with waving plumes on the elegant hat which covered her beautiful head, and at her side the lawyer, James Gray, lay negligently stretched. Fulton scarcely saw them before they were out of his sight, for the carriage was passing with the rapidity of lightning. "What was it?" cried he, "do I dream, or do I see visions?"

"It was James Gray, with his young and handsome wife," said a man, who stood close by him; "they were married day before yesterday, and next week they go to England, where she intends to appear in the capacity of a songstress."

This stone bore too heavily on the breast of unhappy Fulton, and he felt again as sadly as at that moment when he received the intelligence that his boat and all his expectations were consumed by the flames. "Alas!" said he, "thus is the whole ended, thus I have sacrificed all that I have held dearest, and all that gives life its value! Oh! that she at last should fall into such hands. Oh, bitterness

of soul, oh, bitterness! My God! My God! remove me, I pray thee, from this vale of tears! I cannot endure it any longer, I must sink under the pressure.

Thereafter Fulton hastened away, not knowing where his feet took him. Yet they led him in customary ways, for when he at length stopped he found himself on the banks of the river Schuylkill, near the place where the boat had stood.

"Yes, here," said he, "here, where I lost my last, my dearest possession, which should have been a compensation to me for all else that I had lost—yes, here is the right place."

With these words, he seated himself on the bank of the river, staring down on the watery expanse beneath him. The day was already far spent, it was late in the afternoon, the sun was about to set, and his evening light gleamed on the waves that played with his lustre. The stillness of the evening was disturbed only by the ripple of the water, or the diving of a flying-fish. Then it seemed as if the gently rolling waves drew his soul to them, and he seemed to hear voices from the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep, which invited him to seek peace in the glimmering river-bed.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "would I had died on that memorable day in Lancaster! would that I had been buried in the Conestoga, where it is deepest! Death's compassionate angel had already beclouded my eye. The worst was past. At an age unacquainted with sorrows, I had almost gone from jovial sport to the quiet sleep of death. O, happy he who dies when a child, ere he knows life and its

disappointments of hopes and schemes. I was already wrapped up in the dark veil. Alas, I slept already so sweetly, so sweetly! Oh, Franklin, why would you recall me to life. And why should she, who has since so cruelly disappointed me, come and lay her hand on my heart!"

At this moment the sun was setting. On the banks of the river was a row of poplars, whose leaves fluttered in the gentle evening breeze, with a peculiar sound. But Fulton did not notice it much, for he was entirely absorbed in his dark dreams, staring constantly on the bosom of the slumbering river, which now had lost its lustre.

"And what have I then to expect here on earth!" again he said to himself, "only mocking, disdain, indigence, and misery; I shall have to walk lonely through all my life; would that my soul had gone, that day in Lancaster, to its final rest! She whom I loved, has bartered her soul for gold—the rest which I held dearest is lost to return no more. It is more than I can endure, I will, I must bid this earth farewell."

With these words, he made a sudden motion, bending his body downward over the water; and he would doubtless have plunged into it, and found a grave in the waves, had not a powerful hand suddenly caught him.

"What is the matter? what are you doing?" said a voice behind him; "had I not taken hold of you, you would now be lying below in the river."

"Who are you? and what do you wish?" asked Fulton, turning round and looking upon him who spoke to him.

"I am but a plain workman, sir, my name is David

Baxter; I wish to prevent you from performing a foolish act, from committing a dreadful sin."

"David Baxter! is it really you?" cried Fulton, jumping up from the place where he sat.

"Do you know me?" asked David Baxter, astonished, "who are you then? You might perhaps be—?"

"Alas! I am Robert Fulton," answered he, "that Robert Fulton whom you pulled out of the Conestoga, but it would have been better if you had suffered me to rest there, David."

"My God and father! Robert Fulton!" cried David Baxter, "is it you? And how tall you have grown! God be praised forever, that I have found you! It is just for your sake, that I have come here."

David now stated that he had been working in Pittsburgh, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, beyond the Alleghany mountains. A man had there read to him from a newspaper about a Robert Fulton, who was building a steamboat in Philadelphia. "No sooner did I hear it," said David Baxter, "than I came here to help you to the best of my ability; but, unfortunately, I have come too late. And when with great difficulty I finally had found out your place of residence, nobody could tell me where you had gone, and I should have waited there till you came home; but a man said, that he believed he had seen you walk in this direction, and I ran immediately to find you."

"I am extremely happy to see you once more, David, but you find me only a very unhappy man. I have nothing and own nothing, not even the feeblest hope that it will ever be better for me here on earth."

"Own nothing? What foolish talk, Robert! Certainly, you own something. Don't you remember the money, Franklin gave me for that frying-pan, as it was called, which you invented? Well, this money I have preserved as the apple of my eye, and I have it still, and more than that, for you may believe I have not been idle all the years since we last met; I have accumulated something, however little it may be. But all that David Baxter is worth, or ever will be worth hereafter, belongs to Robert Fulton, of course, for I can never find one who is more welcome to it."

"Are you really in earnest, David?" asked Fulton, in whose bosom both hope and vital power began to revive.

"Certainly, I am in earnest, how can you doubt it, Robert? I have none but you here on earth to love. You shall be my child, and inherit the little I own. That I solemnly promised when, in Lancaster, you returned to life, contrary to the expectation of all of us, who believed you dead and gone, and I tell you I have not forgotten it through the many years we have been separated. On the contrary, knowing that the Son of Man cometh in an hour when we think not of it, I have made a lawyer in Pittsburgh draw up my last will, which I have subscribed in the presence of witnesses. And all the cash I have, I brought along with me, and that you may have whenever you wish it."

"Yes!" said Fulton, embracing his old friend, and resting his head on his breast, "I will be your child, David, and you shall be my father; for he who is my real father,

long ago forsook me ; indeed, he has cursed me, David, because I would not pursue the course he wished, and his curse is the only thing he has given me since I was a boy of nine years. My father and my step-mother, my sisters and brothers, my foster-father, and—what is still worse—she whom I loved more dearly than my own life, and who also said that she loved me, all these have turned their backs upon me ; they mock, insult, and persecute me, and torment me with their tongues, like all the rest ; you only are true to me, David ; only you, a poor, plain man, have still a heart for my calamity, and will share with me your small, your toilsomely acquired property.”

“ Yes, yes,” answered David, “ the fashionable and rich people have so many other things to occupy their mind, but we poor, plain people, if we did not cherish a kind heart in our bosom, life would, indeed, be nothing to us.”

CHAPTER VII.

At the request of David Baxter, Fulton now went along with him to a tavern, where the old man ordered a sumptuous dinner, to manifest his joy at being again with his dear boy, his own child, as he called Fulton. Indeed, the old man seemed to be in his element.

The next day, Fulton had to give him a full and detailed account of all the money he had borrowed, and of the promissory notes he had been obliged to give. When informed of this, David Baxter made some judicious remarks, hoping that by speaking with Fulton's creditors, he might be able to prevail upon them to respite him, and make some deduction from the debt.

In order immediately to accomplish this object, David Baxter visited Fulton's creditors in person. Fulton himself he would not take along with him, for he was too good and yielding, and besides too young and inexperienced, and it would, therefore, be to his own loss if he went along.

At first, David Baxter had but very little success, for Fulton's creditors told him almost unanimously, that the money was borrowed from another man, and their hands were therefore tied. Upon a closer inquiry into the matter, David learned, however, that Jack Turner, James Gray's

clerk, was the chief creditor, who had through the others, advanced Fulton the money.

Before the conclusion of these investigations, Fulton was visited by two workmen, whose favor he had gained by his kind treatment. They told him they were fully convinced that Dusty Nickels had set fire to the boat, for Nickels used almost every evening, when intoxicated, to boast of this black deed. Besides, he had sworn if Fulton should take it into his head to build another boat, that it should undergo the same kind of destruction. And this he could do, he added, without hazarding either life or property, for Jack Turner had promised him that not a single hair of his head should be injured, as both he and the lawyer would understand how to give the whole such a turn as to make it appear that Fulton himself had occasioned it. This, said the two workmen, they, and many others had heard from Dusty Nickel's own mouth, and were willing to take their oath on it, if necessary.

No sooner had David Baxter heard that, than he instantly hunted up Jack Turner, who, before the lawyer's marriage, had moved and rented a house somewhere else in the city. David was an unlearned man, and understood little except his trade; but he had had to do with so many different people that he knew human nature tolerably well. He told Jack plainly all that the workmen had stated and were ready to affirm by oath, however without mentioning their names. Then he demanded, that Mr. Turner should either give an extension of time for the payment of a part of the debt, and besides make a considerable deduction, or an action at law would be entered against Dusty Nickels

for incendiarism, and against himself for having been an accomplice with Nickels in the heinous act.

Although Jack Turner feigned to be perfectly composed, and repeatedly said that such an action would certainly not be decided in favor of Robert Fulton, David Baxter soon, however, observed that there was a secret fear about Jack, which he could not conceal. Upon the whole, David was a man not easily terrified by threatenings, and he always assumed a firm and intrepid bearing. He was, therefore, very well qualified for intimidating Jack Turner, who was seldom wont to stare his enemy right in the face, and who now, since the lawyer had left him, and had gone to England, had lost the firmest bulwark, upon which he used to lean.

The consequence of the whole was, therefore, that Jack Turner made a considerable deduction, and promised to wait for the remainder, if a part of the debt should be paid forthwith. This he did, as he said, not from fear, but only from compassion on Fulton's youth and misfortune, and in the next place to avoid a lawsuit, which he, of course, would gain, but which, nevertheless, might create odious reports; for it is a well known fact that people rather believe the evil than the good.

"Yes, here you speak from experience," answered David Baxter; "on that your master, James Gray, probably relied when circulating the many hateful rumors about Robert Fulton."

"Ah! don't believe it!" cried Jack "none of the articles printed in the papers originated from us; nobody can at least convict us of that."

David Baxter now handed him two hundred dollars, which was about half the money he had saved ; the remainder of the debt was to be paid in installments, according as Fulton was able, of which besides a third should be abated ; neither should any interest be paid for the first six months.

When Fulton, through the assistance of David, had discharged his debt to his landlady, also, he moved with him to a plainer house. David promised to procure him a situation with a machinist, where they could work together ; and as David Baxter was an able mechanician, who had fine testimonials from the different places where he had worked, and positively declared that he would not work for any machinist unless he would at the same time employ his friend, Robert Fulton, he succeeded at length in procuring him a respectable situation.

Several months after Fulton had changed his residence, he found John Bridle's address, for which he had sought in vain before, and which was so well concealed amongst some sheets of drawings, that it was no wonder that, in his great uneasiness of mind, he had not been able to find it. This found, he resolved to write to John Bridle, whom he knew to be possessed of ample means to disembarass him. He wrote, but before receiving John Bridle's reply, a letter came to hand, which, if earlier received, would most likely have prevented his writing to John Bridle.

"It has grieved me very much to learn," thus it was written in this letter, "that thy great plan has failed. I hereby send thee the inclosed draft for five hundred dollars, which I kindly request thee to consider a gift from thy old friend. If thou art the elect instrument—as far as we can

use such a term in regard to earthly things—thou wilt once more, I think, re-commence thy plan, and the Lord will grant thee His divine blessing. My Abigail has not forgotten thee ; she would not leave me in peace till I had sent thee this letter.

THOMAS MILBURN."

When Fulton had read this, he went on his knees, thanking the God of mercy, who thus in ways unforeseen by any human eye, provides for the weal of his creatures. At the same time he deeply bowed his head, repentantly confessing how rashly and unreasonably he had lately acted in trying to destroy his own life, instead of placing his confidence in Him, in whose hand every misfortune, even that at which we most tremble, can turn to our advantage and happiness.

Fulton himself was not more glad of this letter from Milburn than his faithful friend, David. "Do you see," said he, "there are other honest and kind people in the world, besides old David Baxter."

As soon as Fulton had drawn the money from the bank, he wrote a letter to old Milburn, expressing his gratitude for all his kindness, and asking him to be remembered to Abigail and the rest of his family. He likewise frankly confessed, that the draft he had so kindly sent him, had, under the existing circumstances, arrived very opportunely. For the rest, he avoided every strong expression of his gratitude, knowing that this would displease the plain old Quaker.

A few weeks after he received a very friendly answer from John Bridle, in which he promised to assist Fulton to

the very best of his ability, so that, as soon as possible, he might be free from debt. Thus he succeeded, by the efficient assistance of his friends, in discharging his debt to Jack Turner, and redeeming his promissory notes. But when he at length spoke of re-imbursing the heavy expenses which David Baxter had incurred for his sake, David seemed to dislike it very much. "No, no," said he, "I am not in need of money, and besides, all that I own, you own too; all mention of debt or compensation is entirely out of place between us two."

Milburn's letter exercised a beneficial effect upon Fulton, even to such an extent, that it again awakened his former boldness and confidence in his own mental strength; for there is a great elastic power in the souls of those who feel themselves called to live for the execution of a lofty idea. And even if they sometimes seem depressed, either by external hindrances or by doubts that have risen in their own bosom, a time will soon come, when borne and lifted by their own gigantic thoughts, they do not seem to be the same persons they were in the days of their despondency. This was the case with Fulton, for he now resolved not to abandon the great plan for which he had so long sacrificed his best and happiest hours. However, it was not his intention immediately to commence building a new steamboat, but he wished first to acquire such ability in his profession that he could expect his experiments to be supported by public confidence, aided by which he would execute his plan on a larger scale and with greater assurance of success.

Although Fulton's circumstances were now easier than

before, he continued to work as a plain mechanic, and to room with David Baxter. He showed himself so able in his profession, that his new employer was highly pleased with him, and it would, doubtless, have been easy for him now to find employment in many places, even without David Baxter's recommendation.

At this time he accomplished an undertaking, which, in the opinion of all who saw it, and were competent judges, perfectly re-established the esteem and credit he had lost by his misfortune. He combined a number of pulleys together in such a manner that the heaviest beams could be raised by the application of much less power than had formerly been required. But although the pulley-work is one of the mechanical powers now frequently used, there are, perhaps, only a few who know that Robert Fulton was the inventor. But in spite of its many advantages, its deficiency was, as Fulton himself willingly acknowledged, that it could not raise heavy weights to such an altitude as sometimes was necessary. Nevertheless, it was a great progress in mechanical philosophy, subservient to the interests of practical life.

When Fulton had for some time been busied with this invention, he received, unexpectedly, a letter, with the following contents :

“After a long sojourn in Paris, I re-visited London, where I have very recently been informed of your singular plan, and of the great misfortune with which you have met in respect to it. Nevertheless, I shall consider it a lucky event, if it may influence you to re-commence the practice

of that art for which you are so eminently qualified. I have lately spoken with one of our countrymen about you. His name is Benjamin West, born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He has, as you may have heard, acquired a great fame throughout all Europe by his remarkable talent for painting. I have shown him several of your crayon drawings, which he admires very much; and if you should feel any desire to profit by his instruction for some years, he is willing to receive you amongst his pupils. Hoping that you may consent to do so, I have sent an order to my banker in Philadelphia to pay you so large a sum, that you can live for some years in London, and improve your talent, without being troubled with pecuniary concerns. It will afford me unspeakable pleasure, if you shall do so; but should you feel so unconquerable an inclination to the mechanical art that you will not entirely give it up, why, of course, I shall have to comply. A man like me, who has engaged in so many different things, ought not to take it unkindly, that you also will improve yourself in different branches; and so, when you have for some years enjoyed the instruction of our distinguished countryman, Benjamin West, I will leave it to your own discretion to decide what course you will finally pursue. This seems to me to be a rather reasonable offer, and I shall only add, before concluding, that there is no city in the whole world in which you can be more thoroughly instructed in the mechanical art, than here in London. Your reply to this letter, which I expect, will scarcely find me here, as I intend, in a short time, to return to France, to which, though by no means justifying the many excesses of which the young Republic is guilty, my

political interests and principles, as regards the unquestionable rights of mankind, draw me with irresistible power. But if you will be kind enough to deliver your answer to my banker, whose place of residence you know, it will be safely conveyed to me. The money granted you he will pay you immediately, as by the same mail by which you receive this letter, he will receive my order in this respect. Expecting a speedy answer,

I remain your true friend,

JOEL BARLOW."

When Fulton had read this letter, he was for a time uncertain what to do. He had often wished to visit London, where the mechanical art, as he knew, and as Barlow wrote, had reached a much higher perfection than in America. Besides he also wished, at least for some years, to leave his native country, where he still had to suffer much from the old prejudices formed against him. The only thing that made him hesitate a little how to act, was Barlow's desire that he should again take private lessons from a painter. But, at length, after full consideration of the matter, he found a means by which, without entirely refusing his friend's request, he could be true to himself and to his art.

He sat down, and wrote a letter to Barlow, thanking him for his disinterested friendship, and at the same time promising, until further notice, to receive the fair offer made him. It was also his serious intention, at least for the first year after his arrival in London, to take lessons from Benjamin West in painting and drawing, the more as he knew how important it was, in respect to his mechanical profes-

sion, to be well versed and skilled in drawing. Nevertheless, he did not conceal the fact, that he especially wished to study mechanical philosophy, and that he was not at all doubtful as to the course which he would finally select. "Should you, however, not be fully satisfied with this," he added, "I will consider the expenses which you incur for my sake, a loan, which it will be my most sacred duty to repay you."

This letter Fulton delivered to the merchant, who managed Barlow's money transactions. He was exceedingly polite and courteous to Fulton, and ready to exchange the money he had to pay out, for letters of credits and drafts on London. It was the same merchant outside of whose house Fulton had sat in his deepest distress, and whom he then, though very needy, would not solicit for any aid, which, under his circumstances, would probably not have been granted him, even if he had condescended to make himself troublesome by urgent demands.

Immediately after receiving Barlow's letter, Fulton, of course, communicated its contents to David Baxter, whom he informed of his resolution, and begged to accompany him to London. On hearing this, David Baxter became quite pensive, and remained silent for a while. At length he took his cigar from his mouth, put it out, and threw it away. "I have long fancied that something like this would be the result," said he, "and, to tell the truth, I cannot oppose it, for I can easily comprehend that you cannot learn so much here as beyond the ocean, where I am told that all the people are wonderfully wise. But for poor David Baxter there would hardly be anything to do, and let me tell you,

my dear young friend, I have, indeed, very little desire in my old age to go to school to the Englishmen. For as long as the Revolutionary war was going on, I did them all the harm I could. No, no; do you go, Robert! You are young, and it may be of some use to you; but I am feeble and old; I should only be an object of ridicule if I went to England."

In this opinion David Baxter persisted, and it was impossible to make him change his mind. But Fulton had to promise him, that upon his return, he would immediately inform David of it, that they might see each other again.

Three weeks after receiving Barlow's letter, Fulton engaged passage on board a ship, which lay in the Delaware River, ready to sail, and bound for London. There was no one in Philadelphia whom it grieved him to leave, with the exception of old David. At parting he embraced him with a grateful heart, and felt sadly afflicted at the separation.

"Well, it is not worth while to weep," said David, although he could not repress his own tears, "it is for your own good that you go abroad, and if you can do something to distinguish yourself, then old David Baxter can say that he also has had a little part in it."

"But if I do not perform anything to distinguish myself, David?"

"Well, you are just as good, whether you do or do not, and in the eyes of the Lord it does not make much difference, I think," answered David.

When Fulton had descended into the yawl, which was to take him to the ship, David Baxter remained standing on the wharf, looking after him as long as he could see him. But when at length he had lost sight of him, he turned,

wiped away his tears, and went home. "I am now alone again," said he, "as I have been the most of my life; the only pleasure I now have, is to lay aside the few cents I can scrape together, that when I shall have left this troublesome world, my dear Robert may not find my purse entirely empty."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER that, a rather long time elapsed, during which Fulton's course of life possessed no peculiar interest, and which we, therefore, may properly omit. We find him again after a lapse of years in London, where he was taught by his illustrious countryman, Benjamin West, who, as well as himself, was born in Pennsylvania, and who not only by his talent for the art of painting, but also by his successful efforts for elevating this art to a higher degree of perfection, had acquired a great and universal fame.

Fulton remained through these years true to the great plan which he had formed before leaving America; for he devoted more than half the time to the mathematical and mechanical sciences, in which, aided both by his innate talent, and by his uncommon assiduity, he gradually acquired a thorough knowledge. How he could find time to combine these various studies with the art of painting, which he now again cultivated, we can only explain by directing the attention of our readers to the immense energy which great geniuses always bring to the solution of their problems. All the accounts we have of Fulton's life and stamp of character, testify unanimously to his indomitable energy.

At this time, Fulton is said to have finished a plan for the improvement of canals, which he laid before the govern-

ment, but it did not find so much approbation and encouragement, as experienced men, who acquainted themselves with it, believed it deserved.

For historical painting, to which Fulton's teacher continually urged him, he did not seem to have much talent; he was more successful in the painting of portraits, and received many orders in this branch. But there was another department of the art of painting, in which he displayed a still greater talent—the representation of objects in perspective. Possessing a firm eye, and aided by a thorough mathematical knowledge, he carried it to such perfection, that there were not many artists in London who could rival him in this branch.

It was just at this time that Mr. Barker, of Edinburgh, exhibited his celebrated panorama in London. No very nice and finished elaboration of special objects is necessary for this kind of painting, but rather an accurate observation as well of linear, as of aerial perspective. The picture itself is either painted or represented on the interior surface of a circular wall or rotunda, which is lighted from above, and viewed from a platform in the center. When this picture is painted according to the rules, proportions, and richness of colors, which the art of perspective prescribes, it produces an astonishing effect, as all who have seen good pictures of this kind unanimously affirm. In the naval pieces then exhibited, the illusion was so striking, that many, on looking steadfastly upon them, seemed to be suddenly seasick. It is possible, however, that this was but a slight dizziness produced by the light playing on the picture so strikingly represented. Confirmative of this

opinion is the fact, that on looking at those perspectives, on which no sea was visible, the same dizziness was sometimes produced. But whatsoever may now be supposed, it is certain that the effect then produced, when this art was in the hands of the best painters of perspective, seemed to be perfectly marvelous. All London flocked to see this new invention, and all the newspapers of Europe echoed the great admiration which it had excited.

Neither Benjamin West nor Fulton neglected to see this piece of art, both of them being strongly affected by its marvelous resemblance to the naked reality. When they afterwards were going home together, West said to Fulton: "In this kind of painting you ought to try your fortune and your ability; for the real art of perspective nobody knows better than you, and in panoramic painting everything depends on that."

"Do you sincerely believe that I could succeed?" asked Fulton.

"I am sure you could; the descriptive mathematics are just your forte, and with aerial perspective you are about equally well acquainted. Nevertheless, here in London it is of no use to try it, for as far as I know, Mr. Barker has got a patent, securing to himself, for a term of years, the exclusive right to the exhibition of this invention."

Fulton went often to see this panorama, and the oftener he saw it the more strongly he felt convinced that it would not exceed his power to represent something similar. Indeed, after a closer examination, he even believed that he could discover some small errors easy to be remedied, by which a still stronger effect might be produced.

When he next wrote to Barlow, he did not fail to give him a rather minute description of this kind of painting, at the same time trying to ascertain, whether such a piece of art would meet with a favorable reception in the capital of France. At the date of the arrival of this letter in Paris, where Barlow mostly resided, he was not there, for, as Fulton soon after learned, he had lately received an order from the government of the United States to leave for the North of Africa to procure the ransom of American captives.

Every one who carefully notices the movements of the mind in all large cities, will observe that the mass of people can easily be agitated and excited; indeed, even intoxicated by enthusiasm, when some remarkable object is presented to their view. But if we trust to the permanency of this enthusiasm, we build our house on quicksand, for the human mind is changeable, one impression quickly succeeds another, and no sooner has something new begun to glimmer before the eyes of the shouting and admiring populace, than it immediately forgets that which recently excited its warmest admiration.

This was the case with Mr. Barker's panorama. For a time it occupied the public attention almost exclusively, but subsequently it was very little mentioned, though still tolerably well patronized, especially by foreigners. The star, which now commenced to turn the attention of the populace in a new direction, was the highly gifted, and in those days widely renowned Laura Gray, who after a long journey in the capacity of a singer, returned to London.

Almost all agreed that she not only possessed an

uncommonly beautiful voice, which had gained in firmness and cultivation since she first sang in London, but that she was one of the handsomest ladies that ever appeared publicly in that city. All the rich and fashionable world, and whosoever laid any claim to taste and refinement, flocked to hear her. Every day, articles, both in rhyme and prose, were inserted in the newspapers, in which she and her matchless talent were lauded to the very skies, while her vocal music was considered the most excellent ever heard on this planet. Every time she was to sing, either in the Academy of Music or in the theatre, the tickets were seized almost by force, and sold at prices exceeding all that people were accustomed to pay on such occasions. Indeed the prices paid sometimes bordered on the fabulous.

Of course, Fulton who had before been so intimately acquainted with Laura, could not remain indifferent at her arrival. Nevertheless, at first, it was an absolute impossibility for him to get an opportunity to hear her, and it was only when she was to sing for the sixth time in one of London's largest theatres, that he succeeded, for an exorbitant price, in securing a seat in a second-class box.

At the very first moment she stepped before the audience, she made an extraordinary impression on him. She had, as it seemed to him, become still handsomer than when he last saw her; and without considering, whether this beauty belonged entirely to herself, or was to be ascribed to her elegant toilet, or to the brilliant illumination surrounding her, his soul was in the beginning borne away in a complete ecstasy; indeed, it seemed to him as if she not at all resembled an earthly vocalist, but rather a queen of the

fairies suddenly descended from those regions, where life is no tribulation, but where it glides away like a golden dream from which the soul never more awakes.

That there were many present upon whom she produced the same effect as upon Fulton, was easily observable from the clapping of hands and shouts of approbation, with which she was received; indeed, this clapping and shouting was so strong and continuous, that it was a long time before that stillness pervaded the audience, which was indispensably necessary to render her voice audible.

But no sooner commenced the music which was to accompany her voice, than the deepest silence ensued. Soon after she uttered the first thrilling tones, and continued to sing in a very clear, forcible, and impressive manner to reveal all her power and technical skill. Not a movement from the large and attentive audience disturbed her, who seemed to arrest the attention of all who were within the sound of her voice. The different pieces of vocal music she performed, one more difficult than the rest, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings of the auditors to the very heavens, so that it seemed as if in that hour they participated in celestial delights. As regards fullness and artistical cultivation, her voice was unanimously considered the most excellent, and of the greatest compass ever heard.

She by no means became fatigued by the performance of the many difficult pieces, all of which she sang with great musical modulation; on the contrary, her voice seemed

rather to become more forcible, more sonorous, and more melodious, the longer she sang. The enthusiasm pervading the splendid assembly increased, therefore, as long as the concert lasted, and as often as a piece of music was finished, she was saluted by jubilant acclamations of triumph. The concert was concluded by two merry French songs peculiarly contrasting with all the rest, but she performed them with the greatest ease of style, and with an uncommon gracefulness; and when finally, at the letting down of the curtain, she bowed to the audience, an immense and endless jubilation arose, and the shouts of acclamation became so strong, that they produced an almost astounding effect.

There was perhaps only one person present at the concert, whose expectations were not surpassed, indeed even not fully gratified by her song, and that one was Robert Fulton. He readily confessed that her voice was uncommonly clear, sonorous, and full, that it had gained more force and depth, that she sang with greater firmness and compass than formerly, and that she performed with greater ease the most difficult pieces; but there was something fiery and animating, and at the same time something melting with tenderness in her voice before, something which came more naturally and more deeply from her soul, that now, in his opinion, had disappeared, and for which all her technical skill, her single and double trills and vibrations, and all the other ornaments with which she decorated her musical performances, were no equivalent.

Fulton was doubtless right, however widely he deviated from the opinion universally adopted. Nobody undertakes a long journey through Europe upon the conditions to which

Laura had submitted, without paying dearly for it; no one can constrain the spirit of art incessantly, to toil for gold and riches, without sacrificing more than he can gain. This was really the case with Laura; for though her voice had gained in force and compass, a relaxation of mind, an indifference had possessed her whole nature, which, taking all things into account, could hardly be otherwise, especially when she had to associate daily with a man like James Gray. This dullness of mind could not fail to be observable in her voice, particularly to Fulton, who had heard it in her happier days, and who, besides, looked more for emotion and internal power, than for mere external performance and gracefulness.

After the concert was over, Fulton went quietly home without speaking to anybody of his disappointed expectations; but when Benjamin West, in whose house he then lived, asked him how he had been pleased with their illustrious countrywoman, he, of course, praised her great musical talent and her sonorous voice. Yet afterwards, when sitting alone in his room, and meditating on what he had heard, the deepest grief penetrated his soul; for it became clearer and clearer to him that Laura had fallen into the hands of a tormenting demon, destructive of her better nature, from whose violence it would be impossible to liberate her. Indeed, this conviction finally became so strong that he suddenly exclaimed: "Would I had seen her lying on the bier with pale cheeks and folded hands, instead of meeting her in all this splendor. Her voice was to me truly a harp of sorrow."

CHAPTER IX.

BENJAMIN WEST owned, as we know, a large, valuable, and very costly collection of oil paintings, it being, undoubtedly, the most exquisite to be found in England at that time. He took great pleasure in opening this collection to every one who was interested in the art, and it was almost daily visited both by Englishmen and foreigners.

Once, when Fulton was busy in copying a picture, Benjamin West entered the gallery, accompanied by several foreigners, amongst whom Fulton, to his very great surprise, observed Laura Gray.

After they had looked around a little, and inspected some of the best pictures, to which West directed their attention, they approached the picture which Fulton was copying, when Laura suddenly recognized her former lover.

"Is it possible," cried she, "that we meet again here! You must know," said she to Benjamin West, "that Mr. Robert Fulton and I were old acquaintances in America."

"He has never spoken one word of that to me," said West.

"I am extremely glad to see," continued Laura, "that he has, at length, given up mechanical science, and has returned to the beautiful art which he formerly pursued."

"He has not at all given up mechanical science,"

answered Benjamin West; "on the contrary, I fear that the mechanic in him will finally kill the painter; nevertheless, be it as it may, iron is and must be attracted by the magnet; it is a property which we cannot annihilate."

"I can, however, better understand what made you collect these beautiful paintings," answered Laura; "no mechanic can produce anything that will interest me half as much as this collection."

"Alas!" said Benjamin West, "we collect and collect, and accumulate works of art under one roof, and yet, who can guarantee us that, when we are dead and gone, they will not again be scattered! This will most probably be the case with my collection, but it is, indeed, a very sad thought."

"We ought never to give room to any sad thoughts," answered Laura; "we ought to put them to flight as soon as possible."

After these words the gentlemen proceeded further, while Laura disappeared in one of the adjoining rooms. Fulton discovered that although still deserving the name of a handsome lady, she had faded a good deal, and that there was a great difference between her appearance now, when he saw her as she was in reality, and that which she had some evenings before, when, surrounded by the illusory brilliancy, she appeared like a celestial fairy before the eyes of the admiring multitude.

"Alas! that thus even the highest earthly beauty is doomed to fade," he sighed, resuming his work.

A little after the gentlemen returned. Laura now approached Fulton a second time. "Is it not true," said

she, "that countrymen, when they meet abroad, ought to consider one another as brethren? When in a foreign country we meet one whom we have known at home, we feel ourselves attracted still nearer to him; tender and holy thoughts then visit the soul. Do you not hold the same opinion?"

"Indeed, I do," answered Fulton.

"Well, if you do, then show your faith by your acts; I am at home every evening, and it will afford me great pleasure to see you."

"I am only afraid of coming at an inconvenient time," answered Fulton. "You give concerts several times weekly, if I am not mistaken."

"O, don't be concerned about that! After having exhausted nearly all my strength and spirits at a concert, I cannot sleep directly; then I need company more than at other times. But come! You will not meet many with us. Adieu! we shall soon see one another again, I hope."

A couple of days after, Fulton received a note written by Laura herself, in which she invited him to visit her on the evening of the same day.

When Fulton had read the note, he was at first uncertain what to do; for Mr. Gray had abused him so much before, that he did not feel inclined to visit his house. Nevertheless, he would not offend Laura, nor would he check her friendliness. He concluded, therefore, in spite of his aversion to James Gray, to accept of her invitation.

Mr. Gray had rented an elegant house in the western part of the city, from which there was a view over one of the large squares, in the midst of which was an inclosed

place for amusement, filled with shade trees, and covered with the freshest turf. When Fulton came, he was shown up into the first story, and taken into a splendid apartment, in which were many statues of marble, and mirrors set in the walls, reflecting the light of the numerous candles from different sides.

In this apartment he found Laura, sitting on a sofa, and surrounded by a small company of gentlemen. She received him with great friendliness and courtesy. "You see," said she, "that I have arranged myself entirely as in Philadelphia; in the evenings I receive nobody except my intimate friends; when anybody else calls, I am not at home."

"You are, perhaps, looking for Mr. Gray?" she said soon after, "he is not at home; he is out to a large dinner-party. By the advice of my physicians I very seldom attend such parties myself. Mr. Gray will soon return, I hope, and it will please him much to see you."

Several of the gentlemen present were scientific musicians, one of whom, at the request of Laura, took a seat at the piano, and played. When requested to accompany the piano with her voice, she asked to be excused. "I like best to be free when I can," said she. "An evening like this, when I need not fatigue myself by singing, I consider a very happy one."

"Do you not like to sing?" asked Fulton.

"I prefer to be free," she answered; "I do not love vocal music as much as formerly."

"Since you do not love it, how is it possible that you can sing so beautifully and animatingly?" asked a gentleman.

"Well," answered Laura, "when I have to sing, I do it to the very best of my ability, and I practice certain hours every day, because unfortunately I *must* do so."

Soon after, when the attention of the party was entirely directed to the musical performances, she beckoned to Fulton to be seated, whereupon she commenced to converse with him about his own position and future career.

"Benjamin West has called on me," said she, "he has shown me several of your drawings. You undoubtedly have great talents, Fulton, even in various directions; and yet, I am afraid that some insignificant persons will obscure your fame. I wish you understood better how to profit by your talents, and that you had something of that essential gift which the French call *savoir faire*, that is: *to know how to act*—of which some others perhaps have too much."

"I do not fully comprehend you," answered Fulton.

"Do you know why inferior talent often acquires a great celebrity," she continued in a somewhat lower voice; "why it frequently is extolled and mentioned in high terms, while real talent is often shut out from the light of fame? Only look behind the curtain, and you will come to know a good deal. He who has not done so, will never, even if possessed of the greatest talent, be able to raise himself so high as he who is well skilled in this dextrous artifice."

"It seems as if I heard another speak through your mouth," exclaimed Fulton.

"Alas! it is the experience which the world gives," answered Laura; "but I willingly confess that it corresponds very poorly with the dreams we like best to dream, before we come to know this severe teacher."

"Do you not believe," exclaimed Fulton, as if forced by an impulse too powerful for his better judgment, "that there are sorcerers, who can draw even the higher and nobler geniuses down into a lower sphere, and make them organs of their thoughts and base intentions?"

"That I do not understand, Fulton, neither will I understand it; let us talk of something else."

Soon after Fulton said: "I have heard you sing with great artistic skill, Laura; but I did not hear a single one of those songs which produced such a tender and wonderful impression upon me, when you formerly sang them in our mutual home."

"You mean the little popular songs," answered Laura, "which I sang in Philadelphia; I do not dare sing those any more; there is no real music in them, Mr. Gray says, and he is perhaps right there."

"And yet," continued Fulton, "I have heard nothing from your lips, which has more deeply penetrated the innermost recesses of my soul."

"But just those songs which you most admire, my husband hates; I never dare sing them in his presence. Quite a long time has now elapsed since I sang them; most of them I have therefore forgotten; indeed, I believe I have forgotten the right modulation of voice with which they must be sung."

"O, please try it only once more!" asked Fulton.

"Well, that you may have no reason to call me self-willed, I will do so," answered Laura; "to be called self-willed is a poor compliment to a lady," whereupon she rose, and went to the piano.

She now sat down, played a prelude, and then sang a simple song, which Fulton recollected having heard in America. Afterwards she sang two other little songs, and it really seemed as if old remembrances called forth something in her soul, reminding her of blessed by-gone days, and as if she gave utterance to something soul-moving, not to be observed when she sang her triumphant airs in the theatre. All present were therefore deeply touched by these melodies, and when she rose from the piano, she easily observed that she had created quite an impression upon them. Soon after she said to Fulton: "I thank you for asking me to sing those songs; there is indeed something pleasing and melting in them; I will pay more attention to them than I have done before, and make a small selection of them, and if I can obtain my husband's permission to sing them publicly, I believe they will take quite well."

After a little while James Gray came home. He seemed to be in high feather, like birds when their plumage is full after molting. The social enjoyments, and the palatable beverages which had been freely circulating, had, of course, not diminished his loquacity; nevertheless, he was by no means beyond self-control. "You are welcome!" cried he, on seeing Fulton. "I knew you were here in London; I am quite pleased to meet you in my house;" then he took a couple of newspapers which a servant brought him, turning carelessly over them. "There are again swelling panegyrics in the papers," said he to Laura, "look here! But you are indeed in strange company here." He now commenced to read:

"At Templebarbeach, No. 11; on the first floor facing the

yard, a large fish of a peculiar species is exhibited, never before seen in London. It is caught in the river Nile, is globular, and full of sharp prickles like a porcupine. This highly remarkable beast greatly astonishes all who see it. It is one of those monsters, which our Maker seems to have created in order to surprise the world, and confound the system of natural history, and which not only natural philosophers, but every one, even the smallest child, will look upon with great interest. It will be on exhibition for eight days more."

"Last night," the lawyer continued to read, "the world-renowned Laura Gray, the only specimen of that kind which America has to show us, gave another concert, by which she produced an entire enchantment upon the art-loving populace of London. According to the unanimous opinion of all connoisseurs, there is at present no songstress in Europe to be compared with her; but what still more elevates the enjoyment is, that while enrapturing us by her voice, she at the same time charms us by a beauty, hardly ever combined with so exquisite talent. We therefore advise all art-lovers to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear her as soon as possible; for we are informed that she has lately pledged herself to sing on the continent, and it is therefore to be feared that she will leave sooner than she at first intended, and at all events sooner than we wish."

"Yes, yes," added the lawyer, laying the paper aside, "many different distinguished characters meet friendly in the newspapers."

These words he uttered so bitingly and jeeringly, that they produced an embarrassing silence. A cloud suddenly

passed over Laura's face, and a fire gleamed in her eyes testifying to that heat of passion which was inherited with her Southern blood, and which, even if somewhat repressed, was by no means extinguished.

"Yes," continued Mr. Gray, not much concerned about the silence that fell upon the company, "you have now reached your aim, but you must, as you see, share your celebrity with many different creatures. Besides, the fruit of the laurel has a bitter aftertaste, containing no nourishment; you must therefore exchange your laureated celebrity for something real and substantial, the only thing which will remain after all your reveries are evaporated, and when all your talents can no longer succor you."

The entrance of the sarcastic lawyer had evidently given a different spirit to the whole company. Neither instrumental nor vocal music was now the subject of amusement, but rather a rash divulging of rumors about more or less known individuals. The lawyer himself told many anecdotes, which, although reflecting very little honor upon him, and not seeming very reliable, seemed to enliven the whole company.

Finally the conversation turned upon Fulton's friend, Joel Barlow, Mr. Gray asserting without any reserve, that Barlow's journey to Africa was but a cunning and crafty speculation, and that, under the pretence of liberating the Christian captives, he made the American Congress pay him large sums of money, for the use of which he made no account. Fulton, on hearing this rash statement, could hardly control himself, but declared in rather harsh words, that he was not much acquainted with the negotiations

under consideration, but that he knew Barlow well enough to know, that any rumor ascribing to him selfish motives, was a mere fiction; or to call it by its proper name, a malicious slander.

Mr. Gray was listening very calmly, and seemed not at all angry with Fulton's high-tempered language. "It is very possible," at length he said, "that some slander is hidden in it, but slander is very seldom entirely wrong. It often depends, I admit, upon a somewhat one-sided view of those human imperfections everywhere to be found: but slander is something very unjustly decried. Only consider, how empty our social intercourse would be, if not spiced by a little addition of slander. Or, if you wish for an evident and striking proof of my assertion, please visit now and then the various meetings of the so-called pious people, where not a single evil word is uttered of any one, and see what tediousness prevails there. Without slander, social life would lose all that makes it piquant; slander is, properly speaking, the sympathetic pulsation, through which the very heart of social life manifests itself and influences all the other organs; it is by the aid of slander that these organs are nourished, thrive, and are harmoniously united in a whole. Without slander, there would be a perfect stagnation in our social intercourse."

"But this is, indeed, the very bitterest criticism you can possibly make upon our society," said Fulton.

"Don't believe that!" said James Gray, "much worse things might be said; for the rest, I do not blame your friend, Mr. Barlow, for trying to profit as much as possible by his situation."

Fulton, who did not feel very much instructed by Mr. Gray's anecdotes and worldly-minded views, availed himself of the very first opportunity to return home. On taking his leave, Laura shook hands with him, asking him soon to repeat his visit. Even Mr. Gray addressed him some polite words, the purport of which was, that it would please him to see him again soon.

CHAPTER X.

SOME days after, Fulton had again bought a ticket for one of Laura's concerts. This time the theatre was rent with yet stronger acclamations than the preceding evening; indeed, at last, when Fulton went out, after the concert was over, he met a young man of his acquaintance, who confidentially told him that he and many others had concluded to appear with torches in the large square outside her residence and serenade her. This could easily be done, he said, as it was already determined upon before the beginning of the concert, the torches were ready, and sufficient arrangement was made to prevent any interference of the police.

Fulton being desirous of seeing this procession, resolved to go along with the torch-bearers; and so he did, but bore no torch himself.

Mr. Gray had been present at the concert, during which he counted the money received for the tickets. After the concert was over, Laura rode home in a coach, while he went to a party to which he had been invited the day before.

Laura had this evening exhausted her strength more than usually, and as soon as she got home, she threw herself on a sofa to take some rest. "I receive nobody to-night," said

she, "if any of my friends should call, please tell them that I am not well."

Within half an hour the chambermaid rushed in saying, that a great throng of people was without, who intended to serenade Mrs. Gray, and wished to see her.

Laura arose, threw a shawl round her shoulders, and went out on a balcony lighted by lanterns, where the torch-bearers could see her distinctly. She was immediately saluted by a storm of acclamations, and a song commenced, as a testimony of esteem.

The streets through which the procession went, were almost impassable from the countless multitude that followed after, the windows and balconies in the large square were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. But a great many had also assembled, who did not belong to the procession, amongst whom were some that were enraged on account of the American Revolutionary War, which they considered a scandalous rebellion against England, and when they heard it was an American lady to whom such an honor was shown, they became highly exasperated. At first they vented their patriotic feelings only by foul language, but when two stanzas had been sung, a violent clamor was heard, many stones at the same time being thrown up on the balcony, one of which broke a lantern in pieces. No sooner did Laura perceive this mob-spirit, than in a state of excessive terror she fled away into one of the inner rooms.

A violent fight now took place. Fortunately, Laura's opposers were in the minority, and as most of the other spectators took her part, the minority was soon overpowered,

and her admirers gained a complete victory. Many, however, were in the maddening fury of the fray, left on the cold ground to languish and to die, and many received bloody heads. Besides, several of the torches were put out and trampled in the dust.

As soon as the disturbers of the peace had been removed, and the assurance was received that Laura had come off unhurt, the singing recommenced, and was finished without interruption, after which a loud and often repeated shout of approbation resounded from the throats of her enthusiastic admirers. Nevertheless, Laura did not again appear on the balcony; the torch-bearers soon separated, and the police interfered to put a stop to any further attack of the malcontents.

The negro Gill, immediately after the arrival of the procession, had gone out into the large square, where he had placed himself so near the torch-bearers that a strong reflection of light fell upon his black face. When the fighting commenced, the fury of the mob turned against him also, for it was soon rumored that he was Laura's servant, and besides, the mob hated him because of his color. He was therefore soon knocked down, and abused both by caning and kicking, but Fulton and several of Laura's admirers succeeded in liberating him from the hands of the cruel mob.

Poor Gill was, however, wofully disfigured. His clothes were torn and soiled; he had received several blows in the face, from which the blood was gushing, and a heavy stroke on the breast, so that respiration almost ceased, and he was near swooning away. But no sooner had he recovered a

little, than with great vehemence he asked to be let in; for, said he, "they will stone my mistress, and when she is dead, I do not wish to live any longer."

Fulton took him in immediately. On the stairs they met the chambermaid, who became very much frightened at seeing Gill's bloody face. "But," said she, "as to my mistress, I can ease your mind. She became somewhat frightened when the stones flew around her, but she is not hurt in the least."

On hearing this, Gill rejoiced very much. Fulton and the porter of the house took him up to a garret where his bed was, and Fulton washed his wounds, and tried, as well as he could, to stop the blood with his handkerchief.

Soon after a surgeon came, for whom Laura had sent, who examined and dressed Gill's wounds. Fulton did not leave the garret, till Gill was undressed, and the surgeon had assured him that there was no more danger.

Fulton now went below, for before leaving the house he wished to be a little further informed of Laura's condition.

On Fulton's entrance into the drawing-room, no one was present. He remained, therefore, a moment waiting. Suddenly a door was opened, and Laura made her appearance.

There was a feverish heat in her cheeks, indicating that she was not so well as the chambermaid had stated. "How is Gill?" she asked with some agitation.

"You may be perfectly easy about Gill," answered Fulton, "he is only slightly wounded; in a couple of days his wounds will probably be healed."

Laura's strength seemed to be gone, her limbs quivered, and she had to seat herself in a chair.

"Shall I call your chambermaid?" asked Fulton.

"No, I thank you, it is not necessary," answered Laura.

"I pray, Madam, do not let this accident affect you so much," said Fulton; "after all, it is only a mere trifle, and the universal and stormy applause, the great celebrity you have acquired, and this last honor shown you, this procession, this triumph which you have won by your talent, all this, I think, will easily counterbalance such a little misfortune and a few anxious moments."

Laura looked upon Fulton with a peculiar glance of the eye. "Alas! alas!" said she, dashing away the tear that accompanied her words; "applause, triumph, procession! Oh! would I were the most obscure of women on earth, would I were the poorest mechanic's, the poorest journeyman's wife! I would prefer it to this stormy applause, to this triumph, as you call it, to this empty celebrity, and desolate existence."

While she was uttering these words, it seemed as if her features were changed, as if the deepest furrows of grief were imprinted on her forehead, and as if all her brightness of beauty were wafted away like the dust that falls from the pinions of the butterfly.

"Some days ago," continued she, "I saw a quiet Quaker woman; she was walking in her unpretending garments, and unnoticed by the fashionable world, through one of London's smaller streets; she intended perhaps to visit a sick person, whom she would nurse, or a needy one whom

she would help. O! I would give all my celebrity, all the rapture and enthusiasm which my singing has produced, all the laurel-wreaths that have been thrown at my feet, for such a quiet, obscure, and unnoticed life as that of this woman; for I am weary of celebrity, more weary than any one believes or thinks."

"You are unwell," answered Fulton, "you are feverish; when your usual composure of mind returns, you will think differently."

"Celebrity!" continued she, most likely without having noticed Fulton's words; "if you only knew by what artful schemes celebrity often must be bought, you would never again mention that word to me. It is not talent and merit alone, which suddenly elevate us. I tell you, I must use a thousand other means; I must give the public what it will have, even if it demand the most absurd and worthless; I must swim with the current of the times whithersoever it carries me; I must flatter and pay scribblers, must cringe and crouch to persons whom my heart despises; I must humbly supplicate the patronage of influential men, and counterfeit admiration for them, even if there is not the least ground for any; I must pay people for articles in the newspapers, by which, of course, I am to a certain extent my own eulogist. He who will not stoop to do so,—if he cannot like Columbus discover a new world, or like Martin Luther shake the foundation of the papal throne,—will, however great his merits may be, hardly acquire what we call a European reputation."

"A reputation acquired in this way is hardly of an imperishable nature," answered Fulton.

"But is anything here on earth imperishable?" asked Laura.

The chambermaid, who had been sent out to hunt up a nurse for Gill, now returned, and Fulton took his leave; he went home deeply afflicted, for Laura's unhappy condition weighed him down more than he would confess.

Laura did not go to bed immediately, for feverish pulsations shot through her heart like stings of fire, and she felt that it was impossible for her to sleep. She, therefore, put on a sort of night-dress, dismissed her chambermaid, and lay down on a sofa, her head leaning on a pillow, till the beating of her pulse should soon, as she hoped, resume its natural condition.

Two hours after midnight Mr. Gray returned. On seeing that Laura was still up, he was greatly surprised and displeased.

"What does this mean?" he asked, "why have you not gone to bed? Remember, you must spare your strength; you have, as you know, to sing again to-morrow. And besides, I have to-day made a very profitable bargain, by which you will have, for a long time, to sing oftener than heretofore: you must, therefore, take good care of your health."

"You require me to do too much," said Laura; "I am afraid that my voice will not endure it."

"No fear of that, if you will only spare yourself in other respects. But I hear that some tumults have taken place during my absence, and that dunce Gill has been hurt. It is perhaps on his account, that you have not gone to bed?"

"His misfortune has not, of course, contributed to quiet me," answered Laura.

"Well," said Mr. Gray sneeringly, "it is very natural that you are kindly disposed to him, for there is also, I think, a little African blood in your own veins."

"It is very natural," answered Laura, "to be kindly disposed to those who show us fidelity and attachment, but such things you don't understand; I am sorry for it, very sorry."

"What have you to complain of?" asked Mr. Gray, "are you not as comfortably fixed as anybody can wish to be? Can any princess wish a more elegant house, a prompter attendance and a greater abundance than you have? In truth, all that your talent yields me, I repay you with high interest, by trying in a thousand ways to procure you a pleasant and agreeable life."

"Can you also repay me my withering youth?" asked Laura, her eyes emitting flashes that seemed to dart from the innermost recess of her soul; "can you repay me my peace, my cheerfulness, my health, the hope of my heart, my happy dreams, my confidence in the world, my trust in my fellow-beings? Can you repay me the least of that peace of which, by your heartless scorn and biting sarcasms, you have deprived me? Alas! of all this you can repay me nothing. You have ruined my life, you have made me weary of my existence: you have misused me, for you have considered myself and my talent mere merchandise, by which you would profit as much as possible, heedless of the expensive price I had to pay. Indeed, no riches, no external splendor, no procession, no laurel wreaths, no applause of

fickle patricians and plebeians can repay me all that I have lost."

"Here we have again your African heat of passion," said James Gray, "but I must try to keep you within your proper bounds. And as to riches and applause, which you seem to speak of with so great disdain, you know very well, that they have become a necessity to you, with which you cannot part any more than a drunkard can part with the strong beverages with which he daily inebriates himself. But now to bed! I will direct the chambermaid to bring you a cooling, soothing powder; and at any rate your bed is as soft as this sofa, I think."

"It is of little avail to rest in the softest bed, when the mind is afflicted," said Laura, as she left.

On the next morning Fulton came very early to inquire about Laura's condition. To his great surprise he found Gill in the drawing room, entirely recovered from his illness.

As soon as Gill saw Fulton, he hastened to him, and pressed a warm kiss on his hand. "Gill does not forget that master followed him to the garret," said he, "and helped Gill away from the bad people, and stopped Gill's blood with the handsome handkerchief; next to Gill's mistress, there is none whom Gill likes better than master."

"How is your mistress now?" asked Fulton.

"Gill's mistress better," answered he, "but never glad; Gill's mistress makes a heap of money, but Mr. lawyer takes it all, and uses it as he pleases."

When Fulton again visited Laura, she had completely

regained the equilibrium of her mind, and he heard no expression betraying that she was displeased with her position. At length, after she had for three weeks charmed the inhabitants of London by the compass and beauty of her voice, she set out on a journey through Holland and Germany, where she had accepted an invitation to sing on very lucrative terms.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME years before Fulton left America, a man had come to London, who, aided by a wealthy American, attempted to build a steamboat to navigate the river Thames. But his plan proved entirely abortive, as the machinery could not work. This man was no other than Rumsey, whose experiments Mr. Dennison had mentioned so scornfully in his "Daily News."

Yet Rumsey was a very skillful mechanic who knew what he was about, and what had been done to solve the problem, in which he had several times exerted his mind.

Shortly after his last unsuccessful experiment, he returned to Virginia, his native State. Afterwards he visited Philadelphia, where much was said to him concerning Fulton's steamboat, whose construction he tried to ascertain as accurately as possible. He there acquainted himself likewise with the pulley-work which Fulton had invented, and of which he saw several operations, all inspiring him with high ideas of Fulton's talent and inventive genius.

Some years after, Rumsey took another journey to England, to continue his studies in mechanical philosophy.

No sooner had he reached London than he inquired after Fulton, who was still a pupil of Benjamin West. Rumsey immediately started a conversation in regard to the possi-

bility of propelling ships by steam, at the same time explaining the construction of his machinery, and the method which he had followed.

"In this way you will hardly succeed," said Fulton, when he had heard the description of Rumsey's machinery; "nevertheless, I am glad to learn that there are intelligent and skillful men, who do not consider this subject for which I have sacrificed so much, as lying beyond the bounds of possibility. I feel convinced that the veil of this mystery will at last be lifted."

Soon after, the conversation turned upon several problems of that science which both of them were cultivating, during which Fulton developed so many new and original ideas that Rumsey was greatly astonished,

"You must by no means abandon your ideal plan," said Rumsey at length, "for if anybody of our age shall be able to solve this great enigma, in all probability you will be the man."

"Neither will I abandon it," answered Fulton; "on the contrary, whatever else I am doing, my best thoughts always tend, like radii, to this centre. Yet, I will not recommence it till I have acquired so thorough a knowledge of mechanical philosophy, that I possess all the subsidiary means which this interesting science offers."

There was in Rumsey's character a peculiar blending of practical ability and enthusiasm. This enthusiasm manifested itself especially, when the subject under discussion was the great improvement in mechanical art which he expected. Then the visions of his imagination often gained the ascendancy over the calculating intellect, of which he was so richly possessed.

Thus he positively asserted, when again visiting Fulton, that the time would soon come, when most of that which heretofore was considered as belonging to the world of magic and fiction, would by the aid of progressing science be rendered tangible and effective. "No trade will then be carried on by the hands of men," said he; "the loftiest and most wonderful edifices will rise as by magic, on account of the improvements in mechanical art. Aided by them, we shall walk on the bottom of the ocean, fly like birds through the air, and descend into the unknown abysses of the earth, by which means we shall not only become possessed of immense riches, but discover many useful articles of which the world as yet has no idea."

"That is rather doubtful, I think," answered Fulton, "at least it is yet far off."

Another time when they met, Fulton spoke about several inventions of which many ideas were revolving in his mind. Rumsey listened very attentively.

"You are destined to be a mechanist," said Rumsey at length. "I advise you therefore, as soon as possible, to throw away pencil and pallet, and to devote yourself exclusively to that profession for which you are best fitted."

"Yes, it will be the safest course for me to follow this advice," answered Fulton.

Fulton and Rumsey now became frequent companions, and studied together. In the art of painting he, of course, advanced very little, and Benjamin West perceived from Fulton's performances that he was then, still more strongly than ever before, operated upon by a foreign will and influence, to which the nobler art, as West termed it, had to submit.

At length Fulton received an answer to his letter to Barlow, which had not reached Barlow, until his return from Africa.

In this answer Barlow declared unreservedly, that he had no doubt that a panorama, as Fulton could doubtless execute it, would succeed remarkably well in Paris, and he encouraged him therefore, to carry his plan into effect as speedily as possible. "You will reap both honor and profit," thus Barlow concluded his letter; "but proceed quickly, lest some other anticipate you. The old proverb: 'the more haste the worse speed,' is not true here. All that I can do for the success of your panorama, will be done cheerfully, rely on that. I therefore hope to see you soon."

No sooner had Fulton read this letter, than he communicated its contents to Benjamin West. "This is most assuredly the very best thing you can undertake," said West, "for you will thereby be able to combine the two branches, which have hitherto been in mutual hostility in your mind."

Even Rumsey strongly advised him to make the attempt. "You will thereby most likely make a great deal of money," said Rumsey; "you will perhaps acquire a name, and form the acquaintance of influential men, all of which will assist you in the execution of your higher and more important plans."

Fulton now made up his mind to follow the advice given him by Barlow, West, and Rumsey, and in the year 1796 he left for Paris to exhibit perspectives of the same kind that Barker of Edinburgh had exhibited in London.

From Benjamin West, who cherished the kindest feelings to Fulton, and highly appreciated his talent, he had received

several letters of recommendation to West's friends in Paris. Afterwards, by the assistance of Barlow he was brought in contact with several members of "*Institution National de Paris*," and with many men of influence and consideration. Aided by these, he succeeded very well, and exhibited several panoramas, which, as their optical arrangement was more nice than those of Barker, and as Fulton at the same time knew how to diversify the whole, not only in the beginning were the object of universal curiosity, but even attracted the public attention for a much longer space of time, than was to be expected from the fickle and capricious Parisians.

Fulton and Barlow rejoiced to see each other, and Barlow, whom the President of the United States had at that time appointed Minister to Paris, offered Fulton free board and lodging in his house.

Barlow devoted himself in those days principally to politics. He had already published a treatise on the deficiencies of the French Constitution of 1791, which was valued so highly that the French Government gave him the freedom of the young Republic. Afterwards he wrote his Letters to his fellow-citizens, in which he expressed his views concerning the most important political topics. By all this he had acquired great fame and influence, which he now used to promote the success of his friend, Robert Fulton's plan.

"It is indeed strange," said Fulton, when Barlow had read to him some of his letters, "that you, who in your youth were such a dreamer and visionary, have now become a strong politician."

"I was already a strong politician, when we became

acquainted in America," answered Barlow, "but I have by no means abandoned my life of dreams, as you call it, or my sphere of poetical activity, as I think it ought to be called. As one of the best evidences of this, let me tell you that I have finished the five first cantos of 'my *Columbiad*,' of which poem I spoke to you many years ago."

"But how is it possible for you to combine such a poetical life with your large and comprehensive vocation as statesman?" asked Fulton.

"I can return your compliment," answered Barlow, "by asking how you can combine your mechanical and mathematical studies with that art in which, by your panorama, you have shown yourself so eminently proficient? Upon the whole, how is it that we can combine our life in broad daylight with our dreams at dead of night? These two opposite conditions exist always in all men, like the two poles in the magnet, and the one seems to call forth and condition the other."

"I do not yet fully comprehend you," answered Fulton.

"Just because in my journey of life, in spite of all my exertions, I have often had to submit to external circumstances and pressures, just therefore I need a world in which I can move more freely; for when you shall have read the poem I am now writing, you will perceive that my poetical activity and my political efforts aim at the same object."

The first panoramas which Fulton exhibited were pictures of London and Paris. These were first painted, and then unrolled on the wall of a building constructed for that purpose. But subsequently, after having traveled in the North and South of France, in Italy, Belgium and Holland,

he learned how to secure a still greater variety to his pictures, and he then exhibited panoramas of Rome, Florence, Naples, Amsterdam, and of various French cities. Thus, without having recourse to any of those artful schemes which Laura had declared necessary, he gained a wide celebrity both in France and the contiguous countries.

During his prolonged sojourn in France, Fulton not only continued his studies in mechanical philosophy, but it afterwards came to light that he had acquired an unusual insight into the art of fortification, for which he doubtless was indebted to several engineers, with whom Barlow had brought him in contact. The results of those studies became discernible in different inventions, which, although not gaining for him so large a circle of admirers as his panorama, nevertheless, as not being mere imitation, but in most respects original, were, in the eyes of competent judges, harbingers of greater things he would yet reveal, and secured him the name of a positive mechanical genius.

It is reported that during these years he built a peculiar boat, which could move beneath the water, and by which large ships could be blown up. Besides, he constructed a saw-mill with complicated machinery for sawing the most solid stones, together with different machines, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, but all of which showed that he was constantly towering in thoughts and inventions, and had become master of his profession.

When Fulton was sojourning in Paris, an occurrence transpired which, as it was not without some influence upon his after-life, we can by no means pass by in silence, even if

his deportment on this occasion should lower him in the estimation of our readers.

One day during the carnival he had spent the evening with one of his friends, who, when supper was over, proposed to visit a public masquerade, where he said they would find a more select and less motley company than is usually found in such places. Fulton never used to take part in such diversions, but this time he yielded to his friend's request, put on a domino, concealed his face with a black mask, and went along with him.

At their entrance into the large saloon the music of a wild dance greeted them. The saloon was full of strange masks and disguised forms pressing on like waves in the turbulent sea. Amidst the great whirl the two friends soon lost sight of each other. Fulton went alone several times to and fro in the saloon, looking upon the immense swarm of people, in which divers ages and nations seemed confusedly blended, whilst hunch-backed merry-andrews and masked buffoons striking on all sides with their whirl-bats forced their way through the saloon, as if they were the directors of the whole assembly.

In the course of his looking around and moving to and fro, Fulton met two masked ladies, accompanied by a gentleman in Spanish costume. One of these ladies, dressed like a gipsy and of a tall and unusually elegant figure, seemed to look upon him with great attention when passing by him. Shortly after she stopped, left her company, and approached him.

"Do you know me, handsome mask?" asked Fulton.

"Give me your hand," said she with a voice that most

likely bore very little resemblance to her usual mode of speaking.

Fulton reached her his hand, and she wrote a B in it.

"Wrongly guessed, handsome mask!" said Fulton, withdrawing his hand.

"Yes, I was mistaken," answered she, "give me your hand again.

"A soothsayer ought never to be mistaken," replied Fulton.

"Now I know it," said she, "you are a stranger amongst us, you were not born in this country."

"My intonation or accent can tell you that," answered he.

"You have dispossessed yourself of riches and love," continued she, again looking upon his hand. You have sacrificed everything for a dream that can never be fulfilled."

"Who are you?" asked he, astonished.

"One who knows you better than you know yourself," answered she. "Adieu!"

After these words she hastened away, and disappeared instantly in the large throng.

"Who was she?" said Fulton, half aloud. "Could it be—no, it is impossible—it would have been circulated on the wings of the wind; all the newspapers of Paris would soon have told it. And I read yesterday that she is now singing in Madrid. Besides, there is something foreign in her French pronunciation, while it is easy to discover that this gipsy lady is a native of France."

This adventure had a peculiar influence upon Fulton,

whose blood was already quickened by some glasses of champagne, and he went up and down the saloon several times to refind the mysterious gipsy lady; but all searching was in vain.

Several masks now approached, accosting him and writing different letters in his hand; but he tried as soon as possible to get away from them.

"It was a singular interview," said he to himself, "a peculiar incident; for even if she knew me, it was almost impossible that she could know anything of my earlier life."

With these words he stepped into a smaller room, where the throng was not so great as in the saloon. Then his eyes again caught the gipsy lady, who, as it seemed, had been separated from her company, and was now pursued by an obtrusive masked person whom she tried to escape.

Fulton ran after, and pushed back the masked persecutor. "This lady is now under my protection," said he; "should you wish a more detailed explanation, you have here my address." With these words he gave the stranger his card, and flew away with the gipsy lady, who immediately grasped his arm.

The uninvited pursuer belched forth some curses. Nevertheless, he did not dare follow them; for even the most brazen-faced and shameless person often loses his courage, when a man of unwavering firmness stoutly opposes him, and when at the same time he must confess to being caught in an act that would sully his name, if it were known that he had committed it.

The gipsy lady seemed much disconcerted and frightened,

but still had judgment and self-control enough to dissemble her voice. "Don't leave me!" said she, "till I have found the company to which I belong."

Fulton now accompanied her to the large saloon, but on account of the continually passing and repassing throng, they could not catch sight of her company. At last she complained of lassitude, and Fulton succeeded, but not without great difficulty, in finding two vacant seats.

He now tried to ascertain her name, and how she knew him, but she would give no answer. "I wish I were at home," she at length whispered, "for alas! it is here as everywhere; we hunt for pleasure, but find only weariness, anxiety and persecution."

A little while after they again walked a couple of times up and down the saloon, but then she complained anew of lassitude, and even seemed to be fainting. Fulton tried in vain to find a place where she could take some rest, for wherever they turned their eyes, all the seats were occupied.

Fulton now called a servant, and asked him, as the lady accompanying him was not well, to show them a room, where she could rest and regain her strength.

"No, I prefer to remain here," she whispered.

"But here it is so excessively hot," answered he, "and all the seats are occupied; you must have a room where you can rest, or you will not endure it."

With these words he took her to a room, and the servant opened the door. "This is the only room still vacant," said he. Fulton stepped in with her, put a gold coin into the hand of the servant and then locked the door.

* * * * *

After going out, they walked together a few moments silently, but she soon withdrew her arm from his. "Do not follow me!" she whispered, "for the sake of heaven do not!" Immediately after he saw her in the same company in which he had first seen her, but he soon lost sight of her.

"Who was she?" again he said to himself. However, he felt that it would not be easy for him to discover, and that, even if he should happen to see her again, she would never disclose it. Thus despairing of getting a revelation of this secret, he left the motley swarm and returned home.

The masked persecutor, from whose importunities he had liberated the gipsy lady, never appeared, and the whole scene was gradually worn away by time, and blotted out of Fulton's memory; indeed, finally it seemed to him a mere shadow of unutterable meaning, a peculiar dream, whose phantoms the flood of night and of oblivion washes away, and of which the broad daylight has neither knowledge nor token.

CHAPTER XII.

SHORTLY after Fulton took a journey to London, where he expected to obtain some assistance in his plan to improve the canals, which we have before mentioned, and which he had now more thoroughly sifted and examined. There was at that time war between France and England, but through the instrumentality of his friends, Fulton knew how to get permission to take the journey and remove all hindrances.

One day, during his sojourn in London, while paying a visit to his former teacher, Benjamin West, Fulton was highly and agreeably surprised to find with West his friend, the old Quaker, Thomas Milburn, who looked rather down-cast and sorrowful.

"Are you here?" cried Fulton, on seeing him; "I have never known one word of it."

"I have been here more than a year," answered Milburn; my chief design in coming to England was to improve my wife's health, which I hoped she would regain in her native country. But it was not the case. Men prophesy, but the Lord dispenses our fate."

"Is she still sick?" asked Fulton.

"No, no more now," answered Milburn, "she died two months ago."

"It grieves me bitterly to hear of your affliction," said Fulton.

"Don't say so," replied Milburn, "we ought not to mourn, when our friends have entered the blissful mansions of eternal peace."

Fulton now took occasion once more to thank his old friend for all the kind assistance he had given him; at length he asked Milburn whether his children had accompanied him to England.

"My two sons remained at home to attend to the same farm where thou and thy friend visited us," answered Milburn, "but Abigail followed her mother and me to England. It will please both myself and her to see thee in our house."

That Milburn visited Benjamin West, was not to be wondered at; for West was descended from a distinguished Quaker family, and had never entirely broken his connection with the Society of the Friends, although he pursued an art not very much fancied by them, but rather considered a vain lust of the eyes.

After some days Fulton paid a visit to Milburn, and was received with great cordiality. Here he again saw Abigail, who was not to be compared with Laura in beauty, but who had something unspeakably attractive in her manners, and was one of those quiet women, who, when once seen, leave an impression not easily to be effaced.

It was observable, that she had also experienced the bitterness of life, but the higher and deeper peace to which her countenance bore witness, was undisturbed, and reminded of quiet evenings in the domestic abode of comfort, where

kind and faithful household gods watch and guard the holy fire.

She was now already near that age, at which the quickly fading and withering American women begin to lose their youthful and blooming appearance. However, this was not the case with her. On the contrary, it seemed as if the toilsome journey of life had ennobled her features, and not at all deprived her of the charms of her blooming spring.

"I hear," said Thomas Milburn to Fulton, "that thou hast already by thy ingenuity acquired great honor in the eyes of the world; but I have also received the sad intelligence that thou employest the gifts God has bestowed upon thee, to invent military machines, boats to blow up ships, and other complex devices, which only aim at the destruction of thy fellow beings."

"The intention of such inventions is to lessen the misery of war, and bring it to a speedy end," answered Fulton, "that human blood may be spared."

"Be it as it may," said the old Quaker, "such contrivances are worthless; it is Cain, the first fratricide, whose destructive spirit still operates in war, and whosoever countenances such a practice, mistakes his vocation from above."

A little after Fulton approached Abigail and asked her if she still remembered the time when he and his friend Barlow were sheltered under her father's hospitable roof, after they had lost their way in the woods.

"I have not forgotten it," answered she, "my mother and I expected thy return for many years, but thou didst not come."

"I am sorry, I feel that I did not do right," answered Fulton.

A little dog of a dusky color now slipped in through the door. He went immediately up to Abigail, and laid himself on the floor, his head leaning on her dress. He had once been a beautiful animal, but now looked decrepit, and his eyes were dim.

"It is little Trusty," said Abigail, "who once saved thy life, and conducted thee to our dwelling. He mourned long for thee when thou hadst left us, and often sought after thee in the large forest. Now, of course, he does not know thee."

Then the little dog raised his head, looked attentively on Fulton, and began to wag his tail.

"Can it be that a remembrance of by-gone days dawns on his animal consciousness?" said Fulton, bowing down to pat him.

"It is scarcely possible," answered Abigail, "too many years have elapsed since that time"

Abigail now commenced busying herself with her knitting-work. Fulton seated himself close by her, but little Trusty approached him, looked attentively upon him, wagged his tail, and at length laid his head in his lap. "It is very singular, it is unusual," said Abigail, "he is never so friendly to any stranger."

Neither Abigail nor her father was very talkative. Nevertheless, Fulton found himself so well contented in this quiet house, that he with great pleasure accepted Milburn's invitation to stay to dinner, and pass the day with him and his daughter.

"She resembles one of those gentle and sweet-natured pictures from the middle-ages," said Fulton, when she left the room for a moment, "one of those virgins whom the eminent masters of antiquity painted, and who are so seldom seen in this stormy life."

"Being her father, I should consider it out of place to pass any judgment on this subject," answered Milburn, "but she is quiet, industrious, and trustworthy; she will be a meek and conscientious wife, and a good mother, if it shall please the Most High to confide children to her care."

Fulton now frequently visited Milburn's house, where he soon felt entirely at home, and where he was always received with great friendliness, not only by Milburn and Abigail, but even by little Trusty, but whether the dog's attachment to him originated from a feeble recollection of former days, or was somehow prompted by instinct, is, of course, impossible to decide.

Fulton seldom talked much with Abigail; yet his mind was bent upon marrying her, and this thought took deeper root every time he saw her.

He had during his unsettled and fluctuating life often felt the want of a home that should belong to himself, where, after a toilsome day, he could enjoy that rest and domestic comfort which he needed. Such a home he had hardly ever known, for he had early been expelled from his father's house, and had since lived continually among strangers.

To create for himself such a home, and to woo Abigail for his wife, was a thought that matured more and more in his mind; for although he could but confess that he did not love her with so deep an affection as he had cherished for

Laura, he felt that she had become very dear to him, and he was convinced that she would make that house to which she should be brought as a bride, a home of domestic peace, and that she would there create a quiet world, never to be disturbed by the embroilment and bustle of life.

Finally, when his departure from London was drawing nigh, he made up his mind not to delay his proposal any longer. But not being sure of finding her alone at a convenient moment, he preferred to write to her, and one evening, when leaving, he handed her a sealed note, in which he solicited her hand. "Read this," said he, "I will be here to-morrow to receive your reply."

On the same evening, Abigail entered her father's room with gentle steps and a beating heart, and laid Fulton's letter before him.

When Milburn had read it, he remained silent for some moments. "Thou knowest," at length he said, "that it is not customary amongst us to marry our daughters except to professors of our own faith; nevertheless, it is not without precedent; what is your own desire?"

Abigail stood speechless for a time, at length she burst into tears, and pressed herself to her father's bosom.

"It is unbecoming thus to yield to our feelings," said the old Quaker; "thou knowest very well, Abigail, and hast often proved by experience, that I will not force thee to such a step against thy own will and inclination."

Then she bent her head, saying, "O, my dear father! Thou only shalt know it; it was just for his sake that I would not marry any of the others who have wooed me. I have waited for him through all these years, and if he had

never come, I would have remained unmarried till the end of my life, and like a Vestal have continued a maiden forever. But he shall not yet know what I have now confidentially told thee, for I should die of shame."

Thomas Milburn bowed, and kissed her forehead. "I hope that the light of the Spirit has guided thee," said he, "and that he whom thou hast chosen will not disappoint thy expectation."

On the next morning, when Fulton came to hear Abigail's answer, he was received by Thomas Milburn, who at first was perfectly silent, as he often used to be. But after a few moments he went to another room, called Abigail, took her to Fulton, and joined their hands together. "She shall be a blessing in thy house," said he, "as her mother was a blessing in mine. Be ye both perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment."

Abigail, who with glowing cheeks and downcast look followed her father, said nothing, and lifted not her eyes from the ground. Within a few days Fulton and Abigail were united in marriage according to the ritual service of the Quakers. Afterwards at Fulton's wish the wedding ceremony was also performed by a clergyman of the Church of England.

After Thomas Milburn had remained a short time in London to transact some business for his friends in America, he returned to Pennsylvania, where "The Friends," as the Quakers call themselves, wished to see him again. But Abigail went with Fulton to France, where they arrived in the summer of the year 1800.

The plan, for the execution of which Fulton visited England, did not succeed very well; indeed, the Government gave him a very cold reception, believing from his movements in France, that he entertained hostile feelings to England, and fearing that his engines and boats would be dangerous to the English Navy.

As soon as Fulton had returned to Paris, he recommenced constructing his military machines; but wanting the capital requisite to give them a higher degree of perfection, he addressed himself to Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time the First Consul of France, and invested with almost regal authority. Napoleon directed to have the matter investigated by several distinguished scientific men, and as these spoke in high terms of Fulton's skill and talents, he is said to have received some assistance from the French Government to enable him to execute his plans on a larger scale.

Fulton made several experiments with the boat that could move beneath the water, and it is related that on account of its destructive property, a large man-of-war had but a hair-breadth escape, and was so near being blown up, that it was only by a sort of miracle she avoided complete destruction.

Nevertheless, the experiment was unsuccessful, and was considered a failure, which lowered Fulton's reputation so much in the eyes of the French Ministers of State, that from this moment they were disinclined to redeem the promises before given him.

Shortly after this Fulton invented his celebrated *torpedo*,

a peculiar sort of engine, with which, during his subsequent sojourn in England in the year 1805, he experimented so efficiently on a very strong and large Danish brig, that in a few minutes she was blown up, and entirely destroyed.

"Who would think," said Barlow, who was present at this experiment, "that a man like you, of so much meekness in your countenance, and of so much mildness of character, could have his head teeming with such destructive machines."

But amidst his different mechanical pursuits, Fulton had, by no means, abandoned his principal idea that a ship might be propelled by steam-power. On the contrary, the more machines and engines he built, the more strongly he felt convinced that in process of time such an invention would be made, and was even near at hand.

He now discussed this subject with several of the best mechanical artists, but met the same doubts and the same resistance, which he had already met at his first experiment in Philadelphia; and though they willingly acknowledged his skill and ability, he could not influence them to take any real interest in this undertaking.

But his idea of propelling ships by steam-power was all the time pressing upon his mind as if by some magic impulse, until he resolved to renew his application to Napoleon, in which he communicated his plan to him, and requested him to support this undertaking. The First Consul, however, most likely on account of the unsuccessful experiment before mentioned, now distrusted Fulton's sincerity and veracity so much, that, according to Montgeru's statement in his biography of Fulton, he even declared, that this American

was but a charlatan, a crafty impostor, who wished only to pump money out of him. Consequently, Fulton's application was answered in the negative, and even in a cold and abrupt manner. *

During these years, an American, by the name of Livingston, had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of Paris. He not only felt perfectly convinced of the possibility of propelling ships by steam-power, but had even been invested with a privilege by the Government of the State of New York, securing him large emoluments, if within a certain time he could build such a ship on the Hudson River. But Livingston's experiment had not met with any successful issue.

Livingston was a friend of Rumsey, who had several years before returned to America, and had often spoken to him of Fulton's theoretical learning and practical ability. No sooner, therefore, did Livingston hear how Fulton had been treated by Napoleon, than he visited him and encouraged him not to abandon his plan, at the same time promising him, if he would carry it into effect, to assist him to the very utmost of his ability.

Aided by Livingston, Fulton commenced building a steamboat. But the first experiment fell entirely short of success, the engine being too heavy in proportion to the size of the boat, which immediately split and sunk to the bottom.

This repeated frustration of Fulton's design greatly dejected his mind, and the following night to him was a restless one. Hour after hour he lay eagerly courting repose, but unable to find it, for images of his disaster

* Montgery, notice sur la vie et travaux de Robert Fulton.

crowded on his brain, and kept him in a feverish excitement that drove slumber from his pillow, and he was near desponding. Nevertheless, this time he recovered sooner than after his unfortunate experiment in Philadelphia. Indeed, the next day after this untoward accident, he commenced remedying the damage produced by the too heavy engine, and worked with his own hands twenty-four hours in succession without eating or drinking, and without taking the least rest, to raise the boat above the surface of the water.

Fortunately, the machinery had not been materially damaged, but a new boat had to be built. This was done. The length of the boat was sixty-six feet, and the breadth eight, and it was tried on the river Seine in the autumn of the year 1803.

But whether, as some believed, it was on account of the torrent and peculiar nature of the river Seine, or, as Fulton himself believed, because of the imperfection of his machinery, so much is certain, that this boat, although actually put in motion by steam power, moved so slowly that it was of no practical utility. This experiment, therefore, caused very little sensation; most people who saw it or heard about it, considering it a clear proof of the entire unfitness of such an invention for any practical purpose.

But Fulton and Livingston entertained the opposite opinion; indeed, this last experiment greatly strengthened their belief, that, if not deterred by those difficulties inevitably connected with every new invention, they would at last succeed.

Rumsey, to whom Fulton sent a detailed account of his plan together with a drawing of his machinery, held the

same opinion. Fulton also told Rumsey how the French Government had treated him. When Rumsey had perused Fulton's letter, and minutely examined his whole plan, he is said to have averred, that the First Consul by refusing to assist Fulton in the accomplishment of this undertaking, had renounced the dominion of the world, which, if he had understood how to use Fulton's offer, was laid in his hands.

Undeniably, it sometimes happens that people of Rumsey's stamp of character, carry their energy and enthusiasm too far, but on the other hand this energy often becomes very conducive to the prosperity of the cause in which they take interest, and by their unremitting efforts they frequently remove great obstacles, which else would retard its progress.

Thus Rumsey, after receiving a letter from Livingston, declaring that he would make Fulton a sharer in that privilege which the State of New York had granted to himself, went immediately to New York, where by his energy, forcible and rational arguments, he not only prevailed upon the Government to make such alterations in the privilege as Livingston wished, and of which he had already written from Paris to the legislature in Albany, but even to prolong the time within which the steamer for the Hudson should be finished. It was then determined that Fulton should go to New York to build this steamer, while Livingston promised to assist him with a considerable amount of money.

From his last experiment in which the steam had proved effective in moving the boat, Fulton had gained so strong a confidence in the successful issue of his plan, that he soon after wrote to Birmingham, and ordered a steam engine to be made, the parts of which were to be arranged in a pecu-

liar way, heretofore not in use, and for which he furnished the drawing himself. In this case he was, however, not so candid as he had been with James Rumsey, in whose fidelity and honesty he placed the most implicit confidence, for he gave no explanation at all of the use of the steam engine which he had designed, ordering it only to be made as substantially as possible, and when finished to be shipped to America. The engine was, according to Fulton's order, to be of twenty horse-power.

The invention and building of Fulton's machines had not only consumed all the proceeds of his panorama, but in spite of the support received from the French Government, had even involved him in a considerable debt. This was nearly paid by his friends, and Fulton now set out for America without any embarrassment or solicitude for the maintenance of himself and his family.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the year 1805, Fulton went, as already mentioned, from France to England, and in 1806 he returned to America, accompanied by Abigail and their three children. As soon as he had reached New York, he tried to find John Bridle, who had a high standing amongst his fellow-citizens, and just at that time was elected a member of the State Senate.

Although at first strongly doubting the feasibility of Fulton's plan, John Bridle received him with the greatest cordiality, trying to the best of his ability to remove everything that might possibly be an impediment to the progress of his plan.

Fulton now wrote immediately to Philadelphia, to have an advertisement inserted in the different newspapers, in which he informed David Baxter of his place of residence, and asked him as soon as possible to come to him.

It was not long before he had the pleasure of seeing again his old, faithful David, who, as soon as he had heard what Fulton was about, promised to help him to the utmost of his capacity. "My principal request of you," said Fulton, "is to superintend the workmen, that everything may be done as substantially and speedily as possible." This David Baxter promised to do.

In New York, to their very great joy and quite unex-

pectedly, Fulton and Abigail met old Thomas Milburn, who, at the wish of his friends, had undertaken the supervision of the large hospital in that city, then confided to the care of the Quakers. It was soon arranged that old Milburn should live with his daughter and son-in-law.

When by John Bridle's and Livingston's private assistance, and by public support from the Government of the State, Fulton had obtained the necessary pecuniary means, he commenced immediately to build his steamer.

James Gray and Laura had now also, after the latter had shone like a star, and excited admiration by her talent in almost all the capitals of Europe, returned to America, and made their home in New York, which had then begun to raise its head above its competitors, and was looked upon as the central point of American commerce, and as the great metropolis of the Union.

It may truthfully be said of all large cities that they exercise a great attractive power within the circle, whose centre they form, and that immense crowds of people gather there, either to shine by their talents, or to accumulate wealth, or in an easy and comfortable way to enjoy the fortune already accumulated. To this, we suppose, it is mainly to be ascribed that we meet in this city so many of those persons with whom the readers of this work have become acquainted.

Through the instrumentality of Laura's admired talent, and the great fame she had acquired, Mr. Gray had accumulated a large fortune, which he had tripled by sagacious and successful speculations. Thus he gained the immense

riches for which he had continually been striving; but Laura, who, to gratify his avidity, had often trespassed on her strength, had indeed paid very dearly for these riches; for she at last fell into a disease, after which, by the advice of her physician, she could not make much more use of her voice.

James Gray lived in very splendid style in New York, where he had bought a magnificent mansion in the suburbs of the city, to which belonged a beautiful garden with a large orangery, in which the trees were kept during all the seasons in which they could not thrive in the open air. Besides, there were also greenhouses in which many rare Southern plants were reared. From the upper windows of the mansion there was a most charming view of the majestic Hudson and the surrounding country.

All the rooms were elegantly and luxuriously furnished, especially most of the side-rooms, where sofas covered with soft cushions and costly variegated carpets gave the whole an aspect of oriental luxury. Mr. Gray also kept a splendid carriage, at that time quite an uncommon thing in New York; and he gave parties upon parties, at which nothing was wanting that could please the palates of the daintiest guests, and at which the handsome Laura, though no more delighting the ears of her company with her charming voice, by her amiability and gracefulness played a prominent part.

Costly and invaluable pictures decorated the whole house, together with many beautiful statues which Mr. Gray had bought in Europe; for there were very few who understood better than he, how to use the productions of

the fine arts for sensual gratification, and how to cause every talent to drudge for his personal enjoyment.

Fulton had not visited Mr. Gray after his arrival in New York, for all his thoughts were in those days so entirely bent upon the execution of his great plan that he abstained from paying any visit not indispensably necessary. Besides, when he first tried to build a steamer, James Gray had not behaved in such a manner as to tempt him to court his society now, when all his time was occupied in a similar enterprise.

The greater therefore was Fulton's astonishment, when one morning he received a written invitation to dine with the lawyer. Mr. Gray being then a conspicuous and influential man in New York, Fulton believed that he would act against his self-interest, if he declined accepting the invitation. At least this was the reason he gave when Abigail wondered at his visiting this man. Nevertheless, it is possible that this was only a pretext by which he half unconsciously deceived himself and her, and that an old remembrance that had revived in his heart, was the real motive for accepting the invitation.

When Fulton appeared at the appointed time he had to go through a large hall that seemed to be much more splendid than any of the rooms in his own house. Several servants were present, amongst whom Fulton recognized Mr. Gray's servant, the negro Gill. As soon as Gill saw him, he hastened to him, loaded his hand with kisses, and then opened a folding-door leading into an elegantly furnished apartment, in which a numerous company of gentlemen here assembled.

Mr. Gray appeared immediately, received Fulton with marked courtesy, and introduced him to several of the gentlemen with the following words: "This young man is the celebrated painter and mechanical artist, Robert Fulton, who exhibited a panorama in Paris which was attended by an immense concourse of people and has excited the admiration of the world. He has now returned to his native country," Mr. Gray added, "to astonish the world here also by his matchless and splendid talents."

As he repeated this verbatim, as often as he introduced Fulton, the whole assumed an almost farcical aspect, and Mr. Gray resembled a mountebank, who continually uses the same phrases in commending an article the excellency of which he disbelieves himself.

Shortly after Laura made her appearance. She was somewhat paler than when Fulton saw her in London. She conversed a long time with two elderly gentlemen, after which she addressed Fulton, and spoke a few words to him, whose purport was, that it gave her great pleasure that he also had returned to America, and had not forever turned his back upon his native country.

Before Fulton could answer her, Mr. Gray came and said that he was sorry, that he had to interrupt their conversation, as dinner was announced. An elderly gentleman now offered Laura his arm and accompanied her to the large dining-room, the rest of the company following after.

At the table, where the choicest dishes and most costly wines freely circulated, not much was said. Only now and then some choice dish was saluted with remarks of admira-

tion. For the rest, an almost universal silence prevailed; even during the short intervals between the different dishes, there was a quiet expectation, indeed a sort of silent suspense not admitting of any conversation, and resembling that kind of devotion with which the pagans wait for their idols, when the priests carry them out of the temples to be worshipped by the assembled multitude.

When at length Fulton supposed the repast was over, a new serving of different dishes took place, the choicest dainties again exciting the appetite. Fulton, however, caused most of them to pass him untouched, and killed the time, as well as he could, by looking upon his table-companions, and admiring the unremitting efforts which their jaws put forth as long as the dinner lasted. "O, what fruition!" said he to himself, "what an absorbing of themselves in their object!"

Mr. Gray, however, did not belong to those, who indiscriminately filled their stomachs; on the contrary, he seemed to understand how to select the very best with great discernment, and with a tact testifying to long practice. He also observed a deep silence, and when one of his guests asked him a question, he answered slightly and with laconic brevity.

Finally, towards the close of the meal, when even the most indefatigable of the guests could but feel that man in this respect also is a limited being, and that the stomach in most cases becomes satisfied before the eyes, James Gray addressed one of his neighbors who had recently accosted him: "You must forgive me," said he, "that I answered you so shortly before, but it is quite difficult to perform two

things well at once; there is a time to talk, and a time to be silent, says the wise king of Israel."

Soon after, one of the gentlemen remarked that their amiable hostess had eaten but very little, or almost nothing. "I am not very well this season," answered Laura.

"It is to be hoped that you will soon improve in health," said another, "and then your beautiful and sonorous voice will return also, I think."

"Her voice will never return," answered the lawyer with a bitter smile, "I know there is much said of the bird Phenix, which rises from its own ashes in redoubled splendor; but it is only a fable, like so many other things in which men through centuries have reposed confidence.

To this Laura gave no reply, but a fire became visible in her eyes, evidently showing that the remarks of her husband were disagreeable to her. Afterwards when during the absence of the other guests she spoke a moment with Fulton, she again introduced this subject. "It is his own fault," said she, "he has abused my voice, he has often forced me to sing when I needed rest. When in Madrid, I had to sing twenty-six evenings in succession, although my throat at last swelled from the almost superhuman exertion. From that very time my voice was ruined. No pen, however graphic, no imagination, however vivid, can do justice to the fearful horrors of my situation."

"And yet, Madam," answered Fulton, "be that as it may, your voice will hardly ever be forgotten; even a long time after your departure from London, the whole fashionable world spoke of nothing but that. A gentleman said to

me: 'I listened to her voice until my soul seemed fairly lapped in Elysium.'"

"How quickly the world forgets, nobody knows but he who has experienced it," said Laura.

After the dinner was over, most of the guests went out into the garden, where a gentle breeze fanned their faces, and where roses by thousands blossomed near splendid Southern plants, which now had come forth from their winter quarters, while a roaring waterfall spread coolness beneath the shady trees.

"I feel here almost as if I were in Paradise!" exclaimed one of the guests, who with the rest of the company had seated himself in a cool bower, where coffee was served.

"Don't mention that world!" said James Gray; "all tales of Paradise make me involuntarily yawn; of course, I speak only of the Christian Paradise. As to the Mohammetan Paradise, it is quite a different thing."

If our readers should wonder that the lawyer who before was quite a church-going man, now in a large party unreservedly expressed such opinions, we beg leave to remark that he had given up his practice, and consequently no longer needed observe the same cautiousness which he formerly considered a necessity, in order to secure good clients.

Soon after one of the gentlemen commenced to question Fulton minutely concerning the steamer which he contemplated building, but feeling that he could hardly expect much interest for his plan in such a company, Fulton sought, as far as possible, to avoid the subject.

"Should you really be able to solve the great problem of navigating by the aid of steam," said the lawyer, "of which

—you must excuse me—notwithstanding your superior genius, I still entertain some doubt, it will undeniably be an extraordinary invention. Then we shall at last, I think, carry it so far, that all distance between the different quarters of the globe will vanish, and the Chinese, the Moors, the Englishmen, and the Americans, will live together as in one immensely large city. But in all large cities a sort of whirlpool is formed, where everything moves round in a circle, and where people by thousands are yearly absorbed. And this is just what we are in need of; for fresh blood and fresh powers continually flow from the country, to be lost in the immense whirlpool when their time has come. Thus a lively advancement and promotion take place in the world, and finally, when all have been advanced and promoted, when all have been observed in the large whirlpool, when all have been dashed in pieces in the great Maelstrom of life, then the song is ended and the game played out, and this is, perhaps, the very best of the whole concern. But you, Mr. Fulton, and all who, like you, accelerate the affairs of life, will, doubtless, secure to yourselves a great and well-merited honor; indeed, Mr. Fulton, your name will, perhaps, by-and-by parade in the history of the world side by side with the names of Attila and Tamerlane, and other similar mighty promoters of the great interests of humanity, provided, of course, that you can solve your problem. For my part, I have my doubts; it is one chance in a thousand that you succeed. There are many difficulties for you to encounter; in shunning Scylla take care, my friend, to avoid Charybdis. Don't you know the Latin proverb: *Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult evitare Charybdin ?*"

The bitter irony which the lawyer's voice almost always betrayed, was this time so strong and unmistakable that Fulton felt highly offended, and he would hardly have failed to give a very sharp reply, had not his attention and that of the others suddenly been turned to something else, which gave their thoughts a new direction.

A beautiful child happened at this moment to enter the bower. It was a little girl, who, to judge from her looks, was about five or six years old. She resembled Laura very much; yet, there was something sylph-like about her which Laura had not, and which even they who have it, seldom keep beyond childhood. Her hair, just passing from light to brown, did not curl, but flowed in ringlets down over her forehead and temples, which befitted her extremely well. Behind it was cut off very short, whereby her neck became visible, which in beauty could vie with Laura's own. But her principal beauty was a peculiar lustre in her eyes, which were not brown like Laura's, but deep blue. Her movement was so graceful that she seemed like a sylph, to sweep along the floor when hastening to her mother: for that Laura was her mother, none could doubt who had only once seen them together.

"There is something in those eyes not belonging to this earth," remarked one of Mr. Gray's older friends; "one is almost frightened when looking at them."

"Surely that child will not live long," said one of the gentlemen present to his neighbor, "she looks like a strange bird from the world of elves and fairies, like a bird of passage, which will soon wing its way to a better and happier region, where its home is."

"What business has she here?" cried Mr. Gray, displeased, "take her back to her room."

These words seemed to frighten the little girl, and she pressed trembling to her mother, who took her by the hand, and went out of the garden with her.

"Children always introduce an unpleasant element into social life," said Mr. Gray, "it is almost the same with them as with dogs; there is something troublesome about them; they are a real nuisance in society. Besides, the conversation very often turns in their presence on their great talents and excellent qualities, of which little is generally seen after they have come to maturity of age."

Nobody answered him, and an embarrassing silence took place, which, however, Mr. Gray soon broke again. Fulton did not join the conversation, but soon left the rest of the company to look about a little in the garden.

Most of the others followed his example; only Mr. Gray, and a couple of his intimate friends, remained in the bower.

The conversation now turned again on Fulton's herculean plan, of which Mr. Gray made sport, declaring it to be the greatest folly that had ever been conceived in a crazy brain. "Believe me," he finally said, "this Fulton is but a fanatic, a crack-brained fellow; neither has he talent of much consequence, for the panorama which excited some admiration in Paris, is not even his own invention."

"But since you are so strongly prejudiced against him, why did you invite him to your house?" asked one of Mr. Gray's friends.

"Because I wished to make him feel the difference

between empty enthusiasm and real and true enjoyment," answered James Gray.

After Fulton had been walking awhile in the garden, he returned to the main-building, where he found the greater part of the company gathered in the large hall. Soon after Mr. Gray himself appeared. A concert now commenced by the best musicians of the city, during which various kinds of ice-cream and fruits were presented to the guests. Laura was not present at this concert; she was said not to be well.

"It signifies nothing," said Mr. Gray, when one of his friends seemed to feel some uneasiness as to her condition. "The like now happens almost every other day."

The concert finished, Fulton went to James Gray to take his leave.

"Please stay a little longer, and take supper," said Mr. Gray, "it is already served in the adjoining room."

But Fulton asked to be excused, as he had something to attend to early the next morning, whereupon he left. •

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH there could not be very much sympathy between Fulton and Mr. Gray, Fulton, however, wished neither to be at variance with him, nor to offend him. He, therefore, did not suffer a long time to pass away before he again paid him a visit.

However, if Fulton believed, by the observance of forms and mere conformity to custom, he should be able to remove James Gray's aversion to him, he was greatly mistaken ; for as much as the spirit of negation is irreconcilably opposed to all genius and inspiration, so much Mr. Gray was inveterately and irreconcilably opposed to Fulton and his pursuits. There was an intrinsic separation between them, utterly remediless.

When Fulton entered the ante-chamber, he heard somebody playing on a piano in the adjoining room. The negro Gill, who was present, stepped immediately to him. "Mr. Gray is not at home," said he, "but Gill's mistress at home."

"Well, then give my name to her," said Fulton.

Gill went in. Almost at the same moment the music ceased, and soon after Gill came out, and invited Fulton in to see Mrs. Gray.

On Fulton's entering the well furnished and tidy apart-

ment, Laura was standing at the window with her little Adele. At first, there was some embarrassment in Laura's deportment, which, however, soon ceased. •

"You have the same misfortune here," said she, "that you had so often when in London; I mean, that you do not find my husband at home, and have to take up with my company."

"I could, indeed, never be supplied with a better substitute," answered Fulton.

"To speak frankly," said she, "if Gill had not betrayed me, I should, perhaps, have announced myself absent to-day. Being somewhat indisposed, I did not wish to be disturbed by company."

"I am sorry if I have come at an unseasonable hour," said Fulton.

"Don't mention it, please remain; it always gives me pleasure to see you. You know that, I hope."

"Please go on playing, mother, then I will dance," said little Adele.

"Yes, do!" said Fulton, "it is now so long since I have heard your beautiful performance on the instrument."

"Do not imagine you will hear anything extra," answered Laura, "Adele only wished me to play some dancing pieces."

She now sat down at the piano, and played a waltz, then very much in vogue.

"No, not that piece, mother, the other one, you know it!" cried little Adele.

Her mother now played another melody much more

beautiful than the preceding one. Then little Adele commenced turning and winding herself round in a sort of waltz, her movements corresponding extraordinarily well to the music. All her motions befitted her so very beautifully, that Fulton was highly astonished; indeed, for a moment he almost believed what had been uttered at the party, that she was no ordinary child, but rather a foreign, wonderful bird, that had flown hither from the land of Elysium.

Finally little Adele ceased dancing, and stepped towards Laura who was still playing. Here she stood a while, looking upon her mother with her large eyes in whose depths a boundless world seemed to be absorbed. "Mother," at length she said, "now it is summer, now the sun and the flowers have come again, and the bad wind blows no more."

One of those hurricanes which now and then interrupt the American summer, had recently been raging, little Adele most likely, therefore, fancying that winter was already at hand.

"How old is she?" asked Fulton.

Laura remained silent for a moment, as if she disliked to answer this question. "She is not so young as she looks," at length she said, "she is nearly seven years of age."

"I should not have supposed that," answered Fulton, "I have a little boy of five years, who looks quite as old as she."

"Yes, she is rather behind her age," continued Laura; "and this, I think, is my own fault, at least to some extent; for I have pampered and indulged her a good deal, which Mr. Gray daily lays to my charge. Only think, she cannot yet read, and as often as I commence teaching her, she laughs at it, considering it mere sport. 'Of course I can do

it, if you wish me to do it,' she said, some days ago, 'but I don't think it necessary, and I like, therefore, better to drop it.' Then we dropped it, and delayed it, as we have so often done."

When nearly an hour had elapsed, and Mr. Gray did not come home, Fulton considered it proper to take his leave. Laura had shown herself very friendly to him, and although not expressly inviting him to repeat his visit, there was, however, something in her manners, betokening that it would not displease her if he should do so.

"It almost seems to me that Abigail would have suited better to be the little girl's mother than Laura," said he to himself when going home.

Little Adele strongly impressed Fulton's mind, and although he had at this time quite different things to reflect on, he could not forget her; for it seemed to him that he had never before seen so sweet a creature, and, finally, his longing to see her again became so eager, that he resolved to make another visit to Mr. Gray's house.

Neither this time did he find James Gray at home, which was by no means disagreeable to him. At his request Laura again played, little Adele dancing as before. But in the midst of the dance she suddenly stood still listening. "Hear, mother, how the bells are tinkling," at length she said.

Laura ceased playing; little Adele was right, for a tinkling of bells was heard far off. Psalm tunes were soon after heard also. Adele now hastened to a window, where she saw a hearse, on which was a coffin, ornamented with a large wreath, a long funeral procession of men, with black cloaks, and crape on their hats, following after.

"What is it, mother?" asked little Adele astonished.

"It is a corpse, which they carry away to be buried. Have you not heard that everybody must die?" said Laura, a shudder so strongly agitating her limbs that Fulton even observed it.

"Oh, mother!" cried Adele, "I do not wish to die; I do not wish to be put into the grave: I do not wish to be carried where the knell is tolling; I wish to remain here with you."

"That I most assuredly hope you will," answered Laura, bowing down, and pressing her to her bosom; "what would become of me if you were to leave me?"

"Do you still hear how the knell is tolling over the dead?" again said little Adele, who did not seem to think of anything else. "Hear, the knell is all the time tolling!"

Fulton stood long looking upon her eyes. "It seems," said he, "as if I saw two flowers shooting out from that sea in which the morning star swims, and from which the sun draws his lustre."

"Yes, so it seems to me," said Laura.

"And yet, I wonder that you whom I have seen so much admired and idolized by the world, can be contented with this solitary life with this little child; indeed, you have undergone a great change."

"Time changes us all," I think," answered Laura, "but I am not so much alone as you think; we have company almost every day. But how do you fare yourself? You have children also, I am told."

"I have a boy and two little girls," answered Fulton;

"all three handsome children, but such an expression and such eyes as your little Adele they certainly have not."

"And you married a Quaker girl, I am told. Have you become a Quaker yourself?"

"No, I have not," answered Fulton.

Laura now turned to lighter conversation more corresponding with that part which she had before played in the world; but suddenly she recommenced speaking of Fulton's own situation. "I hear that you are meditating on a great plan," said she, "unless you perhaps have changed your mind, and given it up again."

"Very far from it," answered Fulton, "I shall never give it up; on the contrary, my hope of success is now established on a very good basis."

"It is a pity," said Laura, "that a man of so considerable talents should take it into his head to waste so much time on a plan whose execution, in all probability, will be shipwrecked on the rock of impossibility."

Before Fulton could answer her, their conversation was broken off by Mr. Gray's arrival. "Eh, Mr. Fulton!" cried he, throwing himself on a sofa, "you are welcome! But I really supposed you were so busy with your steamer, that you had not a moment left for the benefit of your old acquaintances."

Without waiting for Fulton's answer, he proceeded to speak of different occurrences which then occupied the public attention.

"Do you know that Mr. Dennison is now here?" he said among other things, "and that he is publishing a daily paper in New York? He is an excellent man, this Dennison, a

man of unusual culture of mind, that is to say: he knows a little of everything in this world, or as we say: *Aliquid in omnibus, and nihil in toto*. Added to this, he is entirely unprincipled, not at all restrained by conscience, so that he can be used to carry into effect any purpose soever, good or evil. Yes, indeed, he is a first-rate man, a great linguist, an elegant writer, a fine orator, he can plead any cause, and has always the most splendid phrases at his command; and as long as a man has plenty of good phrases at his command, he can easily palm anything upon people, and induce them to believe that he interests himself in their behalf; for, properly speaking, it is by phrases and a good diction that the world is now ruled."

When Fulton soon after took his leave, Mr. Gray carried his politeness so far as even to accompany him down stairs.

"I don't know," said he, when Fulton was about to leave, "whether you have heard that Mr. Van Gehlmuyden has died, and willed all his property to a relative of his in Alkmaar, Holland. Indeed, I was in hopes that he would have made quite a different disposition of it; but so goes the world, *ultima voluntas ambulatoria usque ad mortem*, says the proverb. Farewell, Mr. Fulton! Don't forget to visit us soon again, very soon."

The lawyer returned to his room, where he again threw himself on the sofa, and commenced inveighing sharply against Fulton, and using, as he often did, the most abusive language against him, although in Fulton's presence he had treated him with the greatest politeness.

"I most pity his poor wife," at length he said, "it must

indeed be a severe task, even if she is clothed with all the humility of a Quaker woman, to be married to such a predestined inmate of a lunatic asylum."

"She is perhaps less to be pitied than you think," exclaimed Laura.

"Well," said Mr. Gray, "I know that you formerly took some liking to ~~the~~ Robert Fulton; and old affection never gets rusty, is the old saying." After these words he rose and left.

Little Adele had been listening silently to Mr. Gray's remarks, but no sooner had he left, than she turned to her mother saying: "When the stranger comes again, I will tell him how father has abused him."

"How did that come into your mind, child?" said her mother astonished, "you must not do it."

"Yes, mother, I must do it, for he ought to know how badly father speaks of him."

"No you must not tell him any such thing, it will not do."

"Yes, mother, he shall know it, for it is not right," said Adele.

"But if your father comes to know that you have told stories about him to the stranger, what do you think will be done with you?" asked Laura.

"No, mother, then I will not tell it," answered Adele frightened; for she had most likely before experienced the unpleasant effects of Mr. Gray's anger.

"She is quite unfit for this world," said Laura to an intimate friend to whom she told this little occurrence; "I really fear to think of the time when she will become more acquainted with it."

In regard to Mr. Gray's intelligence concerning Van Gehlmuyden, we must make some additional remarks. That Van Gehlmuyden had died, and left a will, by which one of his relatives in Alkmaar, to the exclusion of all the rest, was made heir of all his property, was perfectly correct; but a clause was at the same time subjoined, which bequeathed a legacy of three thousand dollars to Fulton's father, old Robert Fulton. That this will was finally written and subscribed, was mainly owing to Jack Turner, who during his latter years had flattered Van Gehlmuyden's vanity, and with obliging condescension and seeming disinterestedness, removed all business trouble from his shoulders, thus gaining a considerable influence over him. During these years, Jack Turner had entered upon a correspondence with the relative in Alkmaar, and had—in all probability with the promise of an ample reward—bound himself to have the will made. In this he finally succeeded, although it was no easy task, as Van Gehlmuyden was in the habit of postponing from day to day everything which he had to do himself. The clause which made old Robert Fulton a legatee of three thousand dollars, Van Gehlmuyden had, upon the reception of a letter from John Bridle, subjoined himself, in spite of Jack Turner's protestations.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE than a month now passed away, during which time Fulton had so much to attend to that he found it impossible to visit Mr. Gray's house, when he unexpectedly heard that little Adele was sick, and that her mother felt great anxiety respecting her condition.

No sooner did Fulton hear this than he glanced around, as if in expectation of some fearful event, and although having duties paramount to almost all other considerations, he put everything aside, and after a few minutes hastened to Mr. Gray's house to ascertain whether or not he had been alarmed by a false report.

Unfortunately the report was true. In the hall he met a nurse who told him that little Adele was very sick. "Yet," said she, "the physician has still good hopes, but Mrs. Gray watches with the child every night and is very much worn out."

As soon as Gill, who was present, gained sight of Fulton, he went in, but soon returned, saying that Mrs. Gray wished to see Fulton.

Gill took him through several rooms to a small chamber, where he found Laura sitting by her little daughter's bed. Laura seemed very much changed, she had become thinner; gloomy shades were spread over her beautiful face, her eyes were bright and tearless, but their very brightness

spoke of sorrow and anxiety too deep to be wept away. She was about to adjust a couple of pillows to little Adele's head, who was sitting half-raised in her bed, holding a doll in her hand, while several small houses, animals, trees, and other toys were placed on a table close to the bed for her amusement.

"You were very fond of her," said Laura, "that I could read from your eyes, and she had in return taken a great fancy to you ; she often spoke of the stranger, and asked whether he would soon come again ; you shall therefore see her play to-day for the last time."

But this he did not see ; for Adele soon dropped her playthings, falling into a sort of doze, while her mother laid her little head down again on the pillow. "Alas, she will play no more !" said Laura, tears starting to her eyes.

"Yes, she will, providence permitting," said Fulton "the physician has not yet abandoned all hope, I understand."

I believe more in herself than in the physician," answered Laura. "When eight days ago she woke feeling sick, and I tried to soothe her with the hope of a speedy recovery, she said : "No, mother, this time I shall die away from you, be sure of that."

"It is my own fault," continued Laura, after a short silence ; "just a few months before she was born, I exhausted my voice and breast so much, that I became ill myself. Therefore she became so delicate, as if she were an airy substance, and not of earthly matter, and now I must lose her."

At this moment Mr. Gray stepped in. On seeing Fulton he started, and an expression became visible round

his lips, betraying that Fulton's presence displeased him. In a few moments, however, he allayed his temper.

"You have spoiled her yourself, you have indulged her too much," said he to Laura, "you would not let a breeze blow on her; now you have to take the consequences. Come, Mr. Fulton! your place is not here in this infirmary; it was indeed a strange idea to take you in here."

Fulton spoke a few friendly words to Laura, expressive of his sincere wishes for Adele's recovery, then followed Mr. Gray, who had already opened the door, and was waiting for him even with impatience. "Adele will never be well again," said he, after they had entered the adjoining room; "she is breathing her last, and it is for the best, for her mother may perhaps thereby be regained to the world. As matters now stand, she minds nothing but that child."

After Fulton's departure Mr. Gray returned to Adele's bedroom, where he rebuked Laura sharply for her friendliness to Fulton to whom he himself was so strongly opposed. To this Laura gave no reply.

A couple of weeks now elapsed, during which time Fulton never entered the room where Adele lay, but however busy he was, he suffered no day to pass without inquiring after her condition.

Some days after he heard that the physician had pronounced her disease contagious; and soon after he learned to his great surprise, that both Mr. Gray and most of his household had, from fear of being infected, left the house and moved to another place in the city. Only Gill and Nancy, the nurse mentioned before, remained with Laura.

Fulton was now so busily engaged, that for a couple of days he had no time to inquire after Adele; and when on the evening of the third day he entered Laura's hall, he saw neither Gill nor Nancy, but heard some singing in one of the inner chambers. To his great astonishment he recognized Laura's voice, sounding not only with unusual compass, but at the same time expressive of a grief, which he had never before heard in her voice.

Soon after the negro Gill stepped in, looking very sad and melancholy. "How do matters stand?" asked Fulton.

"Badly, badly," answered the negro, "Gill's mistress weeps all the day, little Adele will soon die; tell Gill that you wish to see her."

Before Fulton could answer him, he had left; shortly after he returned, and to Fulton's great surprise asked him to follow him.

"The lawyer far off," said he, "Nancy tired and sleepy, Gill's mistress wishes Gill to sleep, Gill's mistress commands Gill to sleep, but Gill will never go to bed, while his mistress sits up with the sick Adele."

After these words he took Fulton in to Adele's room, where Laura was sitting by her bed. Fulton was deeply touched at the expression of hopelessness painted in her countenance; and the sight of the little pale angel who was soon to depart from this world, made him weep bitterly. Gill left immediately after having taken Fulton in.

"I knew that you would be here; I have long been waiting for you," said Laura.

"Is she then past cure or help?" asked Fulton.

"See!" said Laura, taking a candle and approaching

little Adele's face; "these widened pupils through which the rays of light pass, no longer receive any impression."

"Please take a seat there!" she said a little after, "your place is here with this child; let both of us watch with Adele this last night."

Fulton looked upon Laura with astonishment, read in her face the agony of a mother's passion, and immediately took the seat which she had assigned him.

Shortly after, Laura recommenced singing. The most marvelous melodies now sounded from her lips; national songs from Scotland, England, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and even from the high North of Europe, sounded by turns, all at once reminding both of the cradle and of the grave. But through all of them breathed an ineffable and unfathomable melancholy tenderness; it was like a voice lamenting over departed happiness, over beauty and strength cut down in their prime; it was as if the deeper feeling, before almost banished by Laura's levity of mind, and only now and then slightly discovered in her public performances, now burst forth with redoubled force into a musical language, which melted and glowed with it into poetic imagery, while at the same time her grief and affliction seemed to have restored to her voice its former force and compass. Indeed, Fulton believed he had never before felt the grandeur and splendor of her vocal music, as he did at this moment.

Suddenly discontinuing those songs, she commenced singing that waltz-tune, which the little one had loved above all other music, and to the measure of which she had so often danced. But even this tune bore witness to

her affliction, and an expression of heart-rending grief was discernible in it, as Fulton had never before perceived and felt it. Indeed, all these songs she sang, seemed to him possessed of some magic, by which little Adele might possibly be saved.

But alas! it was not so; the very pangs of death were already stamped on her face; she rose no more from her deathbed.

Finally Laura's voice seemed to fail her; she ceased singing, and steadily fixed her eyes on her child, who was struggling with death.

"From this very hour I can never again endure to hear music and singing," said Fulton.

"And I shall never again be able to sing," answered Laura, "for all my strength is broken and withered."

Soon after Laura moved one of the candles nearer; so that the rays of light were reflected on little Adele's face, and Fulton seemed to see the very clouds of death hovering over her.

Then they again sat silently for some time, one on each side of Adele's bed. "Do not look so steadfastly on her," Fulton at length said, "by thus staring her in the face you may perhaps prolong her last struggle, and make it more painful."

"Oh, she is already gone!" Laura cried soon after, throwing herself with passionate agitation over her bed; "she is dead, I saw her eyes eclipsed; I shall nevermore see their bright and beautiful splendor."

And so it was; with short sobs the little one had gasped away her breath.

"Alas! alas! she is gone!" exclaimed Fulton, "she will rise no more till the elements are melted."

"Do you see?" again Laura said, rising from her seat with a wild look, "Peace, pale, quiet peace in her features! But we are still in the midst of the tumultuous current of time and events; and yet, I cannot wish to follow her," added she shuddering, whereupon she bowed down to close little Adele's eyes.

Soon after Fulton also bent down over Adele's corpse. He was astonished at her beauty even in death. She looked like a pale, sleeping angel. Her fine ringlets of hair flowed freely over her forehead, and he seemed never to have seen anything so beautiful and charming, and she had never in his opinion, been so lovely while alive, as she was at this moment. Fulton leaned his head upon his hand, and gave himself up to the feelings which the place and the scene excited.

Laura now moved back the candlestick a little and turned to Fulton. "Since she is no more, you shall know it," said Laura; "Adele was your own child, Fulton; I will not conceal my deviation from moral rectitude, I was the gipsy lady whom you met at the masquerade in Paris."

This statement perplexed Fulton to such a degree that his tongue at first was almost paralyzed.

"So it is," said Laura, "but now you must be gone! for here death has pitched his abode; take heed lest its breath poison you!"

"God forgive us our sin!" exclaimed Fulton suddenly.

"Do you believe in the remission of sins and in such religious things?" said Laura, "then you are happy; but I

am married to a man who has extinguished all faith in my heart."

Fulton now rose to leave. "I have still a few words to say to you," continued Laura; "never come here again! Mr. Gray is your bitterest enemy; because of some incautious words which lately escaped me, and which he has come to know, he hates you more than ever before. A suspicion has risen in his breast that there exists a familiarity between us, of which he had no idea before. Stay away, therefore, and guard yourself against him."

With regard to the masquerade adventure we must add that Laura already before that time felt the beginning of that disease, which afterwards continually preyed upon her frame, and at last deprived her of her wonderful voice. She, therefore, went to Paris to consult a physician in whom she placed great confidence. To avoid being the object of universal curiosity, and to escape the pressing solicitations which are often made to persons of great celebrity, she assumed a fictitious name, and besides, lived very retired. Shortly before her departure, however, a lady friend persuaded her to attend that masquerade, where a passion, the power of which she had not before known, seized upon her unawares. Soon after she left Paris for Madrid, whither she was obliged to go, according to an engagement which Mr. Gray had made.

That Fulton should believe the gipsy lady a native of France, is easy to understand, for during her sojourn in Europe, Laura had had great practice in the French language, which she had to speak everywhere save in

England, and which she had always spoken with her mother.

Fulton did not leave Mr. Gray's house till two hours after midnight. What Laura had told him left such an impression upon him, that for some days after he could hardly direct his attention to the great plan which usually constituted the central point of his thoughts. He now felt and comprehended that all human skill, and even the loftiest faculty to which the name of genius is given, are often but too frail and weak bulwarks to repel the great whirlpool of moral aberration, in which our immoderate passions swallow us up, and that a much stronger defence must be built to resist them.

But little Adele he could never forget; from her death-bed had sprung a flame never more to be quenched in his soul.

Fulton could not endure to be ignorant of Laura's condition. He, therefore, sent to ascertain, and learned that she had several times, especially on the day of Adele's burial, been entirely beside herself. Afterwards, one afternoon, she had walked out alone to her little one's resting-place, where after the lapse of an hour Gill had found her lying prostrate on the grave, bathed in her tears, and half unconscious, so that it gave him great trouble to get her home.

"It is this insane heat of passion which has destroyed her health," said James Gray, on hearing of it; "but she cannot resist her African nature; for from Africa she undoubtedly is descended, and it is the negro blood that is still circulating in her veins." This was the usual remark

which the hard-hearted Mr. Gray repeated as often as he spoke of Laura's hasty temper.

Soon after Laura fell into a malignant disease, and when in a feverish state she dropped some words which, when told to Mr. Gray, highly corroborated his suspicion as to her earlier intimacy with Fulton. He now swore at all hazards to precipitate Fulton into misery and destruction.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE old saying contained in Holy Writ, that no prophet is accepted in his own country, may also, I think, be applied to the aspiring and ambitious talent, even oftener than most people believe, however with the necessary limitations. At least this was the case with Fulton; for although by his panorama and many skillfully constructed machines, he had gained a great name both in England and France, it did not seem to have produced any alteration in the public opinion of his native country. On the contrary, as soon as he recommenced building a steamer, the old prejudices recommenced to manifest themselves.

In those days, before science had solved the problem how to cross the vast ocean by the aid of steam power, the opinions concerning this subject were rather divided. And upon the whole it is a fact, commonly known, indeed too well known to need any comment, that every great invention which seems to draw nigh to its completion, but which has not yet entered the sphere of reality, and not yet become flesh and blood, so that the greatest doubters can put their fingers into the print of the nails and tangibly assure themselves of the fact, is doubted by the mass of the people, and believed only by a few of sagacious mind, who foresee that it may possibly be effected by human agency. It was so in

this case. Some few believed in the feasibility of Fulton's plan, and did not doubt that the world would at length arrive at such perfection in science, that something similar would be invented, while the great majority looked upon such an invention as utterly impracticable, and considered it a sign of madness even to think of the possibility of ever carrying it into effect. To the latter opinion two of the leading newspapers in New York most obstinately adhered. One was published by Mr. Dennison, the other by another gentleman. Both of these papers severely blamed the government of the State for having negotiated with such fanatics as Livingston and Fulton, and although occasional voices were heard of quite opposite views, they exercised very little influence upon the public opinion, which had from the beginning shown itself adverse to Fulton's undertaking.

Indeed, the same opinion which had been repeatedly uttered when Fulton built his first steamboat in Philadelphia, that his plan was the mere outgrowth of a visionary idea, now started up again, immediately gaining many adherents among the mass of the people, who, in most cases, are apt to consider every association of ideas beyond their own comprehension, the action of a deranged brain.

One of the most offensive articles, in which truth and falsehood were so peculiarly blended, that Fulton instantly believed he recognized the author, we will copy verbatim. This article was inserted in Mr. Dennison's daily paper.

"It is a well known fact," thus reads this article, "that Robert Fulton has before made some experiments to achieve that enterprise which is now again the subject of his deliberation. All those experiments, however, have been so

unsuccessful that he certainly would abstain from any more efforts in this line, were his mental powers in such a condition as to guard him against the delusion of fancied visions. His first experiment, made in Philadelphia, had a very pitiable result, his machinery being too imperfect to operate, and it was universally reported that he then conceived the desperate idea of setting fire to his own boat. He is said to have made some similar experiments in France, and to have offered Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time the First Consul, to build him a whole steam fleet, which should enable him to conquer England, and to secure the dominion of the ocean. - But that superior and gigantic genius, now the head not only of France but of nearly the whole European continent, was too sharp-sighted to negotiate with this visionary, and Mr. Fulton received an answer in which the First Consul unreservedly called him a charlatan; indeed, he is said to have used still severer expressions, which we, however, dislike to repeat. Nevertheless, Mr. Fulton was not yet beaten out of the field, but assisted by some deceived and infatuated capitalists he re-commenced to execute his great plan. He is said to have built two steamboats; one sunk to the bottom when he began to experiment with it; the other wanted nothing except that, although the steam-engine operated to the utmost of its capacity, it could not move from the spot where it was moored. We are then told that France became disgusted with him, and that Mr. Fulton, in whom several symptoms of insanity were discovered, was brought to Charenton in the vicinity of Paris, where there is a lunatic asylum, and there locked up for quite a long time, until his mental

condition had improved, when he was again set at liberty. Although we of course wish Mr. Fulton all the liberty which he is capable of enjoying, this must be considered a great misfortune; for it would certainly have been much better both for New York, and perhaps for Mr. Fulton himself, if they had kept him in Charenton up to this very day. However, it is a great pity that Mr. Fulton suffers from this partial insanity, as he has on several occasions shown that he is not at all destitute of talent for mechanical science. But it is still more to be regretted that the government of the State of New York has placed such confidence in his reveries and extravagancies, as not only to grant a patent on his imaginary invention, but even to assist him with money, which might just as well have been thrown into the Hudson, where it at least would not have passed off in smoke and vapor, as will doubtless be the case when it is subject to Mr. Fulton's management."

Fulton had now grown older and was more experienced; and, of course, it could not occur to his mind to take the trouble to refute every fault finding article which might be written against him. Nevertheless, this last attack seemed to be too pert and overbearing to be passed by in silence. He, therefore, caused a defence to be inserted in several papers, in which, though written with great moderation, he declared the assertion of his having ever been locked up in Charenton, to be a rousing lie forged in the brain of a calumniator. Besides, he proved by various certificates that the last boat which he had built on the river Seine, had actually been put in motion by steam power, only the motion was not swift enough.

"I remember," thus Fulton continued, "to have read several years ago some remarks from an author whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. I copied them, and as they apply quite well to the present case, I will quote them: 'He who wishes to know fancied and empty wisdom, he who wishes to witness the seeming victory which merciless criticism and stubborn prejudice gain over real talent, he who will satisfy himself how fleeting that kind of praise and censure is which is only based on pre-conceived opinions, he who wishes to be insensible to the assertions and idols which the moment establishes, and the moment again pulls down, in short, he who will have a clear image of the fluctuation and swift vicissitude of public opinion, he must not try to learn this from important and celebrated writings, but rather from those which the tide of the times raises, and soon again washes away, and above all, he must learn it from the more insignificant and ephemeral journals of a by-gone period.

"Every man of genius who is erroneously judged by his cotemporaries is very apt to believe that the world is unjust to him in an unprecedented degree, that he is more fiercely persecuted, and that he has a severer conflict than all other men of genius before him. But on reading those papers, and the opinions therein expressed, he will soon be undeceived. He will then see how the names of superior and illustrious men—especially after their bones are hidden beneath the green roof of that dark mansion whose chambers he must himself occupy so soon—are constantly used against aspiring talent, which in its turn when, in spite of this resistance, and after many a severe and bitter contest, it has acquired some power and respect in the world, is used in a similar way

against all talent and genius, which next try to pave a way for themselves. He will see how shallowness of observation and learning is often extolled, whilst real worth and excellence are disdained, hated, and trampled under foot; he will learn how even that whose value and validity experience has afterwards attested, is at first often opposed with the greatest boldness, and made a laughing-stock to the great multitude, whilst on the other hand discoveries and inventions are magnified and trumpeted, which, after a short time, evaporate like airy schemes, and dwindle to nought. Thus he will learn wisdom, and acquire the needful knowledge of human nature; learn how manfully to tolerate misrepresentation, bitterness, disdain, and contempt, and he will, at length, view all these as transient clouds in the sky of justice, which certainly can for a while obscure it to human vision, but, when they are vanished from the sight, cannot prevent it from being visible in all its pure and exalted splendor.'"

"This fragment of the author, whose name I have forgotten, and which I have taken the liberty to quote," continued Fulton, "came into my thoughts when reading the many unfavorable judgments lately passed on my work, even before its final issue is seen. For the rest, I know very well that I have not yet performed anything which can secure me a place in the rank of the great inventors who have preceded me. Nevertheless, I believe that on several occasions I have shown some talent and ability in my profession, and I do not think I deserve all the contempt and disdain which are heaped upon me, often even by people who must know themselves to be entirely destitute of all knowledge of the subject under consideration, and perfectly ignorant of the train of

my ideas on which they so boldly pronounce their condemnatory verdict.

"Because some experiments, even when made by skilful and experienced men, at first prove abortive, there is no reason to consider the whole plan absolutely and *per se* impracticable. Every art has its fore-runners, who are too often misjudged by the public, but who, even if they do not reach the goal themselves, contribute greatly toward paving the way for their more fortunate successors. Whether I am only such a fore-runner, and whether I shall die in the battle-field before the victory is gained, time will soon tell. Nevertheless, I have a firm belief in my final success, and entertain the unshaken hope, that the moment is now at hand when the great problem, for the solution of which I have sacrificed the very best years of my life, will be solved."

This defence was printed in many newspapers, but did not at all produce the effect desired. On the contrary, the editors distorted Fulton's arguments, and tried to make the public believe that in his defence he had made use of some expressions testifying to his own disbelief of success. This several newspaper-writers greedily grasped, asserting without any reserve that Fulton sought to withdraw himself from his obligation, and adding that in all probability he would never suffer any more experiments to be publicly tested, as he now saw that he would play the fool, and become an object of derision to the assembled spectators.

Meanwhile the building of the steamboat advanced rapidly; for Fulton from his previous experiments had learned how to avoid many blunders; besides, he had a

keen vision in his favorite science, often making up for his lack of experience. And although the machinery, constructed according to his directions, was still rather imperfect, and could scarcely be compared with that which our smallest steamboats now-a-days have, he believed that, under the circumstances, he had good reason to be rather well-satisfied with it.

For the sake of safety a watch was kept on the steam-boat both day and night. In this Fulton was greatly assisted by his faithful friend, David Baxter, who hardly ever for a single moment left the boat, and who, during the few hours necessary for his own sleep, knew how to appoint so reliable and vigilant persons, that any misfortune like that with which Fulton had met in Philadelphia, seemed to be utterly impossible.

In the month of August of the year 1807, the steam-engine came from England. It was immediately adjusted to the boat, and towards the end of September the whole machinery was completed.

This steamboat was called "The Clermont," from the name of Mr. Livingston's country residence, was 136 feet long, eighteen feet broad, and was impelled by a machine of four feet stroke, and a two foot cylinder.

The boat was lying at anchor in the Hudson, rather near the shore, where crowds of spectators daily flocked to see the mysterious structure, which the majority ridiculed, but which some looked upon with a certain degree of suspense, indeed even with anxious expectation. It was now advertised that "The Clermont," on the third day of October, would make her first voyage up the Hudson, to be

continued, if possible, directly to Albany. None whose business did not require it were permitted to go on board previously to this voyage.

The steamboat "Clermont" did not flaunt the lively colors for which the American steamers are now noted. There were no sofas, no painted benches, or chairs on the deck; upon the whole, there was no such comfort for passengers as is now found even on the smallest steamboats; neither was there any gorgeous dining-saloon. Every thing was plain and unostentatious; only a blue flag, with thirteen white stars, played in the breeze from the stern, while a high chimney occupied the space where the mast of small sailing vessels is usually placed.

The short time remaining before the trial was to be made, Fulton used in examining the machinery in all its particulars, and in removing, as far as possible, every obstacle which, at the decisive moment, might prevent the motion of the boat. What afforded the greatest comfort to his mind was, that a preliminary trial, made early one morning, before the crowd had flocked together, seemed to prove that he had not labored in vain. He observed, however, on this occasion, that the diameter of the water-wheels was somewhat too great, and that the paddles dipped too deeply into the water. But all this was remedied in season.

Some days before this Fulton had received a letter from Barlow, who had returned to America, and was now traveling in the west of Pennsylvania, beyond the Alleghanies, to buy some acres of land for some families, who wished to settle in America.

"Even here on the banks of the Ohio," thus he wrote,

"rumors are afloat both of yourself and of your bold undertaking. But, as you know, the public opinion is not in your favor, and to be candid, I myself am not far from holding the views of the doubters. As I expect to be in New York on the day appointed for the final solution of your great problem, we shall soon meet.

Your friend,

BARLOW."

"I have here," thus reads a postscript, "found again the two colonists, William Harris and George Harris, with whom we many years ago made acquaintance. I have, they tell me, done them a great service, by buying from them an excellent piece of land, after which they moved farther westward, where the dense forests have not yet felt the stroke of the axe, and where, therefore, is a better and wider field for hunting."

The momentous hour was drawing nigh, but Fulton heard nothing of Barlow's arrival, and he began to doubt his coming. But another man had come to town closely related to Fulton. This man was no other than his own father, who had gone to New York to have a matter attended to on which his whole temporal welfare depended. Jack Turner, whom Van Gehlmuyden's heir in Alkmaar had authorized to act in his behalf, asserted most positively that the legacy which Van Gehlmuyden in his last will had bequeathed to old Robert Fulton, could not be paid on account of an error which invalidated the document. As Jack Turner now lived in New York, and it was uncertain whether he would ever return to Philadelphia, old Fulton

had taken this journey to try to have the affair settled satisfactorily. But it was his firm resolution not to have anything to do with his son, as he unreservedly told John Bridle, when paying him his first visit, and as John Bridle himself did not expect any good from such an interview, he gave Fulton no intelligence of his father being in New York.

The last evening before the steamboat was to be tested, Fulton spent at home with his family. He had been on board the boat till the very setting of the sun, to arrange everything as well as circumstances permitted. He, therefore, believed that it was not necessary for him to be there himself, and that he could safely leave the care of the boat to David Baxter, who had undertaken the superintendency of the steam-engine, in the management of which he was already an adept.

On that evening not much was said; old Milburn was yet more silent than usual, and seemed totally absorbed in his own contemplations. Abigail was sitting at Fulton's side busy with her knitting-work. The two little girls were seated in a corner, playing very quietly. Their brother, a little handsome boy, with yellow locks, was sitting close by his parents before a table, looking at some pictures his father had given him.

Suddenly Abigail laid aside her work, looked at Fulton, and gave him her hand. "If it fails, Robert," she said, "then we will move to the home of my brothers, and live far away from the world in the dark forests, where no bitter and scoffing word can be heard."

To this Fulton gave no answer, but smiled friendly, and pressed her hand.

"He who concerns himself about the scoffing of the world, is still entangled in worldly fetters," said old Milburn, whereupon silence again ensued.

"My whole existence," at length Fulton said, "centres in this one point, in this one moment. For this I have lived, labored, and employed all my efforts through all my life. I feel like a commander-in-chief the night before a great and decisive battle. If this be lost, all is lost."

"No man ought to speak thus," answered Thomas Milburn; "no man ought thus to intrust his whole existence to fleeting fortune, for he then resembles a gambler, hazarding his all on the throw of a die."

"Time and chance happen to all," said Fulton, who was so absorbed in himself that he had scarcely heard Milburn's words, "and, however accurately everything may be calculated, there is always something which cannot be calculated, but must be left to be decided by the wavering humor of fortune."

"Every one must watch and pray, and compose his thoughts in the depth of his soul, lest he backslide," answered the old Quaker.

At this moment a heavy knock was heard at the door. Fulton suddenly became as pale as a corpse, for it occurred to him that a disaster might, perhaps, have taken place like that which befell his first steamboat in Philadelphia. He started to his feet, and rushed to the window to open it. "What is the matter?" cried he. "Who is there?"

"A man from the steamboat," answered a voice from without, "the fireman, Tom Willis."

"Has any disaster happened?" cried Fulton.

"No," answered Tom, "but it might easily have been the case."

The door was instantly opened, and the fireman stepped in. He then stated that he and another man had been ashore at sunset to carry dry wood on board, and that a negro, who happened that moment to be passing, admonished them to be on their guard, for there are some, said he, in his gibberish, who this night will blow up the steamboat, or, at least, destroy the machinery. "Search the boat carefully," said he, "and you will certainly find gunpowder concealed somewhere. This I heard," he added, "by secretly listening to a conversation between two fellows whom I have long suspected."

"No sooner did we hear this," continued Tom, "than we dropped the wood, and rowed back to the boat to tell the sad tidings. One of the crew had obtained permission to sleep ashore to-night; but he was still on board. He was then immediately seized, and his cabin searched, but nothing was found. Finally we found a quantity of gunpowder very carefully concealed in the hold, and close by a lunt, but not yet lighted. The suspected offender would not plead guilty, and was surrendered into the hands of justice. Thus the matter ended."

Although Fulton knew that he could place the most implicit confidence in David Baxter, his mind had, however, become so restless, that he could not stay at home, but he concluded to follow Tom on board. When there, he found everything in the very best order; besides, it was a moonlight night, and lanterns were hung out, so that no vessel could approach the steamboat without being seen. After

having talked the whole matter over and over with David, and examined all himself, and after seeing that nothing was to be feared, he returned home; for this he had promised Abigail, who had become quite anxious for his health, as he had not been in bed for several nights in succession.

On again reaching his house he was received by Abigail, who had some hours before put her children to bed, and was now sitting up alone waiting for him. "Fulton!" said she, "even if thy great plan should miscarry, even if all others should forsake thee, after all, thou hast me, thy children and thy home where thou canst never be forsaken. Be that thy consolation!"

"Yes," answered Fulton, pressing a kiss on her beautiful lips, "no man on earth has a better or more faithful wife than I. You are the pride of my eyes and of my house."

"Thou lookst so pale, Robert!" said she, "thou needst rest."

"I cannot sleep, Abigail, before I have seen the final issue of my great enterprise."

"Raise thy soul to heaven, Robert," said she, "and invoke the aid of Him who can rebuke the tempest and the raging of the sea, and make them obey; then thou wilt certainly get rest."

This Fulton did, after which he glanced at his sleeping children, bent down over them, and pressed a kiss on their blooming cheeks. "O, God! behold thy servant, be everything done to me according to thy will," said he, "but take these whom Thou hast given me, and hast caused to thrive and blossom under my quiet roof in Thy most holy keeping, and in Thy protecting arms! I do not ask that Thou take

them away out of the world, but that Thou preserve them in the world ; remove all sorrow and afflictions from them, and lay rather on *my* shoulders all that shall and must be endured."

After these words he retired with the wife of his bosom, and it seemed then as if a higher and deeper love sheltered him with the shadow of its wings ; and he soon fell into a deep and quiet sleep, from which he did not wake until the next morning a couple of hours before sunrise.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINALLY the day dawned when it was to be seen whether or not Fulton had been laboring in vain. It was decided that the boat should start at noon. Fulton had been on board early in the morning, but had returned home to take leave of his family. Some hours later David Baxter came also, who had gone ashore to receive the last instructions respecting some less important matters of which he was still uncertain.

"Will not Mrs. Fulton come along to-day?" at last David Baxter asked when parting with her. "Do you not wish to see how the enterprise speeds? You can have the little ones with you."

"No," answered Abigail, "we should be out of place amongst the great swarm of people."

"Do you go in advance, David!" said Fulton, "to-day I do not like to see you anywhere but on board the boat."

"Now, Robert, cheer up!" said David, "the yawl shall wait at the bridge, and promise me now to be entirely regardless of people's talk, for to-day it concerns us to oppose the stream manfully. We have put our hand to the plough, and don't wish to turn back." With these words he pressed Fulton's hand, and left.

"I will follow thee down to the beach, Fulton," said Thomas Milburn, "but no further, then I can transmit the first intelligence to Abigail."

Although Abigail was quiet, and transacted her domestic duties as usually, it could easily be observed that her mind was in a violent commotion.

"The older Abigail grows the more she resembles her mother!" exclaimed old Milburn, after looking long and silently upon her.

"Alas! I am afraid that father is going far away," said the little yellow-haired boy, "he will scarcely return home to-night."

"If I should return to-night, darling," answered Fulton, "it would, indeed, be a bad omen; but ere long I hope to see you again."

In a little while John Bridle came with some of his friends, who had promised to be of the company on the boat; and Fulton made ready to go. Abigail and the children followed him out, and remained standing in front of the house as long as they could see him.

"I am always left behind," said Abigail to herself, when she could see him no more; "his business takes him out into the busy world far off from me."

A letter of Fulton's has been preserved, written either at that time or shortly after, in which he says, that when on his way down to the boat he used sometimes to stand still amongst the spectators, and listen to their conversation, if he knew himself perfectly incognito. "I never heard an encouraging word," writes he, "indeed hardly a wish for my success, but only scorn, derision, and loathsome witticisms by

which they tried to make my undertaking an object of ridicule."

But on this day the universal opposition to Fulton manifested itself yet more strongly than ever before, and scornful remarks were heard from every quarter. Various obscene caricatures were exhibited in the windows of stationers and of sellers of paltry pictures, and in one place he was represented on board his boat, nicknamed "Fulton's Folly," bent downward, and blowing the fire under a steam-boiler, "but," so it was written, "it is of no use, the boat does not move from the spot." On one picture was seen a big fish which had crept in unawares between the water-wheels, whereby they were broken in pieces. On another, the whole steam-boat was seen burst asunder and blown up, whilst Fulton himself, with disheveled hair and distorted features, was pictured, whirling with his wheels up to the skies. Similar grotesque pictures were also offered for sale to the spectators by some naughty boys, a couple of whom were saucy enough to address even Fulton himself when he went down to his boat, asking him to buy some of their petty wares.

"Only plain common sense, neighbor," said an old inhabitant of New York to another, "is enough to make one comprehend the impossibility of such a thing. We cook our victuals every day by smoke and steam, but neither is capable of moving a tea-urn or an iron-pot one inch from its place, how then can they propel a ship against wind and current!"

"Yes, I might just as well try to propel a ship by the smoke of my tobacco-pipe," said the other, "it is perfectly clear to every sound mind, that nobody can sail by mere

steam, which after all is but vapor and air, as a learned man has told me."

"Yes," answered a third; "but it is only air, I think, that fills the sails of our common ships; besides, I have heard from a man of letters, that it is, strictly speaking, a sort of air which throws a cannon-ball."

"My dear sir, he who told you so, has, indeed, shammed and fooled you," said the first, "for a cannon-ball is thrown by the force of gunpowder; that every child knows, and to the inventor of gunpowder I take off my hat, for he was a great man; but this Robert Fulton is only an arrant fool and a madman."

"Yes, after all, I think you are right, and I shall, therefore, not try to argue the point any farther," answered the third.

"Come here, boys!" cried the first, "let me get one of your pictures! there is more common sense in them than in all the brains of the members of the Legislature of the State of New York, for if they had had a little more sound practical judgment, they would not have let themselves be gulled by such a swaggerer as this Fulton, who is wrong in the upper story to boot."

"Even if such a thing could be effected," said a journeyman to his comrade, "it would indeed be a most scandalous act, for nobody ought to devise anything which may deprive his fellow-beings of their livelihood, for if there be a possibility of moving a ship without sails, what would the sailmakers do? It would be the same as ruining respectable people, who must support wife and children by their labor, and who have never wronged that scamp, Robert Fulton."

"Yes, if I were a sailmaker," answered the other, "I would make his ribs smart keenly."

"Should he bring that to pass," said an old Irishman, "he must do it by the assistance of the devil, for the devil understands best how to navigate against wind and current."

"See, there is the offender!" cried one, as Fulton came with his friends.

"Yes, yes, there is a tremendous crowd of people," said the old Irishman; "it is precisely as with us in Limerick, when a felon is to be whipped at the whipping-post, or to die on the scaffold."

"Alas, how pale he looks, poor fellow!" said a young girl who stood a little farther off.

"Yes, and I tell you, he looks quite handsome," said another.

"And he has an intelligent face," continued the first; "who would think, that a man could look so well, when deranged!"

"Mental derangement is not outwardly visible, my girl," answered a man who stood close by them; "show me thy common sense by thy deeds, says the proverb."

"Oh! it is really wicked for you to laugh at him," said the young girl, "if the Lord has punished him so severely as to make him delirious, it is not his fault."

"Yes, yes," answered the man who stood close by her, "that is so, but why would he risk such a thing? Could he not see that it would be impossible for him to come off with a whole skin?"

The nearer Fulton and his friends advanced to the place

where the steamboat could best be seen, the more the multitude pressed on to gain a sight of them and of the boat. As the yawl was not large enough to carry all those who had promised to accompany Fulton, John Bridle and some others of the company rowed in advance, while Fulton himself remained standing on the beach waiting for the return of the yawl; for although there were many boats in the river, he could not avail himself of any of them, as they were all hired out, and crowded to the very utmost of their capacity.

Near the place where Fulton was waiting for his yawl, stood a lady whose face was veiled, and whose elegant dress and handsome figure attracted the attention of all the spectators surrounding her.

Who in the world is she?" asked one of the bystanders.

"She is the lawyer's (Mr. Gray's) wife, who has made so much money by her superior voice," answered another, "don't you see the black slave who stands behind her, and who is always at her heels? A few minutes ago she made her appearance in a stately carriage, and she would have made the coachman drive her right to the river, but we stopped the carriage and made her alight, and she had to walk as well as the rest of us, for she is not a bit better than we, I think, however rich she may be."

"Do you see the old man yonder on the hill, who is wrapped up in the grey cloak?" said a voice close by Fulton; "he is the father of the man who has built the monstrous boat."

Fulton had hitherto been so entirely lost in his own thoughts, that he had had no time to look around amongst

the spectators, but as soon as he heard these words, he raised his eyes from the ground, and then to his great surprise observed his own father, whose features, though he had not seen him for many years, he easily recognized. The old man was standing on the peak of a steep hill near the river, and being at the same time high in stature, he rose aloft over all those who surrounded him.

At this moment a messenger approached Fulton, stating that he had vainly sought for him at his house. "I have," said the messenger, "a little note to hand you; it is of importance that you read it before going on board." No sooner had Fulton received the note, than the bearer disappeared.

"On returning from your boat," thus read the note, "you may feel perfectly easy in respect to your future, for a carriage will be in readiness to take you right out to the lunatic asylum, which, as you perhaps know, is very comfortable, and extremely well conducted; and it will at any rate be much easier for you to reach that charitable institution, than for your steamboat to reach Albany."

To this note no name was affixed. Fulton read it, and then put it in his pocket without mentioning a word of its contents to any of his friends. Nevertheless, he could not forbear uttering some sentiments testifying to his uneasiness of mind. "Those," said he, "who battle with physical weapons are admired and praised, and even though the battle be lost, a garland of flowers is wreathed to honor him who loses his life on the field of conflict, and even if a disaster occur wresting the victory out of his hands, it is not laid to his charge. But in how different a manner are we

treated, whose battle-field is the intellectual! And here also the stake is often either life or annihilation, either victory or destruction; we must also hazard the highest and the dearest objects we possess on earth; and yet, if at the decisive moment the malice of fortune defeats us, if an accident not to be foreseen or averted by any human skill, annihilates a well-founded and a well-calculated scheme, who then encircles our brow with a wreath, who speaks even a kind and excusing word in our behalf? No! scoffs, disdain, and misrepresentation are the sole rewards that we have to expect."

"Such an intellectual soldier as you are," said a well-known voice behind Fulton, "cannot be compared with the plain warrior who dies on the field of battle, but rather with the commander-in-chief himself; and he cannot expect to acquire much honor and fame, if the battle be lost."

"Barlow!" cried Fulton, "is it really you?"

"Yes," answered Barlow, "I have traveled all night, and yet, I almost failed to arrive here in time. But hearken now!" said he with a lower voice; "Instantly, as soon as I arrived and discovered the unfavorable opinion universally entertained about you, I made arrangement with the captain of a vessel who lies ready to sail at the mouth of the Hudson, that, if the result should be disastrous, you may immediately fly to him for refuge; for in that case it will hardly be advisable for you to remain here any longer."

"If it should be unsuccessful," answered Fulton, "then it is entirely indifferent to me what road I take in the wide world, or what becomes of me."

At this moment the yawl returned. Fulton now took his leave of Thomas Milburn, and leaped into the yawl, Barlow and several of the others following him; "for I will certainly be present, whatever may happen, said Barlow; "afterwards we will advise according to the circumstances."

CHAPTER XVIII.

No sooner had Fulton got on board his steamboat, and spoken with David Baxter, to whose care he had confided the supervision of the machinery, than he issued his orders to heave the anchor. The clock, as Fulton himself tells in one of his letters, had already struck one. At this moment, all the spectators had crowded so near to the river side that several of them were plunged into the water, and had a hair-breadth escape.

It was easily noticeable that the majority of Fulton's friends cherished only a very feeble hope of a successful issue. The only one who had not abandoned all hope, was John Bridle, to whom the whole plan had been so minutely illustrated, that he trusted in Fulton's final success; but the others who had gone on board, either to please Bridle, or from personal kindness to Fulton, all feared more or less that on this day they would have to witness his humiliation and shame.

As soon as the anchor was raised, the signal to start was given, and the machinery put in motion. To the astonishment of the spectators the boat commenced to move, though slowly; but alas! in a few seconds the wheels ceased turning, and the boat was lying motionless as before.

Fulton's face became perfectly white, his head dizzy,

and his eyes like those of a mad person ; for his gigantic plan for which he had sacrificed so much time and all his welfare, seemed now on the very eve of being dissolved in a dream, and of vanishing into mere nothingness. At the same moment great anxiety and uneasiness arose amongst his friends, some crying that they would immediately go ashore, others cursing the hour when they had set their feet on board the boat, and declaring the whole to be the contrivance of a madman, and an insane undertaking.

Fulton mustered up courage as well as he could, and stepped forth amongst them. "I don't know the cause of this delay," said he, "but it will immediately be examined ; I only ask you to be patient, and wait half an hour ; the passage will then either be continued or given up for the present."

But all that Fulton said was without effect. "We will away ! we will away from here," resounded from every quarter. At the same moment a piercing whistling was heard from the shore. On turning his eyes thither, Fulton discovered his own father still standing on the steep hill, and holding a whistle to his lips, with which he gave the first signal of the general exasperation now breaking out in full accord. In a few minutes many joined old Fulton's unnatural and malicious act, and a whistling and crying, a noise and a clamor of a thousand voices arose, so that no one could hear a word of what was spoken on board the boat.

When the humor of fortune seemed to turn against Napoleon Bonaparte in the battle at Marengo, he is said to have stood near the battle field, his head leaned against a

wall, his heart filled with death and despondency, for all seemed to be lost, his army was defeated and dispirited, and all his future plans seemed to be annihilated. But sudden and unexpected succor arrived, a number of hardy and brave forces renewed the battle, the tables turned, fortune again smiled on him, and he gained a decisive victory, which established his after-greatness and his dominion over Europe.

Although the theatre of life on which Napoleon moved was materially different from that which constituted Fulton's sphere of activity, we think, however, we have turned our reader's attention to a moment when a similar feeling must have possessed Fulton's soul, for his hope also now seemed to be extinguished, he also seemed to feel death and despondency in his heart, when once more glancing at the river-side he saw his own father as the leader of the noisy and malevolent multitude. At length, however, he roused his spirits, and mustered all his strength, and was about to go down to examine the machinery, when suddenly the deck began to shake and the boat to swing beneath his feet.

He would hardly believe his own eyes; for he saw that the wheels were rapidly turning, and that it was neither the work of a feverish state of mind, nor the delirium of a visionary dream; the boat was moving onward, and that with continually increasing motion.

The numerous and promiscuous multitude on the beach were lost in amazement, the whistle fell from the old man's hand, and the noise of the wheels and of the roaring and foaming water was the only sound which was now heard. All the spectators were struck dumb with astonishment; for

even if they had seen Fulton's name written in the skies by the finger of the Most High, and surrounded by diamond stars, they could not have been more surprised than they were by this unlooked-for spectacle.

Indeed, the battle here fought was greater and more momentous to the world than that at Marengo, and most other battles which the heroes of by-gone ages boast of having won, and it will bear, and has already borne more glorious fruits; for compared with the solid glory of an achievement like this, what are battles, and what the pomp of war, but the poor and fleeting pageants of a theatre! The victory here gained was that of the human mind over the wild elements, a victory which shall gather together the nations of the earth, and unite them by bonds stronger than those which the mightiest conquerors have forged. What were the selfish and petty strides of Alexander to conquer a little section of a savage world compared with this ingenious, this magnificent advance towards the liberty of the seas, which Fulton said would be, and has already proved itself to be, the happiness of the world! The strength of Sampson, the exploits of Theseus, and the labors of Hercules, are trifles compared with the conquests of steam over the resistance and impediments of nature, in bearing the burdens of commerce, and facilitating the march of improvement. And be it ever remembered, this victory was an innocent one, not a drop of human blood stained the splendid wreath which here was won. Indeed, it was a victory that overwhelms the human mind, and hushes all its powers into silent amazement.

David Baxter now came up a moment on the deck; his

face was entirely black with smoke; he wept aloud, and going straight to Fulton, threw himself into his arms. "Thanks be to God, the boat is all right!" said he, "Franklin was a good prophet when he said, that if your life were spared, you would perform something redounding to our country's honor and benefit; now we have it before our eyes, now we see it in its naked reality; the whole has turned out just as he said."

"But how was it, David?" asked Fulton, "why did the boat cease to move, and how did you put it in motion again?"

"It is easily accounted for," answered Baxter; "the machinery is of course not yet so good as it will be, but I soon saw the defect, and then I stopped the whole till I got it repaired; but during all the hurly-burly, nobody observed where I went and what I was doing, and a few minutes repaired the damage, for it was but a trifle. Then I let on the steam again, and "Mr. Clermont" obeyed orders, as you see."

"I have had several true friends in my life," said Fulton, "but none was ever truer to me than you; neither is this the first time that I have been indebted to you for deliverance from danger and distress."

"Don't mention it, my boy! As to skill and science you are and always will be my superior, and I am not worthy to stoop down to loose the latchet of your shoes; for the rest I think that all mention of the word "debt" between us two is out of place, for the right hand is not indebted to the left for its service."

Meanwhile Fulton's other friends also had gathered

around him. Neither would they at first believe their own eyes, but when finally convinced that they had not been led astray by any fanciful opinion, they all flocked, shouting with joy, towards the place where Fulton stood, and their transport was now as great as recently their faint-heartedness and distrust had been.

"You were right, Fulton," said John Bridle, "you have seen more clearly than any of us, and both Van Gehlmuyden and the rest of us were short-sighted fools, when we tried to lead you in another way than that you wished to pursue."

"In truth, we were short-sighted," said Barlow, who now joined in the conversation, and seemed even more delighted than any of the rest. "You were right in your opposition to us all. Indeed, this work of yours is far more than all that I am called to perform; and although I have been self-conceited enough to consider my own sphere of activity higher than yours, and have been averse to numbering you amongst the noble host of artists, I must now confess that no artist on earth has ever created a greater work than you."

"Amongst the real artists I claim no place," answered Fulton; "if I have only performed something which may result in benefit to mankind, I shall feel amply rewarded."

"This voyage on the Hudson will be remembered as long as that which Columbus made when discovering this Western hemisphere," said Barlow.

"Thank God," answered Fulton, "to Him belongs all the glory! I had nothing but my firm belief in my inner vocation, strengthened and sustained by divine assistance.

Supported by this unwavering belief, I have battled against the contempt, scoffing, and disdain of the world, occasionally even against indigence. I have scarcely had a friend who has not doubted my success and ability, with the exception of one single man, I mean him who stands here." With these words he grasped David Baxter's hand; "he saved me in my utmost distress, when the evil world considered me an outcast of society; he shared his property with me, even his last mite, and he never abandoned me, not even at the critical moment when I was about to abandon myself."

The general attention was now directed to Baxter, whom they all highly praised and commended, especially when Fulton positively asserted that he was the man who had put the boat in motion again.

"Yes," answered Baxter, "I can say to-day as a bellows-blower said after some beautiful church-music, that he had played the organ very well, though he had done nothing but blow the bellows to convey wind into the pipes. But I must now go down to see that no wind shall be wanting in our organ-pipe, for although Tom Willis is a very clever man indeed, whom I have trained quite well, I like best to rely on myself in this matter." Baxter now went down, and was seen no more on deck till the boat reached Albany.

Fulton's boat now glided continually and gallantly up the bosom of the large, majestic Hudson, which winds like an immense serpent through the country, and which even amidst the mountains flows very calmly, resembling an almost unruffled mirror. Gradually the splendid river-banks unfolded their treasures, and the most charming views became visible. Large warehouses, elegant buildings, half hidden amongst

lofty trees, which the hand of cultivation had not yet laid low, country-seats, with blooming gardens, plane-trees, acacias, walnut trees, tulip-trees, and various others, whose leaves reflected the golden splendor of the autumnal colors, were the brilliant scenes through which the novel vessel of Robert Fulton passed. On advancing farther they saw a long ridge of mountains covered with cedar and pine-trees, looking as if they would obstruct the passage of the boat, but on approaching nearer, they saw the river open again. The farther they advanced, the wilder and more fantastic appearance the mountains assumed, sometimes even rising perpendicularly, while their almost inaccessible summits were covered with large trees, bearing the semblance of lofty towers, or the direful forms of mighty giants. Notwithstanding the noise of the wheels, they could now and then hear the sound of various brooks and tinkling rivulets, stealing through the cliffs and through the fresh and lively verdure, on whose banks was situated some snug little village, or, peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter—the whole scenery constituting a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; but the brooks and rivulets themselves could seldom be seen, as they were mostly hidden behind some bushy copse which formed a sort of roof over them. Farther up the mountains were succeeded by woodland slopes sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, while at a distance a long line of rocky heights threw gigantic shadows across the noble stream. In other places they saw either large flocks of aquatic fowls fluttering around the boat, or heard from the shores the notes of an innumerable variety of insects filling the air with a strange

but not inharmonious concert, while ever and anon vessels were seen passing by with great speed.

They frequently discovered large crowds of people gathered together on the border of the river to gaze upon the prodigious boat, which, by its smoking chimney and circular water-wheels, and by the great power with which it struggled against the current, could but astonish all who saw it.

As there was an able mate on board, and the moon, although waning, rose quite early, they did not need to ride at anchor in the night, but could without any interruption continue the voyage, which progressed more rapidly than Fulton himself had expected; for after the gallant craft had attained its full speed, it made nearly five knots each hour.

"A pretty craft, my lads," said a tall, fine-looking man of the crew to his comrades, and the mutual laugh and jest bore tokens of the jovial feeling pervading all who were on board.

By night they now and then met some sailing-vessels, but when the crews of these saw the dense smoke hovering above the chimney, and when they heard the roaring noise of the wheels and saw the boat gliding bravely against the current, some concealed themselves below the deck, while others fell on their knees, praying Providence to save them from this monster, that vomited flames and threatened them with destruction. Like Hamlet, when he beheld the ghost of his departed father, they doubted whether it were a spirit of health or goblin damned; "whether it brought airs from heaven or blasts from hell;" whether its "intentions were wicked or charitable."

This will perhaps be more easily understood, when we

remember that the dry pine-wood by which the boiler was heated, caused a smoke to rise like waves several feet above the chimney, not to mention the numberless sparks, which, like meteors, darted across the sky, as often as the fire was stirred up beneath the boiler.

Fulton had several times been down to inspect the machinery, but observing that David Baxter considered it a matter of honor to superintend the whole himself, Fulton willingly humored this excusable whim; and after they had agreed to a few terms of command, which Baxter promised to heed, Fulton troubled him very seldom with his presence.

The night was serene, and the face of nature had assumed a thousand fugitive charms so inexpressibly captivating that no one of the passengers thought of going to bed. Fulton himself all the night kept a sharp look out from an elevated platform which he had caused to be built in the centre of the boat, for although a reliable pilot, well acquainted with the river, kept guard, Fulton, nevertheless, thought it safest to be present himself, that, when circumstances should require, he might issue the necessary orders both to the mate and to David Baxter, the latter of whom he had already directed, that, till otherwise instructed, he should not alter the speed with which the boat was now running.

When Fulton's friends perceived that he wished to be alone they did not intrude upon him. However, after the lapse of some hours, Barlow went up on the deck to him. "If you do not wish to be disturbed I will leave again," said Barlow, "but I wish only to see how a man feels after having achieved such an invention."

"Please stay," said Fulton, "there are no shelves here, I think."

"It is a sight of peculiar beauty to see the red sparks from the chimney through the faint light of the waning moon," said Barlow.

"It is one of the most beautiful nights I have ever seen," remarked Fulton.

"I don't doubt it," said Barlow, "a night attended with such a success must of course seem beautiful to you."

"Yes, now I have been fully and amply compensated for all that I have suffered and endured; now I shall die with joy, since I have seen this great day," said Fulton.

"No, now you will begin to live," answered Barlow.

"And yet, there is something which seems to whisper to me that my calling here on earth is nearly fulfilled," said Fulton.

At this very moment numerous voices were suddenly heard repeating Fulton's name. It was as if an invisible choir of elves and fairies had been roused out of sleep during the light of the moon, as if airy shapes were present, some very near, others farther off on the mountains and in the deep vales, all repeating the name: Robert Fulton.

"What is all this?" asked Fulton.

"It is a wonderful echo, which always reverberates from these mountains," answered one of his friends.

"It is the voices of after-ages," cried Barlow; "it is the voices of after-ages," was answered from every quarter, the air and the surrounding mountains seeming to play with the sound of the words.

"It is the voices of after-ages announcing Robert Fulton's

renown," again Barlow cried, and again the echoing spirits awoke, and the whole sentence was repeated several times.

The passengers, soothed into a hallowed melancholy by the solemn mystery of the scene, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that echoed from the shore.

A sudden huzza then resounded in honor of Fulton, which all his friends and the crew joined. This huzza was reverberated by the fairies of the air and the mountains, who seemed to delight in repeating it, and sent it back with the stunning noise of hundred tongues.

It is perhaps known to most of our readers that between the mountains on the Hudson is an echo the equal of which is hardly found in any other place. One of the passengers knew this, and he had just lifted his voice, where he knew the echo to be most audible and thrilling. From this the bewitching scene arose.

At length these voices died away, and soon after Barlow went below, but Fulton remained standing on the platform gazing upon the glittering river. It was just at that season in which the moon when waning, is highest in the heavens, as she then goes up into the Northern constellations; yet the lustre of the stars did not appear much diminished by her light. Thus Orion was seen swimming in all its splendor and vastness in the east, and even Gemini could be seen, which of yore the seafarers considered a happy omen. But on the banks of the river the lustre of the moon shone so peculiarly, and beautifully upon the autumnal leaves, that Fulton's boat, with its smoking and sparkling chimney, seemed to sail through Elysian fields, tilled by the agency of elves and

fairies. The whole scene was ineffably charming, and at the same time so solemn, that it might have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day. Fulton was deeply impressed by its grandeur; he felt withdrawn from the earth, his mind was transferred in the ecstasy of its thoughts to distant regions, and bowing his head beneath the mighty vault of heaven, compared with which every human work, even the greatest, sinks into nothingness, he rendered thanks to the God of mercy, who, notwithstanding all his remote greatness and glory, had been so near to him during his darkest hours, and who, when the world despised and scorned him, had sent him faithful and sympathetic friends who poured balm into his wounds, and aided and comforted him during the days of his deepest affliction.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next day, at one o'clock, the steamboat reached Livingston's country-seat, situated 110 miles from New York, and forty from Albany. Livingston, who had now returned to America, received Fulton with every demonstration of joy and esteem, hoisted the colors of the United States, and saluted "The Clermont" with a brisk discharge of artillery.

Afterwards, when Fulton had come ashore, Livingston pressed him with intense joy to his bosom, declaring this day to be the happiest of his life.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, "The Clermont" left Livingston's country-seat for Albany, which city they reached in the afternoon of the next day at five o'clock. Thus the whole voyage, deducting the time that the boat had been lying still, had taken thirty-two hours.

In Albany, Fulton's steamboat created no less astonishment than wherever it had been before on this voyage, the whole populace crowding in flocks down to the river to get a view of it. Several of the most distinguished citizens went on board, where they were received with marked courtesy, and where every one who understood it and had time, very complaisantly explained the construction of the whole machinery.

Shortly after his arrival in Albany, Fulton went ashore with most of his friends, who, all wished to rest quietly till the next morning, as according to an agreement previously made they were to pass the ensuing night on the river.

No sooner had Fulton set his foot on the ground than all the spectators uncovered their heads and made room for him, while at the same time it was whispered through the whole crowd, that he was the man who had invented and constructed the machinery of the prodigious boat. Nevertheless no huzza was heard, nor any audible exclamation from the admiring multitude; and, although the features of the majority were almost motionless, yet the silent but eloquent language of the eyes testified to great admiration and deep interest.

Fulton put up with one of John Bridle's friends, where he was visited by the most distinguished residents of the city, who all wished to see the man who had achieved so marvelous a work. Wherever he passed, the houses poured forth their inmates, who gazed eagerly upon him whose unpretending but dignified appearance seemed in harmony with the grandeur of his achievement. Fulton declined accepting any invitation to private parties, alleging, as his excuse, that he was tired, and needed rest.

"The Clermont" remained lying at Albany till the next morning at nine o'clock, for Fulton believed, when setting out at this hour, that, even if some retardation should happen, they could reach New York on the ensuing day before sunset. And this was just what he wished, that the whole multitude might have an opportunity to see by broad day-light the boat entering the harbor, and to witness the

great facility and force of its motion, and no doubt remain respecting his "Clermont's" superiority to any ordinary sailing-vessel.

On his return Fulton again had fair weather. This was no wonder, for the month of October in America, with the exception of those periods when the autumnal gales are raging, is distinguished for its clear days, and cloudless and pure atmosphere.

As the boat now moved down the river by the aid of the tide, its return voyage was, of course, achieved in a shorter time than the upward passage. When they reached Livingston's country-seat, Fulton stayed but a single hour there, and the next day at four o'clock "The Clermont" came to anchor in the Hudson in front of the city of New York, the return voyage having taken but thirty hours.

When the boat came near New York, Fulton observed that the wheels were turning too rapidly, and that the boat commenced progressing with greater speed than before. Without losing a moment in asking questions, he immediately went below, where he soon discovered the cause of it. David Baxter had, of his own accord, heated the boiler so excessively, that Fulton, anticipating dangerous consequences, had to enjoin upon him to diminish the heat, and to open a valve to let off the extra steam. This was a great drawback to Baxter's pleasure, who had made up his mind to show the inhabitants of New York how rapidly the boat could move. Thus *he* felt already somewhat of that fervor and fire in his blood, which has since become so common in America, and which has urged so many captains of steamers to overwork their engines, thereby to vindicate the

honor of their vessels, and thus wantonly to hazard both their own lives and those of their passengers.

In New York a considerable change of opinion had now taken place, and the whole city spoke only of Fulton and his steamboat. All agreed in extolling his inventive power, his talent, and the indomitable perseverance with which he had braved every prejudice, and finally accomplished his object. Several ludicrous stories were at the same time told of people who had lately scoffed at him, and who now had suddenly been converted from disbelief to the firmest belief; and of others who recently thanked their stars for not having wasted their money on such idle schemes, but who afterwards, on seeing the boat standing gallantly up the river, and finally disappearing between the mountains, had been so struck with this unexpected event, that they became speechless for a long time, while, on the other hand, some ignorant rustics declared the whole to be a mere dazzling of the eye, or, if the boat really moved, that it was performed by the craftiness of Beelzebub.

Near New York, on an eminence from which a view far up the river could be had, a flag-staff was erected, on which the flag was to be hoisted as soon as the steamboat came in sight. This done, an immense crowd of people flocked together on the river-bank, standing so densely head to head in an almost endless line that the words of the ancient poet were recalled to mind, which compare mankind collectively to the leaves of the trees, or to the waves of the vast ocean.

On this occasion no vociferous words were heard, but a low murmuring pervaded the crowd, resembling the howling

of a tempest when heard far off through an extensive forest. Finally, upon the approach of the steamboat, this ceased also, and David Baxter now felt richly compensated for the vexation which he had recently suffered by being compelled to lessen the speed of the boat, for, at Fulton's command, "The Clermont" turned, and in a large circle went around a bulky sailing-vessel, which a fresh breeze wafted swiftly up the river. This spectacle was twice repeated before the eyes of the astounded multitude.

Then the silence was suddenly broken, and a deafening huzza arose, which produced a double effect on account of the recent deep stillness, and which, perhaps, still gained strength, because the mind of the vast concourse of people, accustomed only to ordinary phenomena and common exhibitions of power, was forced by the grandeur of these operations beyond its usual state of equipoise.

"Good, very good!" said Barlow, when the boat lay to, and while the roaring and shrieking steam was passing off, "it sounded still better, and shook the very welkin still more than that huzza with which we received Franklin at Lancaster."

Shortly before Fulton left the boat, he approached Barlow and John Bridle. "Without your sacrificing friendship," said he, pressing Barlow's hand, "and without your assistance, Mr. Bridle, I should hardly have reached my goal, and should, doubtless, have become a sacrifice to a profitless exertion, despised and disdained by the same multitude, which recently cried, 'Crucify him, but now salutes me almost with a Hosanna.'"

After these words he read to them the note which he

had received shortly before his steamboat commenced its voyage up the Hudson. "This was the last greeting but one that I received before leaving here," said he, "the very last was the wild and malevolent noise and whistling, for which my own father gave the signal."

"Alas! we have all been doubters," said Barlow, "but that which the world called insanity, has proved to be the result of a deeper insight."

"And yet, I assure you," answered Fulton, "that it is quite difficult for a man to keep his wits and sense when the whole world believes that he has lost them."

"You must forgive us," said John Bridle, "you know your own countrymen, Fulton; they are enterprising and obliging, but, at the same time, extremely cautious, and they dislike to trust a thing unless they can view it distinctly, and comprehend its value; but when they have attained to such a comprehension and knowledge, then the Americans are second to none in appreciating true merit."

Fulton now expressed his gratitude to all his friends for their company, and for the kindness they had shown him, after which he stepped into a yawl that was sent to bring him ashore. As soon as he had disembarked, he was re-saluted by stormy and oft-repeated huzzas. An immense crowd of people flocked around him, for every one wished to see the inventor of the steamboat, and, if possible, shake hands with him, or, at least, to touch the hem of his garment, and hear a few words from his lips.

Fulton had expected to find old Milburn amongst the spectators, indeed, perhaps, also Abigail and the children; but they were not there, neither could he catch a glimpse of

his father. Whether or not Laura was present we have not been able to ascertain, but so much is certain, that if she were there, Fulton did not see her.

But several Senators and members of the House of Representatives were present, joining in the universal shoutings which rent the air when he disembarked. Shortly after the Governor himself appeared, to meet and welcome him, and Fulton's entrance into the City of New York after his return from Albany with his "Clermont" may fitly be compared to one of those triumphs which the ancient Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. The Governor approached near to Fulton, and pressing him to his bosom, loudly declared, that since Columbus discovered America, no invention had been made in this country which could be compared with that of Fulton's, none that promised such incalculable blessings to after-ages as his.

Fulton was attended to his house not only by his nearest friends, but by many strangers also who did not separate till after once more thundering out their applause. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude. Abigail, the little children, and old Milburn were all standing at the door, stretching their hands towards him. Abigail's eyes were suffused with tears, but not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—but when Fulton had got in, she threw herself into his arms, and embraced him with an agitation which she never before was wont to show. Fulton clasped her in his arms in return, and gave old Milburn a kind and warm grasp of the hand, after which he lifted up his children, and kissed them, all three of whom asked him to take them out to the prodigious boat he had built.

"Thy faith in earthly things has been unwavering," said Milburn to Fulton; "let it also now be unwavering in heavenly and incorruptible things; then, believe me, the ship which thou, strengthened by it, shalt build, will bear thee still more safely over the stream of eternity than they fragile vessel, which was built here on this globe of vicissitudes, has borne thee over the waves of the Hudson."

"I have never had an hour of more painful suspense," said Abigail, "than that immediately succeeding thy departure, when thou didst leave us to go down to the steam-boat."

"And yet," said the old Quaker to his daughter, "there is, perhaps, a greater danger in the vast applause with which Fulton is now received than in all the disdain and scorn he had to suffer before."

"Whatever may happen," said Fulton, who had heard Milburn's words, "I hope that the weak spirit of self-worship and immoderate self-love will never tempt me; for when standing through those nights on my boat below the glittering skies, below that immense sacred vault, not built by human hands, I felt deeply and humbly that all *our* productions of art, even the very greatest, if compared with the shining deeds of the Most High, are inferior even to a spark that only glitters a moment and then disappears."

"Indeed, all these nocturnal beams," answered old Milburn, "are but outward signs and figures, to be extinguished at the termination of the ages, at the sound of the last trumpet; and they are not worthy to be compared with the bright and clear morning-stars which, when this

earthly mist shall have ceased to becloud thy spirit and thy inner contemplation, shall enlighten thy mild and quiet soul."

The next morning Fulton received several visits from the most distinguished men of the city, who all were desirous to see the inventor of the steamboat, and to felicitate him. At length Barlow came also, saying that all the newspapers vied with one another in eulogizing Fulton; but no newspaper, however, trumpeted his praise more loudly than that of Mr. Dennison, which, as we know, had before inveighed most sharply against him.

"Yes, yes," said Milburn, "it is a matter of course that a weather-cock turns as the wind blows, and that the world magnifies this invention, it is easy enough to apprehend, I think."

"And does it then not deserve this praise?" asked Barlow, "and do you not believe that this invention will smooth the passage towards that point at which our age is aiming, and that it will produce easier intercourse between the nations of the earth?"

"The old pagans had a story of a man whom they called Prometheus," said old Milburn; "I remember it very well, for previous to my being a member of the congregation of 'the Friends,' I was tolerably well versed in the pagan writings. This Prometheus was a man well skilled in all worldly concerns. He stole fire from heaven in a hollow staff, he caused the metals to come from the earth, he spied out the course of the stars, he taught mankind navigation and many other arts, and yet, notwithstanding all his skill,

he was bound with chains to a rock, and precipitated headlong into the deepest abyss, where an eagle preyed without ceasing on his liver, and thus he pined away until Heracles, a son of the supreme idol Zeus, then worshipped, at length slew the eagle and released the sufferer."

"How do you apply this here?" asked Barlow.

"We also," answered Milburn, "have invented innumerable arts, and subdued nature, and yet our condition is in the main not much better than his; for even amongst us thousands on thousands are bound with chains to a rock in our manufactories and quarries; indeed; even our wealthy and powerful men, by whom those thousands are intralled, are often with all their thoughts bound by fetters to the abyss of covetousness, where an eagle preys on their vitals, and where their hankering after worldly possessions daily grows with all their treasures, and they also must pine away there, till a son, not of the pagan, but of the true Deity, slays the greedy eagle, and, at length, unfetters them."

"When fortune frowned on me you stood faithfully by me," said Fulton, "but now, when the victory is gained, you seem to be displeased."

"I am not displeased, my son," said Milburn, "but I would only remind thee of the great dangers which such arts involve. However, I am now committing the same fault for which I have so often blamed others; for I have certainly been more loquacious than is becoming to a quiet, believing Christian;" after which the old Quaker became silent, and mingled no more in the conversation.

Soon after Barlow produced an elegant manuscript, which

at his entrance he had laid on a table close by the door, and handed it to Fulton. "This is that epos of which, I have so often spoken to you," said he; "it bears the title '*the Columbiad by Joel Barlow*,' is named after Columbus, and is said by those who have heard it, not to be altogether destitute of poetical merit, and I have dedicated it to him, who, in my opinion, ranks next to the discovery of America, I mean Robert Fulton."

Before Fulton could give any reply, a députation entered the room, consisting of several senators and representatives, whom the government of the state of New York had sent to express its gratitude for the meritorious work he had performed.

In the afternoon John Bridle came also, accompanied by Fulton's own father.

"I bring you here a man," said Bridle, "who now comprehends that he has greatly wronged you; nevertheless I cherish the hope that you are of a forgiving temper, and that you will receive him with all the attachment and affection that becomes a son, when his old father steps over his threshold, and ask his forgiveness."

"My wrong is so great that I do not deserve his forgiveness," said old Fulton, casting down his countenance; "I resemble the man who owned a precious pearl, whose value he knew not; and he despised it, threw it down and trampled it under foot, and long after, when again he saw it in its right setting and full splendor, he perceived what a great treasure he had flung away; but alas! then it was too late, for he possessed it no longer."

"My father!" said Fulton, clasping the old man to his

bosom, "it is certainly one of the very best fruits of my labor, that I have regained your love."

"Do you know that I was the man who threw the first stone at you?" asked old Fulton; "that in the heat and foolishness of my passion I was the man, who, when we were standing on the beach, gave the first signal to mock and insult you."

"Let us not discuss this subject, my father," answered Fulton, "even your wrath originated at first, I think, in your paternal love, and in the deep grief you felt, because in your opinion, I had disappointed your expectation."

Milburn now stepped forward and reached old Fulton his hand; at length Abigail and her children came also, asking grandfather to give them his blessing.

"I don't deserve to be called grandfather of these handsome children," said the old man, tears trickling down his cheeks; "I have behaved too basely to be worthy of this name."

Fulton and Abigail now did every thing in their power to console and cheer the old man, and to mitigate his bitter repentance, and they even invited him to make their house his home as long as he should stay in New York, but they could not prevail upon him to do so. "No, no," said he, "I dare not live with you, I have not deserved that. You have been," said he to Fulton, "expelled and excluded from your father's house, and from your very boyhood my door has been shut against you. Through all these years you have heard no friendly word from my lips, and even in your utmost indigence my unkindness barred you from my aid. O, my son! this will forever burden my memory; indeed even if you

would forgive me, I could never forgive myself; my heart would therefore burst, if I should remain here."

This resolution old Fulton pertinaciously maintained, although much was done to make him alter it. Soon after he embraced his son, and reached Abigail and her aged father his hand, kissed the foreheads of his grandchildren and blessed them; whereupon he left, accompanied by John Bridle, all entreaties and arguments to induce him to remain being alike vain.

Some days after, when Fulton was alone with his family, a carriage stopped before his house. Soon a knock was heard at the door. On opening it, Fulton saw Laura's servant, the negro Gill, who came to announce the arrival of his mistress, whereupon Laura herself alighted and entered the room. She was, as usual, elegantly and tastefully attired, but grief had furrowed her handsome face and brow, while yet some southern flames glimmered through her large, melancholy eyes.

"Good day, Mr. Fulton," said she, with a tone of voice seeming better to correspond with the part which she formerly had played in the world, than with her present look and depressed state of mind. "I hope that your happy invention has not yet enfeebled your memory so much as to make you forget your old friends, which, however, is no unusual thing when fortune has commenced to smile on us."

"It is Mrs. Gray, the celebrated songstress," said Fulton, somewhat embarrassed, "who has won so much applause wherever she has sung, and whom I have known from my earliest youth."

"Music, dancing and singing, and other such arts we have abandoned," said old Milburn, "as being at variance with the contemplative and unnoticed life at which we aim."

"An unnoticed life Robert Fulton can no longer lead," answered Laura with the same tone as before. "I wished only to see you once in your home, Fulton, in your family and surrounded by your children," added she with a graver voice. "Besides, I have come to cry *peccavi*, for I was also amongst those who had no confidence in your skill; but your superior talent has now caused us all to blush deeply."

She now turned to Abigail. "Be pleased," said she, taking a costly and glittering diamond ring from her finger and putting it on that of Abigail, "to keep this as a memorial of a person who takes a lively interest in your happiness. I have plenty of such trifles, and have paid for them too dearly. But please now show me your children, for I must confess, it was especially to see them, that I came."

When the three handsome children approached her, she looked long upon them with a melancholy smile, but fixed her eyes longest on the little yellow haired boy. "I spoke with one of your workmen," said she to Fulton, "I believe his name is David Baxter; he says that this little boy resembles yourself, just as you were when a child, and it may be that you looked so; but the first time I saw you, you were somewhat larger and much paler, and your locks were dripping with water. But you must also have a little memorial of me," she added, pressing a piece of paper into the boy's hand. "Divide this with your sisters, and then let your parents buy something with it, whatever they may deem proper."

"I have now seen what I wished to see," at length she said to Abigail, "and I will not disturb you any longer in your happiness," whereupon she took her leave.

When Fulton accompanied her down to her carriage, she suddenly turned to him, saying: "You have chosen the better and nobler way, but I have sold myself and destroyed my own happiness, and alas! he, he, the lawyer has killed all hope in my bosom."

"But in the very midst of your despair, has not a spirit, from paradise flown down to you," asked Fulton, "who has warmed your heart and taught you where salvation is to be found?"

"Alas! where is salvation to be found? and what signifies all our renown!" said Laura; "she who was a heavenly angel on earth was unrenowned, and no one knew her but us. But now farewell! we have seen each other for the last time.

"She is what the world calls handsome," said Abigail, when Fulton re-entered the house; "but I do not fancy her much," added she, prompted by the usual female instinct; "neither do I comprehend the reason of her visiting us."

"She has a great name as a singer," remarked Fulton.

"They who have a great name in the world, are often far on the way to perdition," said Milburn, "for many so called great men are nothing but great sinners."

"That is quite a strange remark," said Fulton.

"Thou hast also something in thee, which the world calls great and illustrious," continued the old Quaker, "and yet, I hope that after a close self-examination thou wilt confess that all thy inventive faculty and artistic skill have not

been able to save thee from sin ; for that He only can do in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who has filled heaven and earth with His glory."

This remark made Fulton silent and thoughtful, for his own earlier experience whispered to him that the old Quaker had spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Upon examining the paper which Laura had given the little boy, they found that it was a draft for a hundred pounds sterling, but of still more value was the ring which she had presented to Abigail.

CHAPTER XX.

Our subject being nearly finished, there is still doubtless something which our readers would wish to know. In conclusion, therefore, we will draw a short outline of the later period of the life of Fulton, and of some others with whom we have been acquainted in this work.

That which mainly darkened Fulton's evening of life, was his straitened circumstances. All reports about him unanimously state, that, like many other inventive geniuses, he did not understand how to manage his pecuniary concerns. Thus, as before mentioned, he had early incurred a debt from which neither his panorama nor the ample succor from Livingston and Barlow had been sufficient to free him. The building of this last steamboat had likewise been quite expensive for him, and notwithstanding the additional sum which Livingston had given him, and the support which he had received from the Government, he was, however, necessitated to borrow money on his own account for the completion of his plan. This he did, but unfortunately, not often on profitable terms; and although Congress afterwards granted him a patent which secured him for a term of years the exclusive right of steamnavigation on the United States rivers and lakes, and by which he otherwise might easily have accumulated immense wealth, he did not reap much

pecuniary benefit from it,—the disposition to speculate in steam navigation, which has since taken a most towering flight, being at that time very timid. Indeed, his poverty became so great, that he had to dispose of his privileges for a very low price, so that a few years after his great invention, he had but three rivers left, on which he could make use of the patent granted him; and his debt gradually became so oppressive, that he was obliged to resort to John Bridle, who was willing both to credit him and to let him have as much cash as was at his disposal.

The inquiries into Fulton's debt which Bridle made, led to the same result, at which Baxter had arrived on a similar occasion; he discovered that it was principally Jack Turner who at second and third hand, even without Fulton's knowledge, had lent him the money he needed. Turner had now as it appeared, taken his permanent residence in New York, where it was rumored that he practised the most heinous usury.

After a closer examination Bridle found this rumor to rest on good foundation, and at last he became so provoked by the shamelessness with which Jack had availed himself of Fulton's straits, that when once alone with him, and having as he believed striking evidences of Jack's excessive meanness, he could not help venting his just exasperation. "You are strictly speaking," said he, "nothing but a base and wily impostor, who has known how to fortify himself behind the parapet of the law."

"For that, I must thank my master, Mr. Gray," answered Jack very sedately, "he is a man who understands the art of legal fortification better than any other in the whole country."

Nevertheless, in spite of this art of legal fortification in which Jack took pride, Bridle knew how to find so many vulnerable points in the bulwark erected, that Jack thought it advisable to capitulate, or, in other words, to make an agreement by which he considerably abated his claims, and by which Fulton's pecuniary condition improved so much, that he could henceforth lead a tolerably easy and comfortable life.

But from another quarter, also, dark clouds were now hanging over Jack's head, against which, notwithstanding all his skill and artful schemes he found it quite difficult to fortify himself. My readers will doubtless remember, that a man was arrested, suspected of the intention to blow up the steamboat. After a long time, and after many evasions and subterfuges, this man at length confessed that he really was guilty of the wicked plan with which he was charged, but added as a palliation, that he had been misled by a man named Dusty Nichels. From the minute investigations which now commenced, and in which John Bridle took an active part, it was soon brought to light that Jack Turner was the ringleader of this malicious scheme, and that by large promises he had enticed Nichels to go from Philadelphia to New York, hoping that Nichels might be instrumental in the destruction of Fulton's steamboat.

So many stories akin to this were soon circulating, that Jack thought it safest to sneak away from New York, and neither there nor in Philadelphia was he ever seen again; but to whose care he consigned his complicated concerns, and whither he fled, and where he at length fixed his abode, we have not been able to ascertain.

There was still another man who on this occasion fell under strong suspicion. This man was no less a personage than the rich and prominent lawyer, James Gray. From reasons already explained, Mr. Gray cherished such an inveterate hatred to Fulton that he did not shun to make any sacrifice, however great, if he thought he could thereby gratify this malicious passion. As it seemed, he was still better skilled in the art of legal fortification than Jack; for although there were many reasons which made it probable that Jack had only been a tool, by whose agency Mr. Gray tried to accomplish his purposes, there was, however, during the whole investigation, no legal proof found sufficient to convict him.

For the rest, there was hardly a man in New York, who was more amazed at Fulton's successful navigation on the Hudson than Mr. Gray, for he was, as we know, a great doubter respecting all that lay beyond his own comprehension, and when he therefore denied the possibility of such an invention, he was sincere in it. It is true he had lent Fulton money, but only because he hoped thereby to be able to control his future career, for if he had really believed Fulton's theory practicable, he would most assuredly have been the very last of all to furnish him with means for the conversion of his theory into practicality.

It is possible, however, that the plan concocted for the destruction of Fulton's steamboat originated from Jack Turner's own wickedness of heart, and that Mr. Gray had not had a hand in the business; for as he considered Fulton's idea impracticable, it could, of course, but please him, if Fulton by an unsuccessful experiment should be ex-

posed to the derision and abuse of the promiscuous multitude ; although on the other hand it is possible, and even not improbable, that from his hatred to Fulton, and from his desire to ruin him and plunge him into an immense debt, he may have shared in the framing of that detestable design.

But now when that which Mr. Gray had considered an utter impossibility really came to pass, he suddenly altered his manner of proceeding, and when one of his friends called to see him, he found him sitting at his writing desk, deeply absorbed in calculating the great profit which steam-navigation on the Hudson would most likely yield in process of time. "I did not suppose," said his friend, "that you interested yourself so much in Mr. Fulton's invention, and in the gain he may perhaps derive from it." "You are right in supposing so ; I do not interest myself in him, answered Mr. Gray, "but persist in my former opinion, that Fulton has been, is, and always will be a visionary." "If he is a visionary," replied his friend, "there is at least some considerable talent in his visions." "Well, you may view the subject in whatever light you think best, but if you will look upon these worldly affairs as they actually are," said the lawyer, "you will see, that talent seldom has a better fate than the unfortunate cat had, whose paws were used to rake the fried chestnuts out of the fire. The poor cat had no profit of it, none whatever, save that his paws were burnt, while a higher skill reaped the benefit of his toil and sufferings."

It was afterwards proved that Mr. Gray had, before any others thought of it, through the instrumentality of his agents, purchased Fulton's privilege to navigate several rivers ; and

in all probability he would also have gained great profit from it, had he not suddenly been struck by a fate which, in spite of all his skill, he had not foreseen, and which we shall soon have occasion to mention.

In passing, we must here remark that the relation between him and Laura waxed continually colder, and if there still was a spark of kindness to her in his almost quenched emotion of heart, it manifested itself in a peculiar way, as he incessantly vexed her with irony and scornful satire, not only when they were alone but even among strangers.

It became continually more discernible that Laura was no longer the same as she had been before, and although by the most fashionable mode of dressing and by adorning herself with jewels of inestimable value she endeavored to conceal her fading beauty, there was a worm gnawing her vitals and preying upon her frame, which indicated that she was not long for this world. Finally, about three years after that night in which she had lost her little Adele, it was rumored in New York, that Laura Gray had expired, though, according to the testimony of the most sharpsighted physicians, no external symptoms had indicated her sudden and early decease.

A few days after her death, Fulton received a letter which the negro Gill brought him. "Nobody must know it," said he, laying his fore-finger on his mouth, "Gill's mistress wept much; Gill's mistress never glad; the lawyer a bad man."

"A dying woman begs leave to acknowledge it," thus it was written in this letter, and from her lips you may, perhaps, dare hear it: You are the only man who has

created an earnest feeling of love in my heart, and yet I now confess it with lamentation and weeping, it cannot have been a lofty, pure, and unalloyed love; otherwise I should have reposed a stronger confidence both in yourself and in your herculean genius. This is the testimony of a wounded heart. However, it sometimes seems to me as if I stood as near to you as the wife to whom you are now united by the tender matrimonial tie. Nevertheless, what is lost is lost forever; life comes only once, and cannot be lived over again. I feel that I must soon pay the debt of nature; already I seem often to feel a shortness of breath as in the agonies of death. And yet, although I have by no means led a happy life, and although she whom I loved above all, is gone, I shudder with fear of the grave, where I can see nothing but darkness.

FAREWELL!"

From the very moment Fulton received this letter, he became more quiet and more shut up in himself than he had been before. Nevertheless, his tender kindness to Abigail was not diminished thereby; on the contrary, their mutual love seemed continually to grow more intense and affectionate during all the time that they henceforth lived together.

On the day after Laura's interment another rumor suddenly circulated in New York, creating a still greater sensation than her death. It was reported that James Gray had been found slain in his room, swimming in his own blood, and upon closer examination it was discovered that he was stabbed with a poniard through the breast.

The rumor was soon proved to be correct, and by legal investigation it was afterwards rendered almost certain that the murderer was no other than Gill, Laura's black servant, who immediately, after the perpetration of this crime, fled, and was no more to be found in New York. Gill had repeatedly declared to his fellow-servants that his mistress had been pained and tormented by James Gray, and that he only was the cause of her premature death. "But Gill will avenge it," added he; "Gill must do so, even if he shall risk his life."

"And there was an expression in his eyes," said the servant who told this, "which plainly showed that he would keep his word. But we did not think of that then, and shortly after the murder took place, and before we were aware of it, Gill had fled away."

After Jack Turner's flight and the lawyer's death, John Bridle succeeded in helping old Fulton to get the three thousand dollars which Van Gehlmuyden had bequeathed him, by which his circumstances improved so much that he died a wealthy man.

Two years after the completion of his first steamboat, Fulton obtained from Congress a donation of five thousand dollars to enable him to improve his torpedo, one of the military machines which he had invented four years previously.

A remarkable letter from Fulton to Barlow has been preserved, which, although we cannot give its date, most probably was written several years after his great invention. From this letter, as it may throw some light upon Fulton's frame of mind at that time, we deem it proper to make a brief extract:

"Although I do not think that I can justly be charged with idling away my time, something, however, has entered into my soul making me more indifferent to the praise and favor of this world than I was before. I often converse with my father-in-law about the dawning of that morn beyond the grave, which shall restore to our sight, to our everlasting society, all that has been excellent in wisdom and virtue, all that has been dear to the heart of affection; but even when we seem to harmonize in opinion, he often appears to me to take a view of the subject quite different from mine. You being a poet, Barlow, and having lived in the world of visions, don't you think that in the life to come there are solitary places, quiet, holy vales, where they who in this life were distantly related, but in spirit belonged together, shall meet to part no more, and where they who have misunderstood each other shall learn to understand and forgive? I often think that the two whom I loved above all, I shall sometime meet in such Elysian fields, where all passions are hushed, all misapprehension has ended, all anger has ceased to rave, and all disputes are reconciled, and that they then shall be to me as one indissoluble being. What do you think? Thus I sometimes dream in a still more peculiar manner than you dreamt when young. Yet it is only in the quiet evening hours that such thoughts arise in my mind; during the day I am so busy that I have but little time to indulge in dreams.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

ROBERT FULTON."

In another letter, addressed to Rumsey in Virginia,

Fulton expatiates on the ill luck which steam navigation at first met, and on the progress which, by braving all obstacles, it had afterwards made.

“‘The Clermont,’” he writes, “is now, as you most likely have heard, carrying the mail, and is daily plying between New York and Albany. Nevertheless, it does not fail to excite some opposition. Several times it has been maliciously stated in the papers, that steam navigation will destroy the usual navigation, and thus plunge many thousands into misery; it has also been most positively asserted, that all the fish would die where steamers were plying, that thus the sea and the rivers would be deserted, and one of the most important means of subsistence for the human race would thereby be cut off. Indeed, the destructive tendency has even reached such a pitch that several sailing vessels have intentionally dashed against my ‘Clermont’ in order to destroy it. Upon the whole it seems as if the world must for some time yet think of this invention before it ventures to avail itself freely of it; but there is no fear, none whatever. My invention will, I feel confident, bring forth its fruits in season, though I shall hardly live to see many of them. However, four steamers have already been built under my supervision.”

From this it may be inferred that this letter was written towards the close of the year 1811, for just at this time the four steamers mentioned had been built, afterwards Fulton built many more, of which the last one, as far as the machinery is concerned, always proved to be the most nearly perfect.

It is a positive fact, unanimously confirmed, that the sailing vessels were in those days so exasperated at "The Clermont," that several of them purposely dashed against it, damaging it considerably. Thus Fulton experienced a repetition of that evil-minded persecution to which he had been exposed when he first launched his little wheel-boat in the Conestoga.

After his return to America, Fulton made several experiments with his military machines, and by the aid of his torpedo he is said to have blown up a large ship—an experiment similar to that which he had made upon a Danish brig in the year 1806. Such a fear, we are told, was entertained of this destructive instrument that a great number of spectators, amongst whom were the most distinguished citizens of New York, when Fulton once explained to them the construction of his torpedo, and was about to experiment with it, suddenly fled away, exclaiming from fear, mingled with awe and astonishment: "Marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!" It is likewise stated that this modern Archimedes terrified the English so much, that, during the war in 1812 between the United States and England, they did not venture to attack the city of New York, which, while Fulton lived there, seemed to be more dangerous to them than the most impregnable fortress.

In the year 1814, upon the request of the Government and aided by it, Fulton commenced building a large steam-frigate, to defend the harbor of New York. We shall not, however, give here any description of this vessel.

When learning that Fulton was still engaged in such undertakings, old Milburn, to borrow an expression from Dry-

den "shook the sacred honors of his venerable head." Yet, he soon tranquilized his mind on hearing that Fulton's steam-frigate, and all his other military machines were by no means designed for attack and destruction, but for protection only against violence and foreign aggression.

Notwithstanding the well-merited acknowledgement which Fulton, through the latter year of his life, had by his genius gained for himself, he had, nevertheless, occasionally to go to law with people who would encroach upon the prerogatives his patent gave him, and thus deprive him of the necessary means for the continuation of his useful activity, and for the support of his family.

Indeed, at last towards the end of his life, Fulton had even the vexatious mortification to know that some jealous and envious persons tried to detract from him the honor of being the inventor of steam-navigation. This persecution originated principally from the State of New Jersey, where his opposers had craftily known how to form a great party to injure him.

James Gray had before his death written a pamphlet in which he tried to show, that not Robert Fulton, but a certain man by the name of John Fitch, who even prior to Rumsey had experimented unsuccessfully with a little steamboat, was the true inventor of propelling vessels by steam. This falsehood which was undeniably written with great sagacity, was, however, not then published, but after the expiration of several years it was maliciously used by Fulton's competitors in New Jersey, who even checked a steamboat authorized by Fulton and Livingstone, and who moreover tried to prove that both of them had forfeited the patent granted them by Congress.

Because of this shameful attack on his honor and rights, Fulton had in the month of January to go to Trenton, the capital of the State of New Jersey, where the legislature was then in session. Although both the Senate and House of Representatives could but acknowledge the validity of his patent, this journey had, nevertheless, very lamentable consequences; for when he went home, the Hudson was covered with ice, and he was compelled, for several hours in succession, in an open boat, to endure the inclemency of the season. Upon his return home, he was not at all well. Nevertheless some days after he went out to supervise the building of the large steam-frigate. The consequence was, that he fell into a severe illness, which soon proved fatal, and on the 24th of February, in the year 1815, the noble and illustrious Robert Fulton terminated his useful and active life at the age of forty nine, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer. His name will never be forgotten; thunders peal his renown.

On the evening preceding his death, he had a private conversation with Abigail. What he then told her, no one ever knew, not even Thomas Milburn; it was a secret, which Fulton and Abigail carried with them to their graves.

The first part of the night he seemed to pass very quietly, but a little after midnight he became feverish and raised himself half up in the bed, asserting that Franklin was standing behind Abigail, beckoning to him.

At daybreak it was easily observable that death was fast approaching. "Wilt thou not take leave of thy children?" asked Milburn. "I do not see any of you," answered Fulton. "Faint and distant the sound of your voices comes to my ear."

Whereupon he was silent for a few moments. "There is Franklin again," he suddenly said; "and she—and a beautiful child at her side—its eyes show from what realm it comes." These were the last words he spoke; a few hours later he breathed out his soul, without any visible preceding pangs of death.

The depth of Abigail's grief we are unable to describe. She spoke very little of her loss, but her pale features testified strongly to a deep and heart felt affliction.

After the expiration of some weeks she seemed more composed and serene. "He has left me outwardly," said she to her father, "to return to me inwardly, and he often stands nearer to me now, than in those days when I saw him with my bodily eyes."

"Yes mighty flames flash out from the grave," answered old Milburn, "and it is with a glorified affection that we love our departed friends."

Fulton's unexpected death created an extraordinary sensation. All the journals of New York announcing it, wore the signs of mourning customary in the United States, when obituary notices are given of people in high station. All the corporations of the city, all the learned societies, all the most prominent citizens, attended his funeral and mourned for him. Indeed, as soon as the legislature, then in session in Albany, had learned Fulton's death, it was immediately resolved that both the Senate and the House should wear mourning for him several weeks. "This is the only instance," writes his friend Colden, "in which similar testimonies of sorrow, respect and veneration have been given at the decease of a man who was invested with no public office, and who had distinguished

himself only by his private virtues, his genius and by a successful employment of his talents."

The steam-frigate which had been launched during Fulton's life-time, was, however, not completed till several months after his death.

In the middle of the summer of the year 1815 this matchless giant-vessel took a voyage to the ocean and back again, making by the mere power of its steam engine fifty-three knots in eight hours and twenty minutes. This was far more than Fulton had promised, for he had only bound himself to construct the frigate so as to make about four knots an hour.

This frigate was by all competent judges considered a great master-piece of its kind, and the most formidable machine of naval warfare ever invented by human skill. Indeed, the committee appointed to inspect it, reported to the Government, that if it could only be kept in repair, as it deserved to be, the city of New York and any other city defended by it, would be perfectly invulnerable and secure against any attack.

Unfortunately, after peace had been concluded at Ghent, 1815, this remarkable work of art grew out of repair, so that now scarcely any remnant of it exists.

Half a year after Fulton's death, Abigail withdrew to the solitary woody region, where her brothers lived. She was accompanied thither by David Baxter who had lived long in Fulton's house, and did not wish to be separated from the family of his departed friend. Shortly after she bought a farm on the western branch of the Susquehanna, there quietly to devote the remainder of her days to her memories.

and to the education of her four children, for after their return to America, Fulton's family had been increased by the birth of a little girl. A few years after, five thousand dollars, with interest from the year 1815 inclusive, was by an act of Congress granted to Fulton's surviving relatives, who, by the assistance of his true friends, in a short time acquired considerable wealth, which, notwithstanding all his artistic skill and lofty genius, Fulton himself had never been able to accumulate.

Fulton's and Abigail's children all settled near the banks of the Susquehanna, where they led a life of quietude and happiness, as it is possible only in those solitary regions, where the wants of life are few, and where no false culture has displaced the blessed home-bred feelings and patriarchal innocence, and where pure pleasures flow sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. David Baxter remained with them till his death, and had the great satisfaction to live to see hundreds of steamers plying up and down the American rivers, and some of them even being thought fit to be trusted to the mercy of the waves of the Atlantic.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon, after the battle at Waterloo, in the year 1815, before leaving the English coast, beheld a steamer standing gallantly down the channel, as if his Nemesis willed that before parting with that quarter of the globe where he had had his splendid throne, and where his mandate had been as doom to millions, he should see of what immense power he might have been possessed, had he understood Fulton's great idea, and foreseen the importance of his proposal.

Abigail did not live to be very old; her longing soon

removed her from this vale of tears to the blisaful mansions of the Father's house, to which Fulton had preceded her, where all the strife and turmoil of this rugged life, all its sorrow and all its pleasure are like a vanished dream, whilst there endure forever only the higher moral power, and the deeper and purer affection that grew and ripened beneath them.

THE END.

